



2/6

Division 11-3

Section P 8696

No.

SCC
1616

✓ H O L Y
Thoughts on a God
Made Man ;

O R,
The *Mysterious Trinity* Prov'd :

A L S O
*Reasons given, That the Wise Creator Fram'd not
the Universal All, only for the Benefit of this
Earthly Globe, but likewise for many other Worlds.*

W I T H
*Sublime Contemplations on the Unlimited Bounds
of Glory ; and several other Curious Subjects worthy of
Note, particularly Express'd in the Table of Contents.*

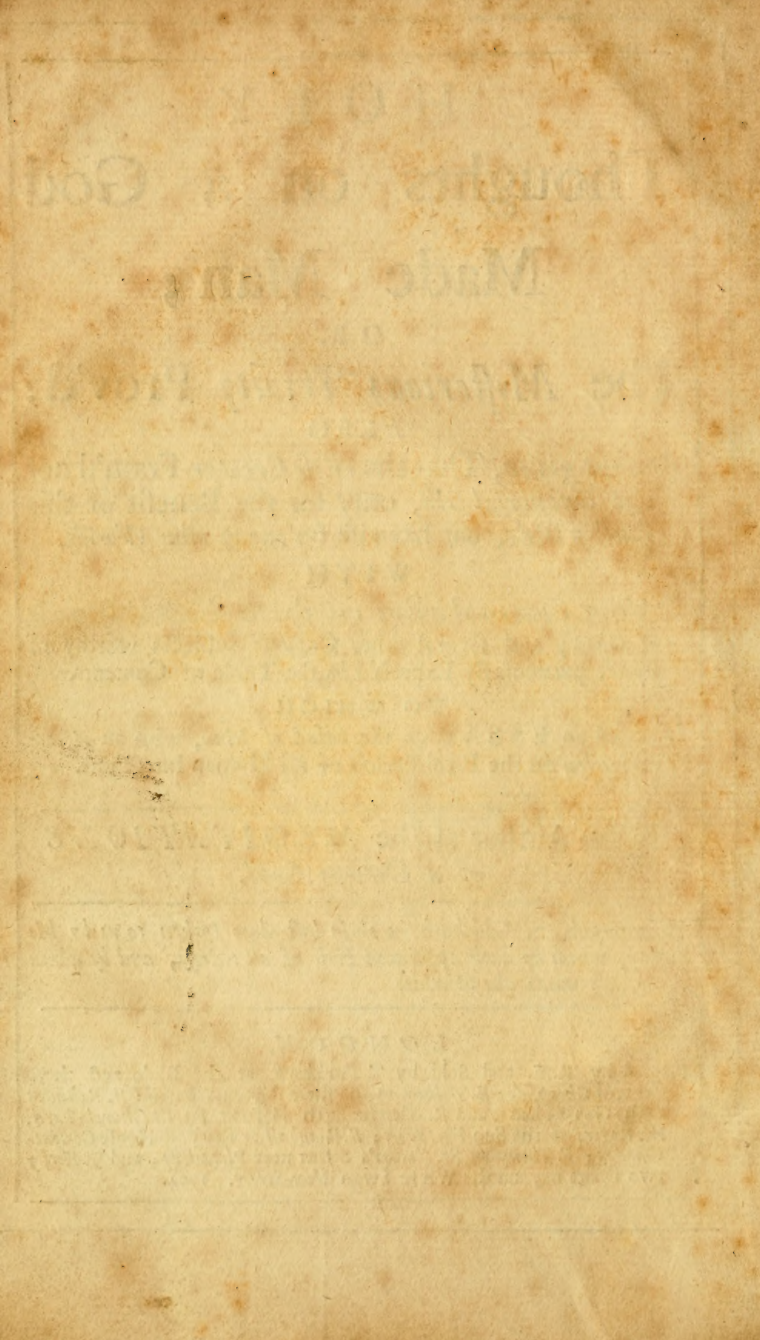
T O W H I C H
Is added an E S S A Y on the *Mind of Man*, with an *After-
Reflection* on the Final Period of all Human Intentions.

Charles Tovey
By the Author of the *MEDITATIONS*
of a Divine Soul.

Hebrews I. 2. *God hath in these last days spoken to us by his
Son, whom he hath appointed Heir of all things, and by whom
he also made the Worlds.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. E. and Sold by T. Parkhurst at the Bible and three
Crowns Cheapside ; B. Aylmer at the three Pigeons Cornhil ; J. Robinson
at the Golden Lion, and R. Simpson at the Harp St. Paul's Church-Yard,
W. Rogers at the Sun Fleetstreet ; E. Rumball at the Post-House Covent-
Garden ; F. Thompson St. James's Street near Piccadilly ; and J. Kersey
two Doors beyond the White Swan New-Street. 1704.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E R E are so many Volumes already Extant, that explain the Statutes of Heaven in a Learned Style, and so few which serve to move the Affections in a familiar Language, that I have purposely wav'd making any long Explinations on the several portions of Scripture I recite, and soon fall in with my main Design, which is to wing the most pure Desires beyond the Verge of sensual Pleasures, and give the Soul as it were a Breathe in the Air of Bliss; that it may the better conceive what it shall enjoy, when it comes to lay down its burden of Flesh, and behold God in all his Transcendent Perfections.

If it be the Lot of these my Works to meet with some Rash and Inconsiderate

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Spirits, as I fear they will, who are for falling out with me before they understand any thing of the matter, more than a slight view of the Table of Contents, or a careless scan on here and there a Page, and proceed so far as to clamour against them; saying, What mysterious Subjects are here started; and what strange kind of Doctrines are these, that scarce treat of any thing else but new Worlds, unseen Stars, and prodigious Planets; of innumerable Suns, vast Vacuums, and empty Spaces; of a Trinity and Unity, Mysteriously residing in every part of a Human Person, with many other Speculative Notions of Things relating to we know not what Use, Design, or Purpose.

However, notwithstanding all this ungenteel Usage, and hard Censures, I shall cheer my self up with this mighty Consideration, That as their Passions cool, and they come to make a farther search, they'll modestly Blush, and chide down their rash Distaste, if not be so ingenuous, as to cry out, with a Worthy Person in our Age in
the

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the like Case: What ail'd me to be so partial, as to Judge before I heard; to Condemn e're I examin'd; and to execute Disgrace on a vain surmise; since upon an impartial survey, all is agreeable to Holy Writ, and I find my self in an unaccountable Error?

Upon the whole, God is my Record, That I was ever so averse from all unsound Principles, and erroneous Opinions, that I incontinently refus'd them any Entertainment in my most Retired Thoughts, and would not suffer them to be recited in my Presence with the least Approbation; much less did I ever presume to crowd them into any of my studied Works: Not but that I own, and express it with the greatest satisfaction to my self, That when any thing happily penetrated into my purer Thoughts, which I knew to be in no wise prejudicial to Christ's Reveal'd Religion, or injurious to any Community of Christians; but in all cases agreeable to Scripture, Reason, and Philosophy; and tending to the Confutation of Atheism, Deism, and Prophaneness, the three reigning Sins of the
Times;

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Times; as also for the better Establishing of wavering Minds more and more in their most holy Faith: I made them known, and took care to carry my Arguments as far as Truth, Justice, and Right would bear me out; as I have here again done, but with all possible Circumspection, lest I should give Offence to the Weak and Froward.

I am sensible, many will be apt to strange at it, that I so suddenly beget and bring forth another Volume, since my last is as yet scarce Twelve Months Old. I answer, because I am very ambitious to make the most I can of a short Life, in regard that Time glides on apace, and it can't be long e're my Forehead begin to wrinkle, my Hair change Gray, my Voice tune low, my Eyes become dim, my Knees tremble, my Joynts grow stiff, my Hands shake, my Pencil drop, and I fetch a sigh and die: When I shall be to all things here, as if I had never been; lying useless, as if I had never breath'd; and disregarded, as one that never acted the
part

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part of a Rational Being; and laid aside as offensive to the Living, or as if the Righteous car'd not for me, but banish'd me for ever from their Presence.

Come hither then any one of my dearest Friends to the side of my Tomb, uncover my Sepulchre, open my Coffin, turn aside my Shroud, and say to me, 'Move thy Lips, and I'll present thee with a 'Delicious Cordial of Pearl; unclosethine 'Eyes, and I'll shew thee a charming Beauty; 'rear up thy Head, and it shall be incircled 'with a Crown of Massy Gold; ungrasp 'thy Hand, and I'll plant therein a Royal 'Scepter; put off thy unseemly Gar-'ments, and I'll dress thee in gorgeous 'Apparel; rise up from off thy hard 'Floor, and I'll set thee in a Velvet Chair 'of State; advance but one step, and the 'World shall be at thy Command. Alas! all these Proposals would not be sufficient to make me stir, or cause me to take any notice of the offered Preferments; but I should appear deaf, as if I heard

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not, remain still as if I were careless, and seem reserv'd for some better proffers, and more durable Enjoyments; then the hour will be, when I shall Compose no more Mid-night Thoughts for ever, indite no more Essays on the Sufferings of *Jesus* for ever, or Pen down any Divine Sentences again; so that what I do must be quickly, or not at all.

Doubtless, from the Premisses my Reader will be apt to infer, That I am transported with Joy upon account that my late Volume met with such universal Applause among the Serious and Good; I answer, True it is, I am very glad, and think I ought to shew some more than ordinary appearance of Satisfaction; and why? because the whole Trinity in the Heavenly Regions are pleas'd when a Prodigal returns, and all the Angels in Glory shout forth with Joy, upon the Conversion of a Sinner. The blissful Regions of the new *Jerusalem* eccho'd again with resounding Triumphs, when the Holy *Jesus* pronounc'd these

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these words to the Converted Thief on the Cross, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.* The Prophets of old enroll'd it in the everlasting Archives, when their Prophecies were fulfill'd, and their Sovereign Creator's Decrees obey'd. The Apostles of a meek Redeemer recorded it, when three thousand Souls were Converted at one of their Sermons, and a Persecuting *Saul* became a Suffering Christian: The Fathers of the Primitive Church, Register'd it in their Divine Writings, when any of their Auditors became Profelytes, or were added to the number of the Faithful.

And farther, high and mighty Emperours generally cause the Silver Trumpet to be sounded with a loud Alarm, and the Drums to beat a point of War, when an Heir apparent is born to their Imperial Throne, or their own Birth-day is Celebrated with the usual Solemnities: Potent Monarchs command Illuminations to be made, when their Plenipotentiaries have concluded an Honourable Peace, or
their

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their Forces lately subdu'd a Province : Illustrious Princes shew an uncommon Vivacity of Spirit, when an Express arrives that a Town is added to their Territories, and haughty Invaders have sneak'd out of the Field of Battel : Valiant Generals of Armies give Directions for their Artillery to be Discharg'd all round the Lines, when a Victory is obtain'd, and the Enemy defeated : Brave Admirals of Royal Navies gather in the bloody Flag, and hang out their flying Pendants, when a Tyrant's Squadrons are driven back and put to flight : To conclude, the industrious Farmer appears reviv'd, when he beholds his Seed sprouting forth in great abundance, and all his Labours turn to much Increase.

Then why should any seem displeas'd with me, for singing Praises with my best Affections ; since I have so many undoubted assurances, that, thro' the Divine Grace, my mean Works have waded many a weary Soul over the boisterous Surges of Folly, to the still and safe Harbour of Reconciliation

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tion with God; and already sent many Spirits triumphantly up to Heaven, where they are now at rest? No: I can no more cease to take delight upon these Reflections, or say, I am not pleas'd, than my Right Hand can reach the lofty Sky, when I hold it upwards, or my little Finger turn a Mountain topsie turvy, only by putting it under some hollow part of its Bottom: Nay, I can no more conceal such real satisfaction from my self, than my Thoughts can Divine what another Man thinks, when I am altogether ignorant of his Affairs; or I can drown the World with a few of my Penitential Tears: No, no; my Soul is of a far nobler Extraction, and my Mind more graciously dispos'd, than to knit the Brow when Transgressors Amend, or to be sorry at Heart when Offenders Pray.

But some may say, from whence does all this Extasie proceed, and to what purpose is it continu'd? I answer, 'Tis not the Result of Vanity of Spirit, but of Sincerity
of

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of Affection; it does not so much appear in the visible Countenance, as in the secret Recesses of the Mind: For the Almighty carv'd me not out after his own Image, to be proud, vain-glorious, or ambitious; to be popular, noted, or rever'd; to be seen, caress'd or admir'd; but to be humble, meek, and lowly; to be conceal'd, not known, or much regarded; to be mean, despicable, and rejected: Therefore let none take it amiss, or think e're the worse of these my Works, because I tell them, Men were not sent into this World for so mean and narrow a Design, as to prefix their Names to a Title-Page, or Record to Posterity what Figure they make in Church or State, or even to mention the University, College, or School, where they learnt their imperfect Knowledge of things in; but to be as serviceable as they can to the Commonwealth, endeavouring at the same time to be no more observ'd in publick, than an Hermit that never converses with any body but himself; and valuing the empty title of Praise, no more than a chaste

Virgin

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Virgin regards the lascivious Caresses of a deformed Fool.

But here perhaps many may say, doubtless all this pretended Humility is express'd, because the Author is a Person that has no considerable Endowments, natural or acquir'd, neither is he well descended, or possess'd of any real or personal Estate, and therefore he is so desirous to be conceal'd. I answer, As for my Natural Genius and acquired Parts, I readily own their Deficiency, neither shall I go about to vie cunning with my Neighbours in that respect; and as to my Birth, it is neither Noble, nor ignoble; but for what relates to my Worldly Incomes, I think them sufficiently large to bear my necessary Expences to the Charnel-House of Death, without being burdensome to others, or ever incumbering my self with any Publick Affairs.

And tho' I live as it were obscure, unheard of, and not much regarded; yet it is my peculiar Choice, as being what I always aim'd at, and such a Retirement as I
can't

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can't but fancy the most licentious Libertine will aspire to, when he has Read over these Sheets with a serious Consideration, and a due regard to the Truths therein contain'd. For I can truly affirm (without any ostentation or regard to Deceit) That the very Composing of the several Subjects, has so wean'd me from a mortal State, and carry'd my Affections above any thing I here behold, that should my Sovereign offer me her Court for a place of Residence, her Nobles honour me with their repeated Visits, and her Domesticks favour me with their constant Attendance, I would modestly reject these advantagious Proposals with a firm Resolution. And indeed, I would much rather chuse still to continue in my obscure Mansion, where I have nothing else to do but to rise as soon as Day breaks, or the Sun is up, and looking out at the Casement of my Windows into the adjacent Gardens, Fields, and Woods, hear a few melodious Hymns warbled forth by many small Congregations of the Airy Inhabitants, gather'd together

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together to offer up their Morning Sacrifices, to him that protects their Young Ones by his Providential Care, and Weaves their furr'd Garments in his own Loom: Afterwards entering my Study, I shut the Door, and learn in all things to imitate those pretty winged Quiristers in their innocent Praises, Flights, and Anthems; then to my studious Thoughts, 'till Nature calls for a Refreshment, or I think it is time to Dress, and take a lonely Walk in the verdant Meadows, there to behold with astonishment some part of the wondrous Works of the wide Creation; as the Sun, Moon, and Stars; Hills, Plains, and Vallies; Springs, Brooks, and Ponds; Shades, Closes, and Walks; Cattel, Fowl, and Fish; Trees, Blossoms, and Fruits; Flowers, Corn, and Grass; Herbs, Roots, and Seeds; with many other curious Productions of Nature: When the Day is past, and the Evening Twilight hid, I return home, say my Prayers, and lay my self down to Sleep; till at last the days of my Pilgrimage being
come

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come to a happy Period, I meekly bow the Head and expire, with assured hopes to rise again at the great Audit, and to enter the glorious Mansions of a boundless Eternity; where all that follow the Instructions herein contain'd, will in due time certainly arrive.

And thus I take leave to bid all my serious Readers an hearty Farewel, expecting to meet many of them on the spacious Plains of *Sion-Hill*; where they will then know me, and I shall have the happiness to be intimate with them: All which may the great God *Jehovah* fully accomplish, for the Merits of a bleeding *Jesus*, and Creator made Man, to save the Works of his own Power; and may all that believe a Trinity, own a Godhead, and acknowledge an Unity of the Divine Persons, unanimously say, in the Terms of the most excellent *Nicene Creed*, *Glory be to God the Father; Maker of Heaven and Earth; to the only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all Worlds; and to the Holy Ghost the Lord and giver of Life. Amen, Amen, Amen.*

CHAP.

C H A P. I.

The vanity of all Sublunary Enjoyments.

ROUSE up; my languid Soul, revive my fainting Spirits, in order to be rapt up in Divine Contemplations; for now it is time to *think* of God, and make a *Truce* with Heaven, since all things here below are *empty, vain, and of no intrinsic Value*: Then, why should'st thou, my Darling Soul, lye basking in the *lewd Tents of Folly*, or continue in the *deceitful Embraces of carnal Pleasures*! Are there any *Arguments* sufficiently Efficacious to persuade thee to abide in the *lonesome shades of vicious Habits*, or tread the *crooked paths* that lead to *endless Ruin*? If not, then unloose the bonds of Iniquity; and let go the strong *Chains* of Damnation; for thou art Created for *nobler Ends*, than to be seduc'd by any *Worldly Grandeur*, or *outward shew* of Sublunary Things.

And indeed, What is all the pompous *Pageantry* here on Earth, if compar'd with the *Seraphick Joys* of the *New Jerusalem*? Then haste away from its *fawning Caresses*, and let thy sublime Thoughts soar up to the *Center of Happiness*, where thy Saviour Reigns in *blissful Regions*: Oh then, my Soul, retire from the rank
B
Soil

Soil of *Perfidious Sinners*, who instruct their *fondled Babes* in the *Devil's Military Art*, which is to maintain an intestine War against God the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*: Then pray, my Soul, oh! pray, my Soul! with the most *ardent Desires*, that the blood of the *immaculate Lamb*, slain from the Foundation of the World, may atone for thy erroneous *Transgressions*; Oh! grieve, my dear Soul, that thou being formed after the *Image of God*, should'st deface and sully that *glorious Texture*, fix'd by his *Almighty Power*, and *unerring Wisdom*, within the *Confines* of a mortal Body: Oh! stain not that pure *Innocency* in the poysonous *Stews* of Sin, nor eclipse so *Divine a Ray*, in the *Sulphureous Air* of pestilential Vapours.

O, my beloved Soul, let many *Prayers* with strong *Cries*, and streams of drizzling *Tears*, be offer'd up, as Incense of a *sweet-smelling Savour*, to expiate for all the sad *Mistakes* of a lewd Life, and send thy strained Voice to the *Saviour of the World*, who now inhabits beyond the *Starry Firmament*, and lives above the *shining Sun*, That he would hear the sad *Complaints* of a *poor polluted Wretch*, newly escaped from the brink of Ruin: Oh! pray, my affectionate Joy, without ceasing, till all thy base *Abominations* and *Leprous Spots* be thoroughly cleans'd in that inexhaustible *Fountain of Mercy*, which *David the Royal Prophet* bath'd himself in, when defil'd with those *malignant stains* of *Murder* and *Adultery*: Oh! do nothing but pray, that thy
Pardon

Pardon may be seal'd by God, sign'd by Christ, and witness'd by the *Divine Spirit*, and when that is done, still *pray without ceasing*, lest thou, my precious Darling, should'st *provoke Heaven* thro' Inadvertency, or a wilful Error, to cancel those *Records of Love and Mercy*; and thereby thy *last Estate* become more *miserable* than that of *Judas*, who perfidiously *betray'd* his Lord and Master, after he was call'd a *Disciple* and a *Follower of Jesus*.

Oh! my Soul, how highly do I value thy *Eternal Welfare*, even beyond ten thousand heaps of *glittering Jewels*; for what will all avail me, if thou art *lost for ever*? Art not thou, my Life, as *immortal* as any Man's that breaths on the Earth, and of much *greater worth* than a Load of sparkling Diadems? Since, to gain the *Treasures of the World* by the loss of thee, my *precious Soul*, would be a most Unhappy Contract; then what *stupendious Folly* may I be charged with, if I should *barter* thee away for so *small a Lot* as may fall to my share, which can't amount to many Thousand Pounds *per annum*? Then retire my Delight, Oh! retire my Soul, into some *private Study*, free from all the bustle of a *noisy World*! for how much better is it for thee to wait a while in some *secret Recess*, where no Eye peeps in, but that of God, and from thence *descend* to the Grave in peace, than to humour a little *witless Rallery* amidst the Jostling Crowds of *Licentious Libertines*, and expire with a Conscience *over-laden* with *Iniquity*, sufficient to de-

press it down into the *lowest Abyss* of *amazing* *Horreur*.

If these Reasons be agreeable to *Reveal'd Religion*, why remain I so much as one Moment in the *Tents* of *Kedar*; or suffer my roving Thoughts to run in chace of *Imaginary Delusions*, which if obtain'd, augment my *Cares*, inlarge my *Fears*, and increate my *Sorrows*? Then whoever may *vaunt* it out for a while, and *please* themselves with a kind of *secret Complacency*, that they are somewhat more *wise*, and *sagacious*, than the *Children of Light*; I shall account myself a *Greater Politician*, than any of them all, if but by any means I may *relinquish* a *sinful Course*, and with a disdainful Eye refuse the *seeming Bubbles* that flow on the top of this *Tempestuous Sea* of a *Troublesome Life*, and gain the *glorious Prize* laid up in store for me, and all those *noble Champions*, who thro' *Faith* and *Patience* sail'd thro' the *Turbulent Storms* of *railing Calumnies* and outrageous *Persecutions*.

Then take your fill, ye *Senseless Ones*, of ye know not what *vanishing shadows*; for my part, I see so little Content in the eager pursuit of the *full baggs* of *yellow Dross*, that were there no *future State* to reward the *Vertuous*, yet I would continue to steer on in the *silent Channel* of *self-Denial*, and aim at nothing more, than what would defray my *necessary Expences* to the end of a *short Voyage*: By that means I should follow the *sage Advice* of a *refined Politician*, who once said, *Let greedy Persons, and*
idle

idle Brains, disturb their inward peace and tranquillity of Mind, by immersing themselves in shoals of Troubles, by a too eager pursuit after the slippery Baits of Wordly Wealth; I shall think my self a fortunate Man, if I can but grasp enough to maintain a crazy Body in its course to Eternity, and at last leave a necessary Provision to Posterity, when I am sleeping in the lap of Oblivion; shall I endanger the salvation of my Soul, the healthful constitution of my Body, and the peace of my Mind, for those perishing Things I must of necessity relinquish, when grim Death comes to mow me down, and summons me to give an account of my Stewardship? Alas! continu'd he, I only came into this World to take a few turns around the winding Labyrinth of God's Creation, and then, as it were an unsettled Traveller in an Inn, must be gone, and see it no more.

If this be the Judgment of the wise and sagacious, why should I raise up a mass of Treasure, at the infinite hazard of my immortal Soul, for I know not who to enjoy? for suppose my Sons are Extravagant, or my Daughters vain, then my Superabundance will only increase the Flame of their wicked Desires, like streams of Oil thrown on an outrageous Fire, and thereby advance its fury far above its usual height, and indanger the delicate Fabrick of a wise Master-BUILDER: On the contrary, if my Heirs are sober, and diligent, what need have I to leave them abundance, which may tempt their Vertue, and

allure their *Chastity*; since kind Heaven has promis'd to have a *particular regard* to their *Well-being* here, and eternal *Happiness* hereafter.

Then why should I, who am Heir apparent to the new *Jerusalem*, strive for those *worthless Toys*, which may be fitly compar'd to the *fair Apples of Sodom*, that are no sooner touched, but *moulder away to Dust*, and leave a *poisonous stench* in the *Nostrils* of those that gather them. What, in God's Name, means all this *carking*, and *caring*; *cheating*, and *cozening*; *cullying*, and *Purloining*; *Running*, and *Riding*; *Sailing*, *Venturing*, *Noise*, and *Hurry*; *Confusion*, and *Clamour*; *Trafficking* and *Bartering*, *pulling down*, and *enlarging*, *Fawning*, and *Cringing*, *Flattering*, and *cogging*? Since all is nothing but *Delusions*, *Dreams*, and *Shadows*; *Vanities*, *Smoak*, and *Vapours*, that soon disappear, as an *hoary Mist*, or a *trickling Dew*.

Then whoever may aspire to the attainment of these outward *empty Shews*, and harrafs both Soul and Body in hunting after such *transitory Injoyments*, I'll learn the *Divine Art* of *Merchandizing* and *Trafficking* for a *blessed Eternity*, tho' it be at the *Expence* of all that is near and dear to me in this *present State*. O how am I rapt up with the thoughts of a *vast Return*, for all my *midnight-Cries*, and *early Prayers*, *Noon-Moans*, and *Evening-Tears*, that are gone up to Heaven, as a *Venture* of my unblameable Life to the remote Glory of the Lord God *Jehovah*,
who

who will not fail to come in due time, and receive me as a *noble Adventurer* for his *Everlasting Kingdom*.

To conclude, how much dearer ought those *blissful Mansions* be to me than all the *paltry Traffick* here on Earth? Come away, ye *Believing Pilgrims*, why lagg ye still behind? Come enter the *Vineyard* of good *Works*, and there spend your remaining Days in the *Service* of a dear *Jesus*, who will certainly pay you the *faithful Penny* at last, which is of ten thousand times more *value*, than all the *drossy Oar*, so much admir'd by silly grovelling *Mortals*; for his *favour is better than Life*, and his *Kingdom* far beyond *Rubies*, and *precious Stones*. Let others act as they think fit, do you meekly call to the Almighty Donour of all solid and spiritual Gifts in the Words of pious *Hagur*, That he would vouchsafe to give you *neither Poverty nor Riches*, but feed you with Food *convenient*.

C H A P. II.

The Birth of Christ.

I Shall not here make a fine *Harangue* in commendation of any *Mortal Prince*, but present you with an *Elaborate Discourse*, setting forth the Noble Praise of the *second Person* in the

ever blessed Trinity: Therefore haste away with me, all ye that profess the *Christian Religion*, by owning the *Merits* of a *Crucify'd Jesus*; for I am now going to found a *Retreat* from *Worldly Vanities*, and retire to *Bethlehem*, where *Christ the Saviour* was born, in order to take a view of several Scenes of his Life, and of his *Triumphant Ascension* into Glory. Are any of you intoxicated with the love of *sensual Delights*, that you cannot raise your *affections* of *Joy* or *Grief* to an equal height with mine? However I would fain prevail with you to come, if it be only for a while to taste of an *Heavenly Joy*, whilst my Tongue is sounding forth the *Love* of my *Great Redeemer*, and to humour a mien of *Stoick Gravity*, whilst my Soul is overwhelm'd with *Sorrow*, in beholding his bitter Agonies and Sufferings; since it is reasonable to believe, that when I have drawn a few of those *various Scenes* of the *Love* and *Tragical Passion* of our Dear Redeemer, every different Act will be an effectual means to *charm* you into the sweet *Embraces* of True Religion, and even make you cry out, *My Lord and my God*.

I am sometimes swallowed up, blessed Jesu! in a rapturous flight of *Ecstatick Joy*, when I hear of thy *Transcendent Love* to the Children of Men, and as sensibly afflicted with *Grief*, when I read of thy *cruel Sufferings* on that accursed Tree! These Lines affect me more, than all the vanishing shadows of a *sensual Mirth*, or *mournful sighs* of *Worldly Sorrow*; since every Page will be fill'd
with,

with the *Ardent Affections* of my passionate Soul, inflam'd with the Zeal of *Seraphick Love*, not much inferiour to that of the *Royal Prophet*, who ebb'd and flow'd with Joy and Grief, much like the purling Rivers, that raise and sink their *gliding Streams*, according to the direction of our Heavenly Father's Almighty *Fiat*; so that, to the utmost extent of my frail Ability, I'll here transmit to succeeding Ages the *mysterious Records* of the mighty Power of God made Man.

No sooner had our first Parents forfeited their Title to *Eternal Happiness*, by Eating the *forbidden Fruit*, but a Council of the *blessed Trinity* was call'd in the highest Heavens, to consult the *Redemption of fall'n Man*, where it was unanimously agreed, *Nemine Contradicente*, That the *second Person* of the *Glorious Godhead* should in the fulness of Time *descend* from those *blissful Mansions*, and be born of a pure Virgin; so as to be offer'd up as a *Propitiatory Sacrifice* for the crying Sins of *lapsed Mankind*; as it evidently appears from what we read in *Gen. 3. 15*. *That the seed of the woman should break the serpent's head*. And for a farther Confirmation of our Faith, God reveal'd the coming of the *Messias* to the *Patriarchs* and *Prophets*, many Centuries of Years before his *personal Appearance* upon Earth; particularly to faithful *Abraham*, that out of his Loins the *Messias* should proceed; and afterward *Jacob* was inform'd out of what Tribe of the *Jewish Nation* Christ should come, which that blessed

blessed Patriarch plainly foretold, when he lay on his Dying-Bed, in these Words, *viz. That the Scepter should not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet, till Shilo come.* The Almighty in like manner declar'd his Will to Moses, who told the Children of Israel, That God would raise up a Prophet of their Brethren, like unto him; and that unto him should they hearken.

Neither were the Jewish Ceremonies, from time to time, any other than Types and Figures of this Immaculate Lamb; as that of the Brazen Serpent, the Scape-Goat, &c. As the time of his Birth drew nearer, the Prophets had a more lively, and distinct knowledge of what should happen during the time that was decreed for his purchasing our Redemption: For the Royal Prophet David foretels his Sufferings, and Glorious Resurrection; with respect to his Death, that it should be by piercing his Hands and Feet; and in Psal. 16. 10. he speaks of his Resurrection in these Words, *For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.* And of his Ascension, Psal. 68. 18. *Thou hast Ascended up on high, thou hast led Captivity captive.* Likewise the Prophet Isaiah describes the manner of his Birth, That he was to be born of a Virgin, and his Name to be call'd Emanuel, at the same time setting forth his Incomparable Graces, Sanctity, and fit Qualifications for the performance of his Office; the Entertainment he was like to meet with in the World, with

with the Nature and Signs of those *Cruel Sufferings* he was to endure.

The Place of our Saviour's *Nativity* was foretold by *Micah* 5. 2. *Bethlehem of Ephrata, the least of the Cities of Judah, but honour'd above the rest, by the birth of a Prince, who was to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth had been from everlasting.* Again the Prophet *Daniel* fixes the exact time, affirming, That the *Messias* should appear in the World, and be cut off, as a *Sacrifice for the expiation of the sins of the people*, at the expiration of 70 *Prophetical Weeks*, or 490 Years, which accordingly came to pass: All which *Occurrences* fairly lead me, as it were by the hand, to the first thing propos'd, which is a *particular Account of the Birth of Christ*,

Draw near with me all ye Nations of the World, and behold the *Blessed Infant*, with the same intention of Spirit, as if you *really saw* him with your *bodily Eyes*; and in so doing, you'll bear an equal part of joy and grief with me. But if any refuse a *ready compliance* to so reasonable a Demand, they'll soon draw such a *vail of Sorrow* over my pure Affections, as will make me sigh, mourn, and weep with true *Penitential Tears*; upon reflecting that I should be so unhappy, as to treat of such an *Excellent Subject in a Christian Nation*, and not discern a *suitable Veneration* paid to the Son of God. If there be any such *impious Wretches*, let me assure them, That it will be much *more tolerable in the day of Judgment* for those hard-hearted Jews, who *inhumanly*

ly imbru'd their Hands in the *innocent Blood* of that *Jesus*, whom we now behold thro' the *Perspective Glass of Faith*; since those vile Miscreants were not so happy as to *believe* in the blessed *Messias*, but on the contrary were instructed by their Priests and Rabbies, not to *acknowledge* him to be the *Son of God*, or own his Miracles, as *sufficiently efficacious* to purchase their Salvation; as being born in *Obscurity*, without any *Worldly Splendour*, or *pompous shew* of Greatness.

These things, I say, may be brought as a strong Argument, why they *Crucify'd the Lord of Life*; nay, there is yet more to be said for the *Exterminating* their Crimes; for after the *Sufferings* of this *Jesus*, many of them repented of what they had done, and declar'd him a *Prophet sent by God*: But as for you that bear the *Badge* of his Profession, and pretend to *believe* there is no other Name whereby *you can be sav'd*, but that of *Jesus*, and yet obstinately *refuse to comply* with my humble Request, to *Rejoyce and Mourn* with me; it is an *evident Sign*, that you only counterfeit the *Character* of a *Christian*, and are in truth no more so than a *Pagan* that never heard of his *Birth and Sufferings*. Therefore may I *entreat you* by all that is dear to you, either to *abandon your holy Profession*, and to turn *Turk or Jew*, or else to draw near with me to behold *God manifested in the Flesh*; for this is that *Great Messias* that lett his Father's Kingdom of Glory, in the seventh Age of the World, and was born in *Bethlehem*

lehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King,
Matth. 2. 1.

Oh! then assent with me in *singing Praises* to this New-born Child, with loud *Acclamations of Joy*: Oh! come, let us send up our *Thanksgiving* beyond the Sphere of usual Praise, and let our *melodious Strains* join the *Heavenly Choir*, for his unlimited Love to the Sons of Men, who lay as utterly lost and undone for ever. Oh! *Lamb of God, Son of the Father*, how are all my *Affections* rais'd above the gilded shadows of sensual Joys, and fix'd on thee my *Sovereign Lord*, whose boundless Mercy has *rescu'd Mankind* from endless pains! Therefore with *Angels, Arch-Angels*, and all the *Host of Heaven*, I'll adore the remembrance of *thy Nativity*, and say, *Glory be to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men.*

Praise the Lord, O my Soul! who has withdrawn thy *wandering Desires* from the *fleeting shades* of Sense, and fix the Center of thy Joys on the *miraculous Birth* of the Holy Jesus. Was ever Miracle like to this, that God should become a Man, to redeem the Works of his own Creation! Therefore I'll treble my *resounding Praises*, in honour of this *New-Born Babe*, and transmit his Fame to ten thousand Generations, by continually *imitating* those glorify'd Saints above, in warbling forth *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah* to the *Almighty God and Lord of Heaven and Earth*, for his *condescending Love* to Man: *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, be for ever chanted forth to the *Saviour*

viour of the World, who was incarnated, and took upon him the *Humane Nature*: *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, be Sung to the Holy Spirit for his Assent, that Christ should *descend on Earth*; may everlasting Glory be ascrib'd to *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, for such a mighty work of Wonder, as that the *second Person* in the *Mysterious Trinity* should be brought forth from a Virgin's Womb, and become a perfect Man in all things, *sin only excepted*.

Then may that Day, on which the *Son of God* became the *Son of Man*, be had in everlasting remembrance by all the *Elect Children* of the most High; may it be for ever set a-part as a yearly *Jubilee*, wherein I may celebrate with my most exalted Admirations his *stupendious Love* to the Posterity of my first Parents: May the Stars, that twinkl'd at the break of that blessed *Morn* exceed in brightness all others, that so curiously bespangled the lofty Sky, so as never to be darken'd by any gathering Clouds: May that *Planet*, which was Ascendant when the *Messias* was born, never appear above the Horizon when any *bloody Tyrant* breaks thro' the *strong bars* of his Mother's Womb; and at least let it be superior to the whole *Tribe of noble Rulers*; may that *Sun* which peep'd out of the Casements of the East, and gilded the topps of the highest Mountains with *glittering beams* of Light on that *glorious Morn*, when Christ made his publick entrance on the *Great Work of Man's Salvation*, never be sully'd o'er by any
Mist,

Mist, till turn'd into blood by the unalterable Decree of Heaven.

May the *Clock*, that struck that *happy Hour* when the *Messias* made his *passage* into this *Sub-lunary World*, awaken the unbelieving *Jens* by its tinkling *Peals* from the *fatal Lethargy* of *Carnal security*: May that *Moment*, when the Lord brake his way thro' the *upper Regions* to abide a while on *Earth*, be recorded in the *perpetual Annals* of every *Christian's Life*: Let it be distinguish'd from all other *Minutes* joyn'd to the *fleeting Hours*: May the *Mother* of that *Blessed Babe* be proclaim'd as the *Sovereign Queen* over all the *Female Sex*, and be renowned for her *Virgin-Modesty* to the end of the *World*: May that *Tongue*, which first sounded the *joyful News*, that the *Espoused Wife* of *Joseph* was *deliver'd of a Son*, be one day renew'd, as the *Phoenix* out of it's own *Ashes*, to sing *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, in the highest strains of *Eloquence*, for ten thousand times ten thousand *Ages* in the *Heavenly Choir* above. May those *Hand-maids* (if any) that assisted at the *Birth of Christ*, or visited the *Blessed Virgin*, shine with a brighter lustre in the *Orbs above*, than such as usually attend at the birth of a *Mortal Prince*: May those *Arms*, which first receiv'd that *Immaculate Lamb* from the Bosom of the *Blessed Virgin*, have a *noble Scepter* to fill their hands, not such a one as every *Child of God* will receive in token of *Victory* over the *Prince of the Air*, but one little inferiour to that of *Moses*, who prophetically declar'd the coming
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of the Lord, long before his Appearance in the Flesh.

May that *Person* who wrap'd the *Saviour* of the World in *Swadling-Cloaths*, to preserve his tender Body from the cold blasts of a Winter-Season, be *array'd* in the *Heavenly Mansions* with far more *glittering Robes* of State, than the Queen of *Sheba* wore, when she came from a far Country to hear the *Wisdom* of *Solomon*, and see his *magnificent Glory*, which seem'd to sparkle in her gazing Eyes as the twinkling Stars: May those *Fingers*, which spun the thread of that *Mantle*, which was thrown over the *Lord of Life*, as a necessary *Garment*, receive a Well-tuned Harp in the *Mansions of Glory*, to resound an Eternal *Hallelujah* of *Thanksgiving* to Everlasting Ages; not such an one as the *Royal Psalmist* play'd on, when he was led into *Captivity* in a *strange Land*; but one whose sounding Strings will never cease to strike harmonious strains of Joy to this *New-born Prince*, the *Saviour* of the World: May that *Manger*, wherein the Lord lay, be more in the *memory* of every Christian, than the *gawdy Cradle*, wherein *Alexander* the Great was rock'd in his Infancy. To conclude, may all the *Solemnities* of that Day be engrav'd on large *Pillars of Marble*, so as to remain in lively Characters 'till our Lord's *second coming* in the *Clouds*, with a far more noble Train of splendid Glory.

Then come, and accompany me in a regular order, all ye *mighty Works* of the Lord, and be
astonish'd

astonish'd at this his *wonderful Birth*. I say, come all ye *Angels*, that continually surround the Imperial Throne of Christ, and readily obey his Holy will, *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man*. Attend, ye *Cherubims* and *Seraphims*, that incessantly cry, "*Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Great, and Infinite, Holy, Holy, Durable, and Eternal; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, fix'd and unchangeable, Holy, Holy, Wise and Powerful; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Righteous and Just, Holy, Holy, Excellent, and Good; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Faithful and True, Holy, Holy, Incomprehensible and Perfect; Hallelujah, Hallelujah; all Power and Dominion, Adoration and Praise, be ascribed to God Omnipotent, during a stream of Time that still glides on, but never runs out, or centers in any End; Draw near with deep Veneration, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man*. Attend ye *Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, and Confessors*, that yield obedience to the known Statutes of Heav'n, and everlastingly acknowledge the Infinite *Majesty* of his *Honourable, True, and only Son*, and the *Divine Spirit* the Comforter; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man*.

Attend, ye that assent to the *truth* of the glorious Gospel, and agree in the *Confession* of an Orthodox Faith, *Draw near with reverential awe, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man*. Attend, ye Heavens and all the Waters,

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that are above the gathering Clouds; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, bright *Luminary* of the Superiour Orbs, which comest forth in the Morn of every Day to run thy wonted Race, as a Giant refresh'd with Wine, towards the Western Hills; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, thou *Pale-fac'd Moon*, that shinest with a modest Light, tho' in the highest *Zenith*, and in a full Body, *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold the profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *glittering Stars*, that bespangle the lofty Firmament with your *sparkling Lights*, and serve to guide the Mariners to their appointed Haven, *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *hasty Showers*, that descend in pearled drops to refresh the *budding Flowers*, e're they display their lovely Colours, or fragrant Smells, *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *early Dews*, that enliven the *Flowry Meads* with your orient Drops, before the early Lark arises to sing *sweet Matins* to its daily Benefactor, *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *fresh Gales*, that rage and blow with your *blustering Storms*, because a small Cloud appears on the Southern Shore, and will not be still'd, 'till allay'd by its weeping Tears; *Draw near with*
Astonish-

Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye long and tedious Nights, that give a faint Idea of those dark and gloomy Shades, where wretched Souls incessantly moan, to the endless duration of Eternity; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye Days that disperse the Night-Shades with your Bright Beams of Light, and make the Righteous wish for that Eternal Day which never sets in any obscurity; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.

Attend, ye white Frosts, that enamel the Plains with your hoary Mists, and cause the Head of every young Tree to hang as it were with Gray Hairs; as if no moisture remain'd in their newly ingrafted Roots, Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye Storms of Snow, which cover the Fields of Corn with fleeting Flakes, as a Downy Bed to ward off the Northern Blasts; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye fiery Flashes of fearful Lightning, that often surprize the secure Sinner in his lewd Embraces of Folly; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye rattling Peals of terrible Thunder, whose repeated Claps are so Dreadful, as to cause the Atheist to endeavour to hide himself from the Judgment of that God, whose Being not long

since he so insolently deny'd; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *Mountains and Hills*, that doubtless receiv'd your *Rise and Names* in that Age, when the Almighty visited the Earth with a strange *overflowing Deluge* for such foul Sins as now reign in the *British Isle*; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, thou *Rain-bow* that art fix'd in the *Clouds*, as a *token of God's Covenant* with the *Children of Men*, not to destroy the *World* again by a mighty *Flood*; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *turbulent Billows* of the vast *Ocean*, that are confin'd in the deep *Caverns* of the Great *Jehovah's Treasury*, and are not able to pass beyond his *Decrees*; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *watery Inhabitants*, who take your daily repast in the *Unfathomable Sea*, and Swim like the *Great Leviathan*, that Rules, as an *Imperial Monarch*, in those *spacious Territories* of unknown *Extent*; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.*

Attend, ye *bubbling Springs*, whose *Crystal Waters* rise out of the *Bowels of the Earth*, to quench the thirst of the *Beasts of the Forest* with your *purling Streams*, that glide down the *Hills* with a perpetual *Motion*; *Draw near with Astonish-*

Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend ye numerous Flights of winged Quiristers, that warble forth your pretty Notes in the highest strains of Joy, to him that feeds your Young by a providential Care; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye Cedars of Lebanon, whose spreading Leaves overshadow the wearied Pilgrims in their progress to the New Jerusalem; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, yet timorous Flocks of Sheep, and Doves of harmless Lambs, whose innocent Bleats, and pretty Bay's serve to remind Man of the Paschal Lamb, which was offer'd up as a Sacrifice for the Sins of many; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.

Attend, ye Herds of nimble Deer, that skip as the pleasant Roes on the Tops of the Mountains round the delightful Parks, and refresh your tired Limbs under the spreading Sycamores, and Royal Oaks; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye Cattel on a Thousand Hills, that answer the End of your wise Creator, in being useful for the service of Man, obeying his Commands by a kind of natural Instinct; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye nimble Hares and subtil Foxes, whose Wisdom far exceeds the Policy of prophane Libertines, in retreating

when pursu'd, and hiding when assaulted ;
Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye wise *Ants*, whose constant *Industry* exposes the *Sluggard* to open Shame, by providing store in Summer to supply your wants in time of Dearth ;
Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.

Attend, ye *delightful Springs* of every Year, that discover to faithless Man the Assurance of a *Resurrection*, by forcing out as it were a *new Creation* of *Greens* from the bare Branches of every Hedge, Bush, and Tree ; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold the profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *ingrafted Branches*, whose tender plants produce *more Fruits* in the small space of *one year*, than *Ten thousand* Sinners in a *long Age*, tho' perhaps they were well planted in the rich Soil of *pious Education* ; *Draw near with Astonishment, and behold the profound Mystery of a God made Man.* Attend, ye *numerous Trees* of *Fresh Roses*, whose *fragrant Flowers* shoot forth from the clefts of your scollopt Hoods, in the delightful Morns of *June*, before *Vain Man*, who bears the *Image* of his *Maker*, has awak'd his drowsy Thoughts, or sung an *Hymn of praise* for the Mercies of a past Night ;
Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.

Attend, ye *Beds of Sweet Carnations*, that display your various Colours, and breath up your *Sweet Perfumes* towards those Clouds that be-
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dew'd your enamel'd Leaves with trickling drops of an early Dew, e're careless Drones can view from whence their Mercies come; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye Tall Sun-flowers, that raise up your drooping Heads, and chearfully shew your natural Face without a modest Blush, when that bright Lamp of Heaven displays its gilded Beams on your golden Features; which Emblem may silently reprove many Luciferian Imps, who are ashamed to appear in the House of Prayer without an artificial Face, yet cannot distil a Tear for a Soul stain'd with Sin; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man. Attend, ye numerous Rows of Peony's, that stand as it were in Battel-array, like an Army cloath'd in Red, but more gorgeously array'd, than all the Troops of bloody Tyrants, that dragoon their Christian Subjects with horrid Cruelty, who bear it all for the sake of a Crucify'd Jesus, and a steady Faith; Draw near with Astonishment, and behold this profound Mystery of a God made Man.

Attend, ye Grains of various Seeds, that now lye mouldring in the Womb of the Earth, but will e're long sprout forth, and appear in a Charming Lustre, which may be fitly compar'd to the consuming Bodies of the Righteous, that have lain undiscover'd in the Earth for many Centuries of years, but will e're long peep forth out of the Clefts thereof with Ten thousand times more Brightness,

than all the *gawdy Ornaments*, or *rich Attire* of *Phantastick Sinners*, array'd in their glittering *Robes of State* ; *Draw near with Astonishment*, and behold this profound *Mystery of a God made Man*.

Attend, ye *material* and *immaterial Beings*, whether in *Heaven* or *Earth*, with all the *Powers* and *Things* therein, and be *astonish'd* at this profound *Mystery of a God made Man*. Not because 'tis a *Mystery*, that cannot be *comprehended* by *Angels*, nor *Men*: But on account of *God's unlimited Love* to fall'n *Man*. Be *astonish'd*, not as if it were too great for *Omnipotence* to effect ; but, because the *Almighty Power* decreed it so, to *bruise the Serpent's Head*. Be *astonish'd*, not as if that *wonderful Incarnation* of the *Son of God* were not decreed long before the *Worlds* were fram'd ; but because the *Redemption of Man* was purpos'd by the *Trinity*, when as he lay conceal'd in his *primitive Nothing*. Be *astonish'd*, not as if *Christ* were conceiv'd in the *Womb* of the *blessed Virgin*, as to his *real Godhead* ; but because he only pass'd thro' those *dark Chambers* as to his *real Manhood*. Be *astonish'd*, not as if the *Manifestation of the Son of God in the flesh* confounded the *Trinity in Unity*, or separated the *Persons* to *divide their Substance* ; but because the *Godhead of the Son* remains equal with that of the *Father*, and the *holy Ghost* ; the *Glory* equal, and *Majesty* coequal, during that time, and for ever. Be *astonish'd*, not as if the *Son* were not such as the *Father* was, nor such as the *Holy Ghost*

Ghost was, during his abode in an *Earthly Tabernacle*; but because such as the *Father* was, and such as the *Holy Ghost* was, such also the *Son* was, is, and ever shall be. Be astonish'd, not as if the *Son* were *created*, because he was *born of a woman*; but because he was *equally uncreated* with the *Father*, and the *Holy Ghost*, and yet came down from Heaven to *appear on the behalf of guilty Men*. Be astonish'd, not as if the *Second Person* in the *Trinity* were not as *incomprehensible*, from the time of his *appearance* in the *Flesh* to the day of his *Ascension* on High, as before or after; but, because *Christ* was as *incomprehensible*, during the time of his *Stay on Earth*, as if he had never *descended* from the upper Regions. Be astonish'd, not as if the *Son of God* were not *Eternal*, because he left the *Habitations of his Father's Glory*, and liv'd as a *mortal Man*; but because he *ever was, is, and will be Eternal* as is the *Father*, and as is the *Holy Ghost*, notwithstanding his *Descent* into Hell. Be astonish'd, not as if the *Son* were not *Almighty*, because he was *conceiv'd of the Holy Ghost*; but because he remains *equally Almighty* in his *Power and Essence*, as the *First and Third Persons* in the *Trinity*, ev'n during that time he liv'd as *Man*, as well as before or after. Be astonish'd, not as if *Jesus* were *not God*, because he once liv'd as *Man*; but because he *remain'd God*, equal with the *Father* and the *Holy Ghost*, altho' he was *Mediator* between *God and Man*. Be astonish'd, not as if the *Messias* had
 ceas'd

ceas'd from being *Lord*, the same with his *Father*
 and the *Holy Spirit* ; but because he *ever* was,
 is, and ever will be *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth,
equal with *God the Father*, and the *Holy Ghost*,
 notwithstanding his being delivered up by *God*
 as a *Saviour* for *Man*. Be astonish'd, not as
 if he were *less in glory* than the *Father*, and the
Paraclet, on account of his *Descending* from the
Throne of Glory, and conversing with frail *Man*-
kind ; but because he *remains the same* in *greatness*
 with the *Father*, and the *Holy Ghost*, as if the
three Persons in the *Trinity* had *assumed Humane*
Nature equally one with the other. Be astonish'd,
 not as if the *Second Person* in the *Trinity* were di-
 vided from the rest on account of his *Incarnation* ;
 but because he *ever* was, and *ever* will be one of
 the undivided *Three*, coeternal and coequal, not-
 withstanding his being *conceiv'd of the Holy Ghost*.
 Be astonish'd, not as if the *Son* were not to be
worship'd in as reverend and humble manner, as
 the *Father* and the *Holy Ghost*, because of his
Humiliation ; but because he must be *serv'd* and
ador'd with the same honour as the *Father*, and
 the *Holy Ghost*, tho' he was *Man* as well as *God*.
 Be astonish'd, not as if our *Lord Jesus* were *not*
God and Man ; but because he was *God of the*
Substance of the Father, begotten from *Eternity* ;
 and *Man of the Substance of his Mother*, born in the
World, *real God* and *real Man* ; equal to the *Father*
 as touching his *Godhead*, but inferiour as touch-
 ing his *Manhood*. Be astonish'd, not as if *Christ*
 were *Two Persons*, because he is *God and Man* ; but
 because

because he is but *one Christ*, and yet *God and Man*; one, not by Conversion of the Godhead into Flesh, but by taking of the Manhood into God; one altogether not by confusion of Substance, but by unity of Person; for as the reasonable Soul and Flesh is one Man, so God and Man is one Christ.

Oh! then, attend ye Heavens and Earth, and be astonish'd at this *profound Incomprehensible Mystery*, *God made Man*, who freely offer'd himself up as a *Ransom* for fall'n Man, and yet remains both *Perfect God and Perfect Man*. Admire this *mighty Work*, not with any mistrust of Unbelief, but with a stedfast Faith, That altho' it be a *Mystery* far surpassing the *weak Conceptions* of *finite Creatures*, yet it was a thing easie for *Omnipotence*, and the most *effectual Means* to accomplish *Man's Redemption*. Therefore, let every thing that receives its Being from God, adore this *wonderful Birth* of the Lord *Jesus Christ*, the Son of the living Father, and *second Person* in the ever *Blessed Trinity*. Oh bless ye the Lord, Praise him, and Magnifie him, with the most exalted *Thanksgiving*, to the *infinite Ages* of an *endless Eternity*!

C H A P. III.

The Circumcision of Christ.

When eight days were accomplish'd for the Circumcision of the Child, his Name was called Jesus, which was so named of the Angel, before he was conceived in the Womb, Luke 2. 12.

DRaw near all ye that subscribe by an *Orthodox Faith*, to the *wonderful Birth* of Christ, and behold him who is now *Circumcis'd* for you, and own him as *your God*, as well as *your Saviour*; for he is *your God*, altho' he owns himself to be *your Redeemer*. Come, defer not to pay your *Tribute*, but do as did the *Wise Men*, who were guided by an *Eastern Star* to come and *Worship this Immaculate Lamb*: for when they came into the *House*, and saw the *Young Child* with *Mary his Mother*, they fell down and worshipped him, and when they had open'd their *Treasury*, they presented to him *Gifts, Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh*. Matth. 2. 11.

Where then is the *Man*, and what is his *Name*, that dares call himself a *true Believer*, and will not lay all his *Crimes* aside, and attend with me, to ascribe all *Honour and Power, Might, Majesty, and Dominion* to the young *Jesus*?

sus? If any such there be, convey them hither, that I may expostulate the case with them, in some such Language as this. Oh perfidious Wretches! can ye, that freely acknowledge the *Birth* and *Circumcision* of the Lord *Jesus Christ*, refuse with Reverence to behold God so wonderfully *Circumcis'd*, after the manner of a frail Man! Bemoan your selves, and lament your *miserable Estate*; for much better it would have been for you, if the Doors of your Mother's Womb had shut you up in *perpetual Darkness*, and you had never seen the dawn of this Day, Oh! weep with streams of Tears, and throb with bitter Cries, that ever you should hear the joyful News sounded forth, that *Christ is Born* and *Circumcis'd*, and yet you'll still remain such strangers to *Regeneration*, as not to attend the *Child Jesus* with the Gifts of an *holy Conversation*. Oh grieve incessantly! bewail with Sighs, Sobs, and Groans, to think that you should bear the Standard-mark of the *Christian Name*, and not present your Souls, Bodies, and Spirits, as a *reasonable Sacrifice* at the Feet of *Jesus*, and there wait till the Criminal Superfluities of your Souls are pair'd off by a *New Circumcision* of Heart. Delay not, lest Death approach, when it will be too late to attend at the *Circumcision* of this new-born *Jesus*.

C H A P. IV.

*The Retreat of Christ and his Mother
into Egypt.*

Behold, the Angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a Dream, saying, Arise, and take the young Child, and his Mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there untill I bring thee word; for Herod the King will seek the young Child to destroy him. Then he arose, and took the young Child and his Mother by Night, and departed into Egypt: And was there untill the Death of Herod, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the Prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my Son, Matth. 2. 13, 14, 15.

NOW the Scene is chang'd, and all our Joys for the Birth and Circumcision of Christ are clouded with Storms of Sorrow, and Floods of Tears, therefore haste away with me; for the Child Jesus must be attended with Grief into the Egyptian Land, not because he is going to avoid the wrath of Herod the King, but because a God made Man is forc'd to flee the wrath of

of a *sinful Mortal*; not for any offence committed by him, but for the flagrant Sins of vain Transgressours; not to Suffer as if he had *Transgressed humane Laws*, but because the *Iniquities* of our *first Parents* were the occasion of this his silent Retreat; oh! then give ear to the moan I make to Heaven, in beholding *Joseph* secretly conveying the Child *Jesus* away by Night into a strange *Land*, to escape the fury of an *inraged Tyrant*, who can by no means obtain *Salvation*, but in and thro' the Merits of this *blessed Babe*.

Oh mourn, my Soul! oh mourn my Soul! to think that the *Eternal Son* of the *Ever-living God* should be *Born* of a Woman, *lye* in a Manger, and be *Circumcis'd* after the Custom of the *Jewish Nation*, and then be forc'd to fly as a Thief by Night, or a Prince pursu'd by his unnatural Subjects: Oh, my God! What's the meaning of this *Astonishing Mystery*? and how shall I unfold the *hidden Parable*, without shedding an Ocean of Tears, or pining away with excessive Thought, for the want of Words to explain the meaning of this Flight! Oh my Dear Redeemer! how shall I attain to that measure of true Sorrow, that may be sufficiently efficacious to melt a *stony Heart* into running Floods, and raise the cooling Affections of languid Sinners above the airy Fancies of Sense, tuneing the *Passions* of their Souls to the highest *strains of Grief*; and yet keep my own Spirits within such bounds, that I may become an *useful Monitor* to succeeding
Ages?

Ages? For be it henceforth proclaim'd from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and unto all the World, That the Lord *Jesus Christ* had been but a few days in his state of *Humiliation*, before he was oblig'd to remove his Tent, and be privately carry'd away in a doleful *Winter-Night*, towards a Foreign Country: Oh then attend ye Servants of the Lord! and endeavour to Sympathize with me! for what Grief can be equal to this of mine, who bear a tender regard to the *Lord of Glory*, and will now accompany him in this infancy of his *Sufferings*, and the beginning of his *Grief*, to a more tragical End; since as yet he has scarce experienc'd what Trouble means!

Oh my *Jesus*! I am ready to wait on Thee, where-ever thou goest; or be thy State what it will; oh that I could by any means attain the Honour to embrace thy *tender Body* within my folded Arms! oh thou, whom *my Soul loveth*! tho' it were but at such a time when thy Mother begins to faint in this her hasty flight! oh with what *Affectionate Care* would I preserve thee, my dear *Saviour*! chusing rather to dye *ten thousand Deaths*, than let thee slide out of my Bosom! oh thou whom *my Soul loveth*! oh my admir'd *Jesus*, how would I run with thee from the Wrath of *Herod the King*! and flee as it were thro' the *Regions of the Air*, till I had secur'd Thee from his Fury! But supposing, oh my Soul! thou wert intrusted with the *Child Jesus*, how could'st thou think to make such speed, since *Joseph* and his Mother finds it very difficult

cult to preserve the Babe from all the perils of a dangerous Journey, where perhaps no *twinkling Stars* appear'd to guide their way, in the unknown Paths towards the *strange Land*, whither they are now hasting. Or supposing, O my Soul! thou shouldst dash thy Foot against a Stone, and let the *blessed Infant* fall, how sad then would be thy state! yet nevertheless my care should still preserve the *Lord* from *receiving* any harm, and I would instantly *rise again*, endeavouring to be more *Circumspect* in my *future Steps*: But what if the darkness of the Night, O my Soul! should cause thee to mistake the way, and thereby expose the *Babe* to the *fury of Herod* the King, how could such a Misfortune be retriev'd? Fear not, O my Soul! I would soon recover the *unhappy loss*, by sending up my *earnest Request* to Heaven's Gates, that some *glittering Star* might peep out its sparkling Head, to *guide my feet*; or else I would make such *mournful Cries*, that the *Eccho* thereof should reach the Ears of some *neighbouring Inhabitants*, or *early Traveller*, to take pity of me in this my great Distress, and fairly conduct me to the Road from whence I went astray. But, O my Soul! what if neither the *Heavens* should display any *glimmering Light*, nor *Jewish Peasant* come forth of his Cottage, nor *good Samaritan* come Riding by to thy Relief? Cease, my Soul, thy *sad Complaints*! admit it should be so, I would yet *revive* my drooping Spirits, and buoy them up with this *mighty Consideration*, that the time

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can't be long, before the *day will dawn* on top of the *Eastern Hills*, and gently diffuse me so much of its *early Beams*, as may serve to light me into my *first way*, where I would immediately speed, with a swifter Motion than the *pursuing Tyrant* with all his *massacring Troops* of bloody Soldiers, and gain more ground, before the Sun had fully display'd its *luminous Body* to the Inhabitants of the lower Vallies, than what I lost by straggling out of the way: But all that I fear, O my Soul! is, that I never shall be intrusted with the Care of the *Child Jesus* in this his Journey to *Egypt*: yet nevertheless, I'll attend him through this his *dangerous Passage*, altho' it be at the *price of my most precious blood*: And when I see him safe arriv'd, I'll pour out my Soul, and say, *Oh my dear Redeemer, what means all this thy removing from one City to another, and that in the Infancy of thy human Nature?* I would fain have congratulated thee on thy *safe Arrival*, if I could by any means humour a Joy, or say, I'm pleas'd to see thee in a *strange Land*; but, O my Lord! how shall I revive my *drooping Spirits*, and cheer up with Mirth, till I see thee again in *thy Native Soil*! Then will I Rejoyce with an *Exceeding Joy* in thee, the God of *my Salvation*. But here I must now leave thee to the Care of *Mary* thy Mother, and hast again to *Bethlehem*, to hear what *Herod* the King will say and do concerning thee, my *Blessed Jesus*.

C H A P. V.

Herod's Cruelty.

Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the Wise-men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the Children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old, and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the Wise-men. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the Prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her Children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. Matth. 2. 16, 17, 18.

A Ccompany me, now, all ye that are the Heirs of the New Jerusalem, in this my Return to the Land of Bethlehem; where I shall present you with a Scene of a Crimson Die, able to make you weep with me a Sea of Tears, and fetch a Volly of Sighs; for Herod the King is now going to Sheath his Weapons of War within

the Bowels of *Innocent Babes*, who are incapable of making any Resistance; but innocently stare in their Murderers Faces with a *Childish Cry*, and *shrinking Back* as if they would fain express themselves in their broken Language, and say, *What injuries have we done to the Lord our King, thus to incense his Wrath?* Would no other Sacrifice appease his Fury, but the *Young Males* of a few Months old, since we never offended in *Thought, Word, or Deed*, against the Lord our King? Then, why must our tender Limbs be pierc'd with Lancing Spears? Have we by our Strength *oppos'd his Laws*, or drove his *numerous Armies* back? If not, why should our *naked Bodies* be carry'd in Triumph through the wide Streets of *Bethlehem*, to be expos'd to the view of every Eye? Have we, by forcing our passage thro' the *Shades of obscurity*, to breath a while in a fresh Air, been the occasion of this *Cruel Decree*? If not, why are we so suddenly cut down by his *unrelenting Cruelty*, and not suffer'd to take a few more *Childish turns* round the *winding Labyrinths* of *God's Creation*, as our Forefathers have done before us? Have our shrill Cries disturb'd the *Repose* of the Lord our King, when we lay sprawling in our Mothers Laps? If not, why are we then to be *destroy'd* from off the Land, and not suffer'd so much as to survive the short term of *two Years*, so as to utter a few more flights of impertinent Words, or broken Language? Have we at any time *drawn Milk* from those Breasts, that should have nourish'd
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some *New-born Prince*? If not, why are we refus'd Protection under the *present Establishment*, and not spar'd so long as to learn our *Christ-Cross-Row*? Have we rais'd the Envy of the next Heir of the *Royal Crown* and *Dignities* of our Lord the King, by performing some *prettier Actions* in the Infancy of this our tender Age, than he vainly fancy'd he did, when he lay in his Nurses Arms, attended with many *painted Toys*, and silly *Rattles*? If not, why are we to be *destroy'd*, and not permitted to send up a few more *thoughtless Smiles* to a sorry piece of Painting, that resembles we know not what? Alas! all the Actions of our *few Months*, have been so little worthy of *notice*, that we might in reason have thought, that the Lord our King would have employ'd his *fleeting Moments* to much better purpose, than thus to cause *Proclamation* to be made, that *all Male-Infants, from the Age of a day to that of twenty four Months*, should be thus *barbarously destroy'd*. O *Herod* the Cruel! O *Herod* the bloody! What dost thou mean by thus *shedding* our Innocent Blood? O *Herod* the Monster! O *Herod* the Tyrant! What account can'st thou give to God, when thou com'st to stand amidst the Crowd of *Blood-thirsty Tyrants*, at the Great and Terrible Day of his *wrathful Indignation*?

Be it known to thee, O thou *Blood-guilty King*, altho' this *Savage Contrivance* will be fatal to thee, yet the *Sentence*, tho' attended with *streams of Blood*, will be an *Eternal Gain* to us:

Therefore we are ready to return thee *Ten thousand* thanks for conveying our Souls to Heaven so soon; for as yet we are only polluted with the guilt of *Original Sins*, which the blood of that *Jesus*, which thou thirstest after, will wash away: Whereas, if thou should'st *reverse* this thy *Decree*, our spotless Souls will ere long be polluted in the poysonous Baths of *actual Sins*, and by that means merit the *displeasure* of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, and be justly doom'd to everlasting pains. But (praised be the ever *blessed Trinity*!) we are now going to take *Possession* of a Kingdom of Glory, where we shall Cry *no more, Sorrow no more, Sigh no more*, nor be *Slain any more*; but for ever reign with those, that never polluted their white Garments in the *malignant Die* of new Transgressions. And be it further known to thee, O King, that what thou can'st do to our *tender Bodies* will be no detriment to our *precious Souls*; but sooner hasten their winged flights towards yonder *Seat of Bliss*, where all agree to return *Eternal Praises* of a Dear God, and a Loving *Jesus*: Then shall we be free from all the *pain of Sense*, so as never more to be imbroil'd in the *Cares and Sorrows* of a naughty World, where there is nothing to be found but *Days of Sorrow and Nights of Grief*.

Therefore be it known to thee, O King, that we had much rather undergo thy *severe Sentence* in the Infancy of our Age, and ascend to the Joys above, than to accept of thy *Mercies*, and con-

continue in these *Shades of Misery*, here below : But only out of a dutiful regard to our *tender Mothers*, who are now bedewing their wan Cheeks, with Showers of *weeping Tears*; and every one uttering *mournful Accents*, and saying, Where is now the *Son of my Youth*, and the *first Fruits* of my Body? O lead me to the *Infant Babe*, that I so lately brought forth with Sorrow! lest I lament as a *disconsolate Widow* for the loss of Her *beloved Spouse*, or moan as a Dove for lack of her Mate. O let me see the *Babe*, that never yet was *wean'd* from his Mother's Breast, and suffer me not thus to *moan* with heavy *Complaints*! O ye that bear the Image of the *most High*, why stand ye thus gazing, as at a Comet, to behold my *lamentable Shrieks*! and not rather haste away to bring me *Tidings* concerning my *Darling Son*, in whose *Absence* I can't be comforted, nor revive my *fainting Spirits*! O tell me, where my *beloved Infant* is, or else my Eyes will become as a *running Fountain* of Water, and I shall weep to such a strain of Grief, as to wash the hairs of my head with the *tears of my Complaint*! Delay not, but let me see my *beloved Babe*, that I may sweetly imbrace his *tender Limbs* within my out-stretched Arms, and once more but *dandle him* in my Lap. O ye *Children of Men*! take *Compassion* on me, that now lye *languishing* in *Despair*, till I behold the Face of my *lost Child*, and kiss his *little Breast* with an affectionate Love!

O ye that walk the Streets of *Bethlehem*, see
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how I moan, pant and throb, because I can't behold the *Cradle* wherein my *Infant* lay, or offer it the *Breast* to still its *lamentable Cryes*; If you let me thus alone to afflict my *Soul* for the loss of my *beloved Babe*, I'll instantly hast to the *Palace* of my Lord the King, and make enquiry there concerning my *Male-Child*, and if I hear he hath issu'd forth a *Decree* to *Sacrifice* my *First-Born*, I'll humbly prostrate my self at his feet, and say, O my *Sovereign Prince*, I am now come to make my *Address* to thee, not in words adorn'd with *Flowers of Eloquence*, or with lines set off with *Rhetorical Figures*, which perhaps may not be so taking to thy *Genius*, or charming to thy *Fancy*, as loud *Harangues* of Praise, or *Speeches* fill'd with fulsome *Flattery*; neither am I come to crave at thy hands any high *Post of Honour*, or large *Gift of Favours*, but to intreat thee to spare my only *Son*, and return him safe into the *Bosom* of his *sorrowful Mother*, whose *Bowels* yearn to see him once again. Deny me not my *Earnest Request*, lest the *Passions* of my *Soul* increase, and thence extort from me *bitter Complaints* of thy *Cruelty*, for with-holding from me my *rightful Heir*.

For be it known to thee, O King, that my *precious Babe* doth no more of due belong to thee, than thy *Scepter* of right belongs to me; therefore let not thy *usurping Power* tyrannize over me, as an *unrighteous Judge*, but reverse thy *Sentence*, and render to me my *Sucking Babe*; for here I'll continue as the importunate *Widow*,
till

till I hear some Tidings concerning him: O my King, I dread by thy *terrible Aspect*, that thou hast barbarously *destroy'd* the Son whom I entirely love; and shall never cease my *moaning*, till I see him living or dead, that I may *Surfeit* my self either with *Joy* or *Grief*, before I lye down and dye. Hark! methinks I hear some *unusual Cryes* of Infants young! I'll instantly depart to know the meaning of such bitter Exclamations! Behold, I espy on the Tops of yonder Hills, whole *Squadrons of Guards*, with *Children* stuck on their *glittering Spears*! O amazing sight! There now I see my *Sucking Babe*, whom I assuredly know by the *Marks it received on its Breast*, when it lay conceal'd in my Womb!

O let me return to the *cruel Tyrant*, that I may assure him, the *King of Kings* and *Lord of Lords*, will most certainly *avenge my Wrongs*, and *redress my Sufferings*, by pouring forth upon his Head full Vials of his *wrathful Indignation*, and ere long divest him of his *wordly Grandure*, by commanding him to appear at his *dreadful Tribunal*, to account for this his *monstrous Barbarity*, and all other his lewd *Abominations*. O thou *Outragious Caitiff*! when gave I thee any just Cause of offence, thus inhumanly to *massacre* my only Child? O thou *wicked King*! behold the Streets run down with *innocent Blood*. O unheard of *Cruelty*! thus to murder all the *Male-Babes*. O let me see the *dead Corps* of my Child, weltring in his *Gore-Blood*, that I may pull out
the

the *wounding Spear*, and bind up his *gaping Wounds* with my *trembling Hand*, in order to convey him to the *Bed*, where he first learnt to humour a few *Cryes*, before this his last *Exit*. O let me alone, that I may view every part of his outstretched *Limbs*, and behold my *dear Child* with my tender *Affections*! Reach me hither his little *Hand* that never struck a *Blow* in *Wrath*, and let me unfold those *clutch'd Fingers*, that never sign'd any *Contract* against his *Sovereign Prince*, nor ingraspt the *bright Sword of War* with any intent to maintain *Schism in the Church*, or *Feuds in the State*! Open the closed *Lids*, that I may see the *Eyes* that never look'd on a fair *Bathsheba* with a *wanton Glance* or an *unchast Desire*; nor was ever taken with a *Beauty*, tho' he at any time *embraced* her in his *Arms*, or *saluted* her with his *Lips*! Let me behold the *Forehead* that was never bedew'd with a *fearful clammy sweat*, tho' death lay hovering over every part of his naked *Limbs*, but kept its temper of *Mind*, till it felt the *keen Spear* shedding its *Heart-Blood*; and then it meekly submitted to the *severe Sentence* of a *Tyrant King*! And let me view the *Cheeks*, that could Blush at every *Chiding*, and turn pale without a *deceitful Heart*, or a *polluted Soul*, even tho' it cry'd for fear, and lamented because it was beat. O let me alone, that I may kiss those *wan Lips*, that were once stain'd with a *Vermilion Dye*, and could smile to see its *Father's* love, and behold its *Mother's* real affection:
open

open its *Mouth*, that I may see the *Tongue* that never discours'd a Lie, or in the least vilify'd its innocent Neighbour, in spreading *false Reports*, or fully'd the Excellency of any by *defamation* ! O my *Child*, my *Child* ! with what a *tender affection* do I now anatomize thy *lifeless Body* ! Now can I freely *resign* up my *Soul* and die, so that by any means I may be *intomb'd* with thee in the *silent Grave*, and secure thy *Body* in my *cold Embraces* ; that when the *mighty Army* of Worms shall rally their *scatter'd Forces* together, and begin to make their near *Approaches* to *Storm* our *Sepulchres*, they may find the *remains* of a *tender Mother*, who expir'd with *Grief* for her *injur'd Babe*, and find it mouldring away in her *Arms* : then may they enter thro' all the parts of our *Bodies*, and *satiate* their *keen Appetites* with the *marrow* of our *Bones*, as a *more luscious entertainment*, until our *flesh* is consum'd to *Ashes*, and our *humid Brains* dry'd up by length of *Time* : then will they retreat, and let our *separated Particles*, and wasted *Skeletons* sleep in our *Cofins*, where we shall lye waiting for a new *origine of Things*, and one day sprout up out of the bowels of the *Earth* with more *refined Bodies*, than those made of the courser *Soil of Flesh, Blood, and Bones*, never more liable to *Corruption*, or expos'd to the *Fury* of an *Insulting Tyrant* : Neither will they ever more be confin'd again to wear the *tatter'd Garments of Vice* ; but be strangely *Spiritualiz'd* after the *Nature of God*,

God, and know what before they could not apprehend.

Then those *Religious Parents*, that freely laid down their lives as a *Sacrifice* for *Christ*, will see their *little Babes* glister like Stars in Glory; but how much more those who lost their *only Sons* by the hands of *Herod* the King, for the birth of *Jesus*: doubtless they'll shine as so many sparkling Lights round the Throne of their dear Redeemer, for ever and ever; perpetually warbling forth such *Hymns* as these, in the presence of the Heavenly Host. We are the Mothers of those happy Infants that were born in the Land of *Bethlehem*, in the *Seventh Age* of the World, which was the very time when the Son of God, whom we are now adoring, was mysteriously conceived by the *Holy Ghost*, and wonderfully born of a *Pure Virgin*: O blessed we! that were ordained from the foundation of the World to be the Parents of those first Sufferers after *Christ* was manifested in the *Flesh*: for which we are now admitted to worship him, with a nearer and more intimate view than any other, who survived to stain their Souls with actual Sins, tho' they afterwards laid down their precious Lives in the honourable Bed of *Martyrdom*. Therefore be it sung in the presence of all the *Angelical Choir*, that we who attended this our Saviour into the World, as a *Legion of Angels*, and nobly endured *Herod's Cruelty* for the sake of him, are made more glorious than they that were born in Foreign Countries

Countries, or liv'd in former or latter Ages. Wherefore all Honour, Praise, and Adoration be unto him that sits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for evermore, throughout eternal Ages. Amen, Amen, Amen.

C H A P. VI.

Of Herod's Death.

But when Herod was dead, &c. Matth. 2. 19.

NOW behold *Herod the Tyrant*, is arrested by the *King of Terrors*, and cited to appear before God's *private Tribunal*, in less than *seven hours*, to account for all his *horrid Crimes*: Therefore I'll now expose his *languishing Body* on the *publick Stage* of the great *World's Theatre*, that every *Nation, Language, and People*, may attend his *Death-Bed*, and listen to what I shall deliver to this *bloody Prince* in this his last *Extremity*, and remark his *mournful Replies*. Oh *Herod!* I am now to remind thee, that thou art the Man which issu'd forth a *Declaration* to *slay* all the *Male-Infants* in the *Land of Bethlehem*, from *two Years old* and under, believing thereby that the *Saviour of the World* would fall an *inglorious Victim* to thy *Arbitrary Power*: But be it known to thee, O thou *vain-glorious Monarch!* that the *Child Jesus* is safe arriv'd in the *Land*
of

of Egypt, and will Reign as *King*, when thy *undone Soul* is stumbling on the dark Mountains of *horrid Despair*, and this thy *trembling Corps* is lodg'd in the Grave of Oblivion, and crumbling away to *vile Dust*. Reply'd the Tyrant, why tell you me, that the *Child Jesus* is yet alive, since that is no *Consolation* to my *Misery*, but an *aggravation* to my *amazed Soul*: Oh cursed Day! when I maliciously sign'd the *bloody Edict*, and ordered my Troops of Guards to put in *Execution* that *dismal Tragedy*! How blest had been my State, if this Right Hand of mine had *wither'd* away in that moment, when it took up the *fatal Pencil* to sign the *Proclamation*! Or thrice happy me, if a *sudden fit* of the Apoplexy had seiz'd on all my Nerves, when first I thought of thus killing the *Lord of Life*! O bloody Criminals were they, who counsell'd me to slay the *Child Jesus*, or prevail'd with me *cruelly* to *stain* my bright Spears in the *innocent Blood* of *Sucking Babes*: Admit he had not been the *True Messias*, should I, to be reveng'd of one *Impostor*, destroy *Ten thousand Infants*, who never did me wrong? O the *anguish* of my Soul, and the *throbs* of my Heart! now at the near approach of Death, and the *dreadful Apprehensions* I have of *endless Pains*? O Eternity, Eternity! O Eternity, Eternity! how *amazing* is the *Consideration* of thee to a *Blood-thirsty King*, when he comes within a few moments of *thy Borders*, and is just leaping into the *Abyss of Misery*! May this my sad

Exit

Exit deter Tyrant Princes, and Persecuting Spirits, from molesting any for the Profession of their Faith, and maintaining the Truth, tho' different from their malignant Humours. Therefore may this be Recorded as a Maxim to succeeding Ages, That whosoever by Writing, Word, or Deed, vilifies, or in the least disturbs any Community of Professors, for their different Opinion, would certainly follow my Bloody Example, and Sign the like Decree of Barbarity, if they were incircl'd with my Power, and wore an Imperial Crown.

O unhappy Day when I was Born a Prince ! but much more unfortunate Hour, when the Heralds at Arms proclaim'd me King ! Why waited I not away in my Mother's Belly, or yielded up my Soul to Death, before the Son of God was Born ! Or why Reign'd I so long, till my Actions fulfill'd the Prophecies of the Ancient Patriarchs, and Prophets, who in every Age of the World foretold the things concerning Jesus, whom I sought to slay, and for whose sake I destroy'd a Legion of harmless Babes ! Why expir'd I not the same day I heard the Law and the Prophets Read ! O fatal time to me ! when I enquir'd of the Wise-men of the East, concerning the Child Jesus, only with a design to spill his precious Blood ! for this, and all other my erroneous Crimes, I must now change my Troops, that us'd to attend my Royal Person in all my gaudy Splendour, and outward Gandure, for Legions of damned Spirits, who will incom-

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pass me round to afflict my *amazed Soul*, during a *long Eternity* that will glide on for Millions and Millions of Ages, and yet never center in any Period. Now my quick and sparkling Eyes, that could discern the most *remote Objects*, and penetrate into the *inward Recesses* of the *Hearts* of my Subjects, must behold Ten thousand Devils incompassing my Bed of State, and see them all striving who shall be the *Infernal Imp* to convey my *lost Spirit* into the *dark Regions* of Misery, where with more discerning Eyes I shall behold the sad Effects of Sin: It is but a little while, before I shall be divested of all my *sumptuous Attire*, and be overshadowed with a *black Vail of darkness*, which will never be drawn by any Messenger of *God's Mercy*, but will for ever shade me from the Brightness of *Heaven's Glory*. Now that *Sparkling Diadem*, which I wore in Token of my *Royal Birth*, which glitter'd as the *Spangling Stars* in the Eyes of each vain Beholder, must be immediately pull'd off by *Imperious Death*, and plac'd on the brow of my *next Heir*; instead of which, my Head, when it is rais'd at the *Resurrection Day*, will be incircl'd with a *Crown of Damnation*, that will never be envy'd by any *ambitious Spirit*, or *unhappy Soul*; but for all Eternity sit on my Forehead, as a *Miter of Brass*, lin'd with Ten thousand Spears, whose keen Points will enter my *Soul*, to remind me of the *wounding Lances*, with which I Pierc'd the tender Bowels of *Innocent Babes*. Now I am going to let my *Golden*

den Sceptre fall out of my ingrasping Hand, and suffer it to be fill'd with the *venomous Weapon* of *Satan's Malice*, where I shall never want Will nor Power to sheath it in those Bowels that assisted me in the *destroying the Male-Infants*: Now I must pull off my embroider'd *Slippers of Pride*, and lay me down in the dust, till awaked out of my *mournful Tomb* at the *Resurrection-day*, when my feet will be shod with the *gliding Skates*, that will always be sliding me down into the forlorn *Ocean of Eternity*, where is nothing but *gnashing of Teeth* with excessive Cold of those *congeal'd Waters*, that will never *thaw* to float my *guilty Soul* towards the *warm Stream*, that flows in the safe Harbour of *God's Rest*. It is not long ere my refin'd *Notions of Arbitrary Power* must be exchang'd for an unwilling *Subjection* to the *cruel Commands* of the *Prince of the Air*, whose boundless *Ambition* and *Luciferian Pride* did cast him down into *Everlasting Pain*; where my *confus'd Imaginations* must yield *Obedience* to that reigning *Tyrant*, who will for ever usurp over *accursed Spirits*, subjugated to his *Fury* by their own *Ambition*, and wilful *Mistake*.

Now farewell, my *stately Palace*, and lofty *Babel*, wherein my Person dwelt, for ere a few Minutes are o're, I must remove from this place of my *Residence*, and enter the dismal *Dungeon of Horreur*, where my dear Soul will stagger up and down in vain to find a *Passage* thorow those *dark Prisons*, where no *Gates* will for ever be open'd to let forth the *confin'd Inhabitants*,

tho' intreated for with *loud Skreeks* and lamentable *Cries*. Now adieu to those *Flowry Gardens*, *shady Walks*, and *pleasant Groves*, wherein I fetcht so many turns, when the great Luminary of Heaven gilded the tops of those *lofty Cedars* with the dazling Luster of its setting Beams, so that I could easily discern how the *nimble Birds* laid their Feathers smooth with their pecking Bills; whilst some others of these *winged Inhabitants* of the Grove, sounded forth their *harmonious Vespers*, with a natural and yet more melodious Tune, than the *artful Strains* of the most *skilful Performers*. I must now for ever be absented from these my *sensual Delights*, and be constrain'd to wander in the *Night-shades of utter Darknes*s, where my Ears will be fill'd with *astounding Howlings* of numberless Multitudes of *lost Spirits*, who will for ever roar out their *sad Complaints*, to make me equally Unhappy with themselves.

Reply was made to the departing King. Is this *thy Language* now at *the approach* of Death, when all the parts of thy *Princely Body* are cover'd with a faint watry Sweat? And are these thy *complaining Murmurs* when thy Eye-strings are just ready to break, and thou art bidding an eternal Adieu to all thy *pompous Shews*? Be it known to thee, O dying Monarch! that these thy *agonies* are no more than the *deserv'd Reward* of thy *inhumane Cruelty*, in seeking the life of the *Child Jesus*, and hewing down all *Male-Infant Babes* in the Borders where *Christ* was born:
but

but what are these *Convulsions* that thou art now struggling with on this thy *dying Bed*, to those *unexpressible Tortures* thou must for ever endure in the *lower Regions of Confusion*, whose Borders blaze all over with Flames of a *Crimson Dye*, and are fill'd with *Shrieks* of Spirits lost for ever? I bemoan thy *wretched state*, but joy to see thy Soul taking its *last farewell*: For no sooner has thy Spirit taken its winged flight towards the Gate of *grand Despair*, but I'll haste to *Egypt*, and tell the *Child Jesus*, that thy *amazed Soul* has left its *miserable Body*, to be repositied in the Charnel-House of Death, till his *mighty Power* cause thee to peep out of the *hollow Caverns* of the *Grave*, to hear this dreadful Voice. 'Arise, thou *Herod the Cruel*, and 'depart into *Everlasting Fire*; not such an one as 'arises from a *material Substance*, but one of an 'immaterial Heat, that proceeds from the *wrathful Fury* of an *Almighty Vengeance*: Where there 'will never want any other *Fuel* to feed those 'scorching Coals, but this tormenting *Consideration*: 'That thou once might have been in the *Blissful Mansions* of the *New Jerusalem* above; but now 'must for ever be lodg'd in the *Regions of Horror* and utter *Despair* below.

C H A P. VII.

News carry'd to Joseph, that Herod the King is Dead.

The Angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young Child and his Mother, and go into the Land of Israel; for they are dead, which sought the young Child's Life. Match. 2. 19, 20.

NOW, come away all ye Nations of the World, and let us offer up this *Congratulating Address* to the Child Jesus: O thou Blessed Saviour of the World! we are come to attend thee with *Triumphs* of Exceeding Joy, because he is fall'n a *Victim to Death*, that sought to spill thy Precious Blood: O thou Blessed Babe! the Son of a pure Virgin! who was begotten before thy Mother breath'd, and Reign'd as King in the Imperial Orbs above, while yet the Worlds were not fram'd. O Lamb of God! what caus'd thee to retreat by Night out of Bethlehem of Judea into this strange Land, for to avoid the Wrath of Herod the King? Why did'st thou not, as being God, exert thy Power, and call for many Legions to guard thy sacred Person, during thy stay on Earth, from the Fury of bloody Tyrants,
and

and *Persecuting Kings*, who *presum'd* to call in question thy *immense Power*, and disown thy *mysterious Birth*.

O thou *Son of the Bless'd*! mayn't we here make Answer for thee? Be it then *Proclaim'd* to *succeeding Ages*, that thy *Design* of leaving thy *Father's Kingdom*, was not to *Reign* like a *Tyrant King*, in the *State* of thy *Humiliation*; but to *shew Mercy* in *Redeeming* of *fall'n Man*, and call home *wandering Sinners* to amendment of *Life*. O thou *promis'd Messias*! be it known to every *Kingdom* *professing Godliness*, that thou *becam'st Man* to *Humour* all the *Passions* and *Frailties* of our weak degenerate nature, *Sin only excepted*, that thereby we may know how to *suffer*, and how to *forgive* our *persecuting Foes*. O *blessed Babe*! what *Honour* would it be to *imbrace* thy *tender Limbs* within our *close Embraces*! for now we own thy *Father* to be our *God*, and believe that thou art our *Saviour*, sent by him to *Redeem Mankind* from the *Jaws* of *Eternal death*; therefore we'll now *return* with thee, and thy *Virgin Mother*, to the *City* of *Nazareth*, that it may be *fulfil'd* which was spoken by the *Prophets*, that thou shalt be call'd a *Nazarene*, *Mat. 2. 23.* O that we could be but *any wise assistant* to the *blessed Virgin*, in this her *weary Pilgrimage* and *tedious Journey*, in conveying this *Heavenly Babe* in his *return* to the *City* of *Nazareth*! O how would we *haste away* with the *new circumcis'd Jesus*! running over the *Plains*, and skipping over the *Defiles* of the *De-*

sart, without a panick Fear of being pursu'd by the perfidious Jews; neither would we rest our wearied Limbs, till we safely came to the desired Land; there would we triumphantly Sing, All praise to God in the highest! for suffering his Only Son to sojourn from one City to another, for the foul Crimes of lost Man; and tarry with him, till he waxes strong in Spirit, fill'd with Wisdom, and the grace of God is upon him. Luk. 2. 4.

C H A P. VIII.

Of Christ going up to Jerusalem.

By occasion of the Passover our Lord goes to Jerusalem, and there disputes with the Doctors in the Temple. Luke 2. 46.

O How are my *Admirations rais'd* even to an *extasie of Joy*, to behold the *Lord Jesus*, in his *minority*, confuting the *Learned Rabbies* of the *Jewish Nation*, and making all their *Wisdom* become as *foolishness*! If so, then what are all the *Tropes* and *Figures* of *Rhetorical Eloquence*, that only puff us up with a *vain Conceit* of *understanding* we know not what, when compar'd with the *Divine Knowledge* of the *Son of God*? Wherefore I shall here take
leave

leave to make a *short stay*, in order to *allay* the *vain Glory* of the *acquir'd Wisdom* of the *Learned Criticks* in this our Age, whose *towering Thoughts* exalt many of them so much *above the rest* of Mankind, that they *vainly conceit* no Person of a *mean Education*, tho' qualify'd with extraordinary *natural Endowments*, and blest with *Divine Inspirations*, in any wise adapted to direct the *unthinking Part* of the World, into the *unerring Paths* of *true Piety*, and *Divine Illumination*. Good God! What a *self-conceited Opinion* is this! as if a *few learned Phrases*, beat into a *stupid Brain*, were *sufficiently efficacious* to fit any Person for the *instructing others*, tho' not capable of *informing themselves*?

Mistake me not, I would by no means *discountenance Learning*, or in the least *encourage the Bold and Ignorant* to take upon them to be *Teachers of others*, who are *nothing qualify'd* to interpret the *sacred Oracles*: No, God forbid, since from such *muddy Springs* are risen some *Seſtarists*, that ev'n *err from the Faith*, and teach *they know not what* strange kind of *Doctrin*; so that I could heartily wish, none would *presume to preach* the *Holy Gospel* of the ever *Blessed Jesus*, but such as have the *advantage* of a *liberal Education*, or are blest with *singular Endowments*. But the main *Argument* I insist upon, is this, That *Learning* separated from the *Grace of God*, and destitute of *natural Endowments*, qualifies a Man no more for the *Ministry*, than a *Person nobly descended*, tho' otherwise a *Fool*,

is fit to sit in the *Privy Council* of his Prince : For if we seriously examin the *Holy Bible*, from *Genesis* to the *Revelations*, we shall there find, that the greatest part of it runs in an high strain of *Expressions*, far above the weak *Conceptions* of a shallow *Understanding*, or unpolish'd Parts, altho' he be instructed in the *Eastern Tongues* ; from whence it evidently appears, That no Man is Ordain'd from the *Laws of God*, or the *Rules of Reason*, to be a *Preacher of the Gospel*, in the *Church Militant* here on Earth ; but they, and they only, who are divinely inspir'd, and gifted with excellent natural Parts, so as to be furnisht with convincing *Arguments of natural Reason*, as well as acquir'd *Learning and Philosophy* : But, with the greatest concern be it spoken, there are many *Manuscript Sermons*, and *Printed Discourses*, that almost every Sentence contain'd therein, is either shamefully borrow'd from the Works of the *Ingenious*, or else their *Arguments* are so weakly managed, that they are altogether insufficient to inform the Judgment of their *Auditors* ; but strangely stagger the *Understanding*, and leave the *Mind unresolv'd*.

Or on the other hand we hear fine *Harangues*, and florid *Sentences*, that savour more of *Wit* and *Learned Flights*, than of *Humility* and true *Devotion*, and tend little more to the *Conversion* of straggling *Sinners*, than the *Romantick Writings* of the *Prophane*. No, no ; he only is the Man, who is adorn'd with the *Wisdom that comes from above*, and well furnisht with the *Gifts of Nature*,

Nature, that ought to be the *Embassador of Christ*, and proclaim the glad *Tidings of Salvation*: For a Minister thus *qualify'd* preaches only *Christ Jesus, and him crucify'd*. Henceforth therefore, let none *vainly boast* of their profound *Learning*, and *acquired Parts*, by *braving* it out, That they are the *Persons appointed* by the *Commands of Heaven*, to *administer the Sacraments* of *Baptism* and the *Supper of the Lord*. For, alas! *Learning* separated from *Piety*, is but a *sounding Brass* and *tinkling Cymbal*; and in my *Opinion*, such are no more *Ordain'd by Christ* to foretel his *coming to Judgment*, and report the *Rewards* of a *future State*, than a *labouring Peasant*, or a *sailing Mariner*; since such *Scholastick Writers* serve only to *amuse the Ignorant*, and raise *frivolous Disputes* among the *refined Wits* of the *Age*: of which I might here give an *Instance* of a *Learned Author*, who furnish'd a *Volume* with so many *novel and intricate Notions*, and *new-fangled Phrases*, that the *Learned Sages* of the *Age* could not unfold his *mysterious Meaning*; which occasion'd an *Ingenious Author* to demand of him what he meant by *several Paragraphs* mention'd therein: To which, after a great deal of *deliberation*, he had no other *Answer* to return, but this, *When he compos'd them, he could have given a Reason, but now could not*. Good God! what will be the *dismal Effects* of such *mysterious Writings*, in after *Generations*; and how many *unprofitable endless Disputes* may arise from the *Works* of such

a Person as attempts to unriddle the *intricate Meanings* of those *Heads*, that could not *expound the Sense* of what they *delivered* themselves: therefore I think it my *bounden Duty* to perfwade those *aspiring Wits*, and *Solifidians*, either to *retract* their *gross Mistakes*, and *wild Notions*, or *entreat* all Persons endowed with the *Grace of God*, not to *amuse* their *Thoughts*, or *waste* their *precious Time* in perusing such *pernicious Writings*, but rather *examin* the *Works* of a *Regenerate Child* of God, which tend more to *Edification*, than all the *large Volumes* drest up with *deep Learning*, *fine Words*, and *difficult Interpretations*.

Let who will then be *ambitious* to gain the Name of a *Learned Scribe*, or a *Profound Wit*, by composing a flight of *unintelligible Speeches*, I shall think my *Language* *sufficiently refin'd*, if it can but be *understood*, so as to *Convert Souls*, and to *instruct* the *Ignorant* in the *Laws of Heaven*: For were I so fortunate, as to be *accomplish'd* with the *Wisdom* of *Solomon*, or the *Learning* of the *Scribes*, my *Stile* should be *plain* and *Familiar*, and never soar above the *Capacity* of my *meanest Reader*. Let who will *lavish* away their *precious Minutes* in compiling a *finical Discourse*, with *Expectation* to gain a *large Preferment* in the *Church Militant* here on Earth; I shall be well satisfy'd, if I can but spend my *fleeting Hours* in composing a few *little Books*, whereof every *Page* may conduce as it were to waft the *Affections* of my *Courteous Reader*

Reader to the Borders of the Canaan shore; and when death comes safely land his Soul in the Port of the Church Triumphant in Heaven. Let who will vainly affect a new Mode of filling up a large number of Pages, to tickle the itching Ears of unsound Christians, and please the unstable Fancies of roving Minds, I shall never think my self unwise, if I can but at any time compose a few Sheets of Self-denial, and Resignation to the Will of God, whereby wandring Sinners may be brought home to the Lord Jesus, and their dear Souls sav'd at last: For what will avail in the end of our days, but sanctity of Life, and Purity of Conversation? Without this all our natural and acquir'd Endowments will turn us to no account in the day of our solemn Reckonings: nor can they make us truly blest, to the Endless Ages of Eternity, any more than the risings of a small Spring could cause the Mighty Ocean to overflow its Banks with its little purling Rills; or a flying Arrow batter down the strongest Walls of a fortify'd Town, with its sharp point, or swift motion: No, no, unless all our Knowledge, and liberal Education, be founded on the Rock Christ Jesus, we are undone for ever.

Therefore let all Persons that own the Name of the Son of God, improve their Excellent Notions to the wisest End, which is God's Glory, and not those of their own private Interest; which latter, I fear, is too too often aim'd at in this degenerate Age, preferring the Honours and Profits of this World, before the Salvation
of

of their *Immortal Souls*; and what can be the *Cause* of these preposterous *Proceedings*, but the *Spirit of Unbelief*, in the *Abstract*; for were we effectually convinc'd of the *Reality* and *Truth* of the *Divine Existence* and *Attributes*, the most refin'd of us all would make it the *standing Aim* of our *Life*, to endeavour the *Conversion* of the *Souls* of others, and not be so *solicitous* for the *promoting* the *Interest* of the *Body*; as it too too manifestly appears we are, by the *occurring Events* of every *Day*. For, with *Grief* be it spoken, and my *own Observation* has confirm'd it to my *sad Experience*, That most *Men* are so far *intoxicated* with the *love of this present World*, that they, as it were, strive to *undermine* each other, and conclude him to be the *finest Preacher*, and *greatest Politician*, that can gain the *highest Post* either in *Church* or *State*, tho' by *indirect Means*; which seems a *strange Paradox* to me, and is far beyond my *weak Conceptions* to account for. Therefore I must here make an *halt*, to ask the *Covetous Divine*, and the *aspiring Courtier*, what they mean by their *eager pursuit* after *large Preferments*, and *empty Honours*, which are of so *short a duration*; since *Man* is *meer Vanity*, and since *Life* it self is nothing else but a *Vapour*, that appears as a *Shade*, which insensibly flies away, like the *Summer-dust* before the *stormy Wind*?

Then why dost thou, O *proud Prelate*! suffer the *disconsolate Priest* to wait at thy *Gates*, without granting his *humble Petition*; or hear the *mourn-*
ful

ful Cries of the Distressed, begging at thy Threshold, with only bidding them be warm'd and fill'd, notwithstanding thou giv'st not unto them? O thou cruel Enemy to Mercy and good Works! how can'st thou affirm, there is a God, when all thy Actions disown his Laws? Therefore knit not thy Brows in Disdain, if I fairly tell thee, Thou art only an Atheist in Masquerade, and that ere long thou must Account for this thy Inhumanity and Pride of Heart.

I know it will undoubtedly be said, That all this is *foreign* to the *Subject* in hand; yet I am emboldened to affirm, That it is no *Digression* from my *principal Design*; since it only tends to expose the *vain-glorious Scholar*, the *greedy Priest*, and the *lofty Courtier*, in their *Vanity of Mind*, and their *uncharitable Deportment*. But now I'll return to meet the *Youth Jesus*, coming out of the *Temple* from his *Disputation* with the *Learned Doctors* of *Jerusalem*, and say to him, O thou *Blessed Saviour* of the *World*, I *adore thy Name*, in that thou hast put to silence the *Wisdom of the Learned*, and confuted them in their *own Questions and Demands*; during thy *Conference* with them, I withdrew to visit my *Native Soil*, and endeavoured by *invincible Arguments* to remove the *Pride, Vain-glory*, and unanswerable *Proceedings* of many *lofty Ones*, who profess *thy Name* in appearance, and deny *thy Doctrine* in Practice: But, *Lord*, I fear my *vigorous Efforts* have made no more *Impression* on the *Walls of their stony Hearts*, than he in
the

the *Fable*, who strove to ingrave *lively Characters* on a Table of *hardned Steel* with a *Leaden Pencil*: Therefore I humbly entreat thee, O my dear Lord, to *melt their Affections*, and *convince them*, as thou hast silenc'd, with astonishment, the *Wise Sages* of the *Jewish Teachers*.

C H A P. IX.

Of the Baptism of the Holy Jesus.

Now when all the People were Baptiz'd, it came to pass, that Jesus also being Baptized, and Praying, the Heaven was opened: And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a Dove upon him, and a voice came from Heaven, which said, Thou art my Beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased. Luke 3. 21, 22.

Attend all ye Christian People, and behold how the Heaven opens, and the Holy Ghost descends; view the Celestial Appearance, and give ear unto the Heavenly Sound, and then tell me, if all the Charms of Sense can prevail with any of you to disown the Incarnation of Christ, when it is thus attested by God himself. O then, let all the Powers on Earth sound forth
his

his Praises with loud *Acclamations of Joy*, and sing a new *Hymn of Thanksgiving* to this *New Baptised Saviour*; for here is a *Confirmation* of our *Faith*, that admits of no *mistrust*. O come, and let us *fall down* and *worship him* with an *awful Reverence*, and *resolv'd Obedience*; ever crying out, in *fervency of affection*, O! thou *Second Person* in the ever *blessed Trinity*! we are come to offer unto thee *our Bodies, Souls, and Spirits*, as a *Reasonable Sacrifice*, for we now acknowledge thee to be *God*, as well as *Man*.

O then! let the *influences of this Light*, which thou hast but now receiv'd from thy *Father's Glory*, dart its *bright Beams* into the *obscure Corners* of our *obdurate Hearts*; Oh *Jesus*! speed, and be not slack to send the *swift harbingers* of thy *Holy Spirit*, to dispel the *Mist of darkness* that *Shades* between thee and us. O! thou *sweet forgiving Saviour*! haste away its *radiant lustre*, that thereby all the *Clouds* gathered by the *Transgressions* of our *First Parents*, may clear away more and more, till it *dawns to a perfect day*, as if the *Serpent* had never *beguiled* our *Mother Eve*.

O! thou *Preserver of the World*! raise our *dull Thoughts* higher than yonder *Heavens*, and centre our *best Affections* on thy *ineffable Love*; O! thou *Redeemer of Israel*! wash our *stained Souls* in the *Laver of Regeneration*, and cleanse our *polluted Hearts* from the *malignant Spots* of *Original and Actual Sins*, then may we *Divinely contemplate* the *Descent* of the *Holy Ghost* upon thy

thy *Refulgent Head*, and thy first *coming up out of the Waters*, when God call'd thee *his Heir*, and proclaim'd thee to be *his Beloved Son*, in *whom*, and with whom, he is *well pleased*: Whom then must we *own* in *Heaven*, but thy Father! and whom have we *on Earth besides thee*, O thou Saviour of the World! that can *open the Gates* of the upper Regions to *returning Sinners*?

O sweet Society! O *seraphick Employment*! to be *conversing* with the Glory of the Father, *manifested* in his Son Christ Jesus, and entertaining as it were a *mutual familiarity* with the Great *Messias* of the World; for behold our Eyes now see the Saviour of our Souls, and our Tongues *discourse with him* of Matters relating to our *Salvation*. O Lamb of God! O Son of the Father! here we are admitted to abide in thy more *Immediate Presence*, and entertain thee with our *Complaint*, ere thou *ascendest* into the Regions beyond the *shining Sun*: O beloved of the Father, and Redeemer of the Earth, what a *blest time* is this, when poor *drooping Sinners* can attend thy *Royal Person* from the *Manger* to the *Cross*, and be Eye-Witnesses of all thy *bitter Sufferings*, for the *flagrant Sins* of *strag-gling Sinners*.

C H A P. X.

Of the Retreat of Christ into the Desert.

Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the Wilderness to be tempted of the Devil, Matt. 4. 1.

NO W come here, all ye *Saints* of the most *High*, and attend the *Son of God* into the *lonesome Desert*: for I am instantly going to *sound a Retreat* from all the *hurry and noise* of a *populous City*, and to fix my abode near the *Son of God*, during his *continuance* there; that being the *place appointed*, by *Heaven's Decree*, for the *Saviour of the World* to abstain from all the *Refreshments of Nature*, and to baffle the *Temptations* of the *Grand Enemy* of *Man's Salvation*. Then stay not, but hast away, that we may in the like manner *overcome* all the *Allurements* of a *sensual life*, and learn of him to *bid defiance* to the *wicked One*; for behold he is entred the *mournful Wilderness* to *Fast and Pray*, that thereby he may make *Attonement* to his *Father's Justice*, for the *criminal Luxuries* of *degenerate Man*.

May we all then follow him thither, there to *refrain* from the *contagious Vices* of a *Publick Conversation*, and get our *Pardons seal'd* above, ere the *Day dawn*, when we must leave this *solitary Place*, and attend *Christ* to the *City*, when

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tempted

tempted by the Devil on the *Pinnacle of the Temple*; Then shall we be proof against the *soft Embraces* of a *Wanton*, and the *empty Flatteries* of a *crowded Court*. And in order to the *fixing* of our *abode* there, let us enter in, and mark out a *Camp* near the *Royal Tree*, which overshadows his *Sacred Head*, with its *spreading Boughs* and *shady Leaves*, whose sweet *Examples* of *Mortification*, will serve to cheer up our *fainting Spirits*, and revive our *trembling Souls*, when oppress'd with the *mournful Cries* of the *Wild Beasts* of the *Desart*.

Be not abash'd, for here is nothing that shall *disturb* your *Peace*, or *interrupt* your *Joy*; since here your *Affections* will be strangely rais'd above the *low Desires* of inhabiting a *populous City*, or entering within its *Borders*. And for the better *gaining* of your *Souls* to the *Love* of this *solitary Wilderness*, I shall *represent* it to your *view* as a most *delightful Scene*; that supposing in it self it were not so, the *liveliness* of the *Representation* I shall draw of it, may be *sufficiently efficacious* to wean your *Desires* from the love of a *publick Station*, and even tempt you to abide in this *private Solitude*, during the space of *Forty Days* and *Forty Nights*; and that after the *Sufferings* of *Christ*, on the *Cross*, you may *return* again, and here spend the *short Remains* of *Life*, in *Commiserating* the *sad Estate* of those who *disown* the *Lord of Life* by an *evil Conversation*: For here the *Sun* is never *Eclips'd* by any *Cloud*, or *shadow'd* o're with a *rising Mist*; Here are no
Winter

Winter Blasts to chill your Blood, or *freezing Colds* to benum your Limbs ; neither will here be any *Flakes of New-fall'n Snow*, to enter within our Tents, nor *Storms of Hail* to beat them down : Here are no *venomous Vermin* to Poyson the *cooling Streams*, that gently glide from their *Crystal Springs* ; or *Floods* to drown us in these our *little Habitations* : for here are no *weeping Showers* to fill the *Vallies*, or overflow the *little Hills* ; only a *Morning and Evening Dew*, which besprinkles the *Trees in this Wilderness*, and the narrow *Paths in this Desert*, with its *Orient Drops of Crystal Tears* : Neither is here any need of the *Moon* by *Night*, because the *Great Luminary of Heaven* peeps out of its Chamber, with his *Radiant Countenance*, 43 Minutes after 3 in the *Morning*, and never sets till 17 Minutes after 8 at *Night* ; so that no *Darkness* appears, but an *Evening Twilight*.

But what is all this to the *Society* we shall here enjoy ? For here we are *near the Person* of the *Son of God*, who is hither retir'd as a *Precedent* to us and all *Mankind*, to let us know that *Solitude* is a great *Help to Devotion*, and the *subduing of inordinate Affections*. O ! how am I swallow'd up in a *Divine Elevation of Soul*, at the *very Idea* which I have fram'd to my self, of the *secret solace* of *Mind* we shall enjoy with *Christ*, during this *his Retirement* ! Certainly, all other *Accounts* hitherto given of a *private Solitude*, fall as *far short* of the *truth of this*, as a *Moment* does with respect to a *Day* : For when

conceive what a *Society of blessed Souls* we shall here enjoy, I can't but fancy my self in a *Region of Bliss*, little inferior to that of *Adam* in the *state of Innocency*: Wherefore without making any *Repetition* of what I formerly wrote of a *Private Recess*, I shall now Treat in a more *Excellent manner* of the *Retirement of the Son of God*.

Here we shall enjoy the very *Saviour of the World manifested in the Flesh*, and, as it were, behold *Legions of glorify'd Angels* continually *Ministring* to him. Here we shall have a *mutual conversation* of the *Evangelists, Apostles, and Disciples*, as also a *select number of holy Men, and vertuous Women*, who have *forsaken the idle Vanities of a corrupted Age*, and entred this *Bower of Peace*, in certain *Expectation* of being *sav'd* at last. Here we shall have time and opportunity to call on the *Eternal God*, and sing loud *Hymns of praise* in honour of his *Holy Name*; as also be at leisure manifestly to prove that all things are the *Works of the Hands of the Almighty*, by confuting the *Vain-glorious Atheist*, and the *silly Libertine*.

In a Word, here shall plentifully be afforded to us all things necessary for our *Bodily Sustainance*; for we shall this Day be furnish'd with *Canopies*, fram'd after the manner of *Tents*, wherein will be *Quilted Beds* laid on *Can'd Couches*, with *Carved Feet* of sented *Cedar*, to defend our *Bodies* from the *cold Damps* that arise from the *transpiring Earth*, and on a certain
Day

Day in every Week, we shall be *supply'd* with all sorts of *Provisions* from the nearer *Towns*, and neighbouring *Villages*. For our *Cloathing*, we shall have *Looms* to weave our own *Mantles* in; the great number of *Silk-Worms*, that are round this *our Dwelling*, yielding abundance of *requir'd Materials*: and we shall often be presented with *New Wine*, refin'd from the Lees, by the *Travelling Pilgrims*, that pass by in their journeying to *Jerusalem*. In fine, we shall have all that a Soul *sanctify'd with Grace* can wish for, or a Mind *devoted to Christ* can crave; so that our chief *Employment* will be to *contemplate* on God, and *meditate* upon the transcendent *Love of Christ*, manifested in this his *state of Mortification* in the *Wilderness*, for the sins of *degenerate Man*.

But behold, the Day is near a close; therefore let us ascend some *neighbouring Mount*, and there *prostrate* our Souls to God in Prayer, before we retire to Rest in our new-built *Tabernacles*. 'O! thou mighty *Sovereign* of the World, 'we thy *Chosen Ones* are come to *call on Thee*, 'towards the going down of the Sun. May all 'the *Desires* of our Souls, and the *Affections* of our 'Spirits, be now and ever acceptable in thy 'sight: O thou *Creator* of the highest Heavens! 'What availeth our *Attending here*, unless our 'wavering *Desires* are *mean'd* from the gaudy *No-* 'things of a *Publick Station*, and fix'd on thee the 'Rock of *Ages*? O thou *Eternal Fountain* of life! 'bow the *Heavens* at this time, and come down,

'and make us sensible, that it is a *Sacrifice pre-*
 'cious in thy sight, to wait on thee in those
 'Ordinances which are of thine own appoint-
 'ment. Look not upon us, O Lord, as we are
 'by Nature, but as we are by Grace, in and thro'
 'thy Son, *Jesus Christ the Righteous*; who left
 'thy Glory, and was Born of a *pure Virgin*; suf-
 'fering himself to be laid in a *Manger*, to be Cir-
 'cumcised after the manner of the *Jews*, to be
 'convey'd by Night out of *Bethlehem* into *Egypt*;
 'and is now pleas'd to retire into this *solitary*
 'Desart, in order to allay thy *Wrath*, and attone
 'for our vile Offences. O! let the nearness of his
 'Presence to us be an allay to thy *Displeasure*, and
 'incline thy Goodness to pardon our *lewd Abomi-*
 'nations.

'Lord! if we know our selves, we prefer
 'thy Favour far above the *vain Smiles* of the
 'Scribes and *Pharisees*, or the momentary Ho-
 'nours of *Herod's Court*. Hither we are re-
 'treated for the *Testimony of a Good Conscience*,
 'and the sake of thy Son our dear Redeemer:
 'therefore may we at this time feel the influence
 'of thy *Holy Spirit* descending into all our
 'Hearts, that we, loving thee above all things,
 'may make it the care of our life to do thy Will,
 'in yielding Obedience to thy *Excellent Com-*
 'mands. May no wandring Thoughts dart their
 'poyson'd Arrows into our Souls, or infuse sin-
 'ful Imaginations into our too too easily pollu-
 'ted Minds, that may in any ways hinder the
 'fluttering Wings of our *soaring Contemplation*,
 from

'from taking their *Evening Flight* towards the
 'Gates of thy *Mount Sion*; but kindle the flame
 'of *Holy Desires* in our throbbing Breasts,
 'that henceforth we may *Meditate on thee*
 'Day and Night; and that whensoever the
 '*Harbingers of Death* shall come to becken us
 'hence, be it in the *Desart, Grove, or City*, we may
 'be found in thy *Favour*, and joyfully *resign our*
 '*selves* unto thee, being altogether delivered
 'from *disturbing Fears*.

'O! Blessed was that Day, when we first
 'thought of *attending thy Son*, and our Saviour,
 'in all his *Sufferings* here on Earth! but *thrice*
 'happy we, that are here *retreated* with him
 'from all the *tumultuous Stir* of hot-brain'd
 '*Transgressors*, who are travelling from one City
 'to another in chase of *Shadows*, and courting
 'their *own Damnation* with an earnest fervency
 'of Spirit; but thanks be to *kind Heaven*, we
 'are now calling on his *Holy Name*, when
 'the bright Lamp of the Firmament is just a
 '*setting* near the Western Point, and gilding
 'the Tops of the tallest Trees with its *glimmer-*
 '*ing Beams*, that peep out of the *ruddy Clouds*,
 'before it hides its *refulgent Head* in its Bed of ob-
 'scurity, or bids its *neighbouring Hills* a good Night.

Thus blest are we, who can *wait upon God in*
Prayer on the top of a lofty Mountain, surrounded
 with tall *Oaks*, and spreading *Elms*, every Branch
 of which is fill'd with numerous Flights of the
airy Inhabitants, who are now just ceasing their
melodious Notes, and preparing themselves to

take *their Repose* on the shaking *Branches*, and little *Twigs*, that they may be fitted to mount on high, and sing new *Notes of Praise* to the great *Jehovah King*, so soon as the *breaking Day* begins to dispel the *lowring Clouds*, that shade the Earth with their *black Vails* of darkness.

‘O blessed God! what shall we pay to thee
 ‘for all thy *Wonders of Mercy*, but *Praise thy*
 ‘*Name*, and *sin no more* in this secret corner of
 ‘the Earth, where no *Eye sees* or *Ear hears*,
 ‘but the *penetrating Eye* and *all-hearing Ear* of
 ‘thee the Lord God *Jehovah*, who delights to
 ‘observe the *inward Breathings* of those that can
 ‘out-brave the *alluring Snares* of Sensuality, and
 ‘silently retreat into *Solitude*, weeping Day and
 ‘Night for the *Crying Sins* of those that pro-
 ‘fess themselves to be *forgiving Christians*, and
 ‘yet know not how to *pardon* an *inoffensive*
 ‘*Mistake* in their weaker Brother, because he
 ‘refuses, for *Conscience sake*, to fall down and
 ‘worship God in the *same Form* and *Mode*
 ‘with themselves; altho’ they fairly confess by
 ‘their *Orthodox Creed*, that nothing is a more
 ‘*acceptable Sacrifice*, than to serve One God in
 ‘*Unity*, and *Unity in Trinity*; which can’t be
 ‘otherwise understood, but that every one
 ‘should *serve his Maker* with that *affection* of
 ‘Soul, and *humility* of Body, as he believes in
 ‘his own Breast to be *most pleasing* to the God of
 ‘*Truth*, provided he subscribes to the *fundamen-*
 ‘*tal Articles* of the *Christian Faith*.

‘For thou knowest, O Lord! that we are
 bound

'bound strictly to *believe* in the ever Blessed Tri-
 'nity, and acknowledge all thy *Attributes* made
 'known to us in *Sacred Writ*: Neither is it hid
 'from thee, O merciful Father! that our *Cha-*
 'rity is of such *unlimited Bounds*, that it reaches
 'even to *all Opinions*, howsoever they are nam'd
 'or distinguish'd; and that we would not *Per-*
 'secute any Person whoever, barely on account of
 'their *Dissenting from our Principles*, for the em-
 'pty Gain of the richest *Golden Mines*; but if by
 'any means we could win them o're by an *Holy*
 'Life and *Spotless Conversation*, by *sound Ar-*
 'guments and kind *Entreaties*, by *Charity* and
 'Love, by *shewing Mercy* and *Forgiving*, by
 'Fasting and Prayer, by *Weeping*, and bearing
 'a tender *Regard* for the *salvation* of their Souls,
 'we should then think our *fleeting Moments* well
 'employ'd.

'And tho' *fiery Zealots* may look upon it as
 'the best *Means* to gain *Profelytes* to their own
 'Party, by *Revilings*, or *Persecutions*, neverthe-
 'less we shall make it our continual Practice to
 'live in *Love* and *Unity* one with another,
 'during our Stay in this *imperfect State*: and if at
 'any time we should chance to disagree in our
 'Notions about *Things Indifferent*, we'll never
 'raise the *Dispute* so high, as to *break the Bonds*
 'of *Christian Moderation*, or so much as express
 'our selves in any *reproachful Language*, but freely
 'assent as one Man in Matters relating to our *Sal-*
 'vation. O! dear Lord, may all our *Controver-*
 'sies and *Debates* tend to unfeigned *Love*, and
Christian

‘*Christian Affection*, and not that of *Hatred*, or *Ill-will*: And tho’ some of us may pray to thee in ‘a *Form of Words*, whilst others call on thy ‘Name, as the *Spirit gives them utterance*, nevertheless may all our *Petitions* center on thee ‘the *Rock of Life*.

‘O! thou *mighty King* of the Heavenly Host, ‘may we all agree, during our stay in this *private Solitude*, to live in *imitation* of thy *Saints* ‘above, that there may be no other *Distinction* ‘among us, but such as tends to *Purity of Life*, ‘and *Sanctity of Soul*; ever considering, that ‘our dear *Redeemer*, who is now *fasting for our* ‘sakes, never entered into any *needless Debates* ‘with the mighty Men of the *Jewish Nation*, ‘when he *convers’d* with them in the Temple. ‘No, mighty God! it was not disputed in that ‘*great Council*, as any *Article* of Faith, or *Mat-* ‘ter of *Importance*, Whether a Man should *Sit* or ‘*Stand* at the reading o’re some part of the *Go-* ‘spel; or whether he must *Bow* toward the *Al-* ‘tar in the *East*, or *turn* his Face to the *West*, ‘when he enters the *Temple of God*; whether he ‘must receive the *Supper of the Lord* at the ‘*Twelfth Hour* of the Day, which was about ‘the time that *Christ was to suffer*, or towards ‘the *going down* of the Sun, which was *near the* ‘hour when he gave it to the *Disciples*: Whe- ‘ther his *Apostles*, and *Teachers*, must preach the ‘*glad Tidings* of Salvation in a *stately Cathedral*, or ‘a decent *Meeting-House* set aside for that pur- ‘pose: Whether a *dead Body* must be interr’d
in

'in *Consecrated Ground*, or buried in a *Plot* pur-
 'chas'd by our *Fore-fathers* for *that end*: Whether
 'the Minister must read these words over a life-
 'less Corps, *We therefore commit his Body to*
 'the *Ground, Dust to Dust, Ashes to Ashes, in*
 'sure and certain *Hope of a glorious Resurrection*
 'to *Eternal Life*: Or devoutly say, *We here interre*
 'a dead Body, without a Spirit, doubting not,
 'but by the mighty Power of God it shall rise refin'd,
 'and be re-united to its dear Soul, to account for
 'all the *Actions of a past Life*. No, blessed God!
 'thy Son never entred on such *indifferent Debates*,
 'or *needless Arguments*, but leaving such matters
 'to be determin'd by ev'ry Man's *own Conscience*,
 'as he shall believe to be most acceptable to the
 'God of his *Salvation*, he insisted only upon the
 'most *important Points of Doctrine*, and Matters
 'of *Faith*. But now the Sun has withdrawn
 'his *kind Influence*, and hid himself in *Obscurity*,
 'therefore we beseech thee to send down the *light*
 'of thy *Holy Spirit* on ev'ry Soul here present,
 'and dispatch us away to our *Tents of Rest*, with
 'a Soul *inricht with Grace*, that if at any time
 'we chance to awake before the day begins to
 'dawn, we may *meditate* on thee our *Sove-*
 'raign *Creator*, and view the *sparkling Stars*,
 'that with their *Radiant Spanglings* pierce thro'
 'the canvaſt Roof of our *thin Habitations*, con-
 'sidering, That if we be but *Faithful to the*
 'Death, we shall receive the *refulgent Crown* of
 'Glory, that is *laid up for us* beyond the shi-
 'ning Sky. Grant this, for the alone sake of a
 'meriting

‘*meriting Jesus*, and all other Mercies pertaining to
 ‘Soul or Body. To whom, with the *Father* and
 ‘*Holy Spirit*, be rendred *Might, Majesty, Power,*
 ‘and *Dominion*, now and for evermore. *Amen,*
 ‘and *Amen.*

SECTION I.

WHEN this our *Evening Prayer* was over,
 we sung an *Hymn of Praise*, with united
 Voices, which made such a *melodious Sound* in
 the *Ecchoing Wilderiness*, that I sweetly retir’d to my
Ark of Rest, and prostrated my Soul at the
Throne of Grace in private Ejaculations, saying,
 O God the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!* how
 lofty are my *Thoughts*, and soaring my *Imagina-*
tions, when I think on thee! but how much
 more is my Soul ravish’d with *seraphick Joy*,
 when I hear the *Songs of Sion* set forth in the
 highest *Strains of Mirth* in a *solitary Wilderiness*,
 where no Eye sees, but that of *Heaven!* O my
 God! I am so transported with *praising thee*,
 that as yet I know not how to lay my *Eyes to*
sleep, or compose my *rapturous Soul to rest*; for I
 am so taken up in *Divine Meditations*, that I
 delight in nothing more than *adoring thee my*
God, that safely brought me hither! And how
 much do my *Joys* exceed theirs, that never pour
 out their *Souls* to thee in *Prayer*, unless it be,
 when *Affliction* arises, or *Death* approaches? O
 my God! what an *happy Employ* is this, to con-
 verse with *Saints* by Day, and Commune *with*
thee

thee by Night? Sure this is a Work that far exceeds the Slavery of a *drudging Sinner*, who takes more pains in the laborious Ways of *miserable Vice*, than I do in the solacing *Paths of Vertue*.

Let then who will run themselves out of Breath to be *eternally undone*, I'll wait me here, till *Christ's Presence* demands me hence, to do and suffer something more *for him*, before I go to *Glory*: How much therefore *happier* am I, who can be alone *weeping* with one Eye, and *viewing Heaven* with the other, than he that watches for his *Night Embraces* in the Arms of a *deluding Woman*, who *distils Words* as smooth as Oil, and *pours forth Love* as the *Honey-comb*, but in the end brings his Body to *Penury*, and his Soul to *Hell*! so that I had rather tarry here, and call on God, than unadvisedly run on the *Borders of Destruction*, and never have a *true Sense* of Sin, till arous'd by the *roarings* of a *wounded Spirit*, just making its *last Exit*. Is it not then far better to chuse, with me, to dwell in a *little Tent*, shaded with *Green Branches*, and *spreading Leaves*, for some few *Weeks, Months, or Years*, and at last go down to the *Grave in Peace*; than to live in a *stately Palace*, attended with a numerous *Train of Fawning Courtiers*, for some *Twenty or Thirty Years*, and then *slide down* into the *dark Abyss* of *black Despair*? But now I'll silently lay me *down to rest*, till the Day dawn, when I shall awake, as a *Giant refresh'd* with Wine, to wait on God
in

in *Morning Prayer*, and bleſs his *Holy Name* for all his *Mercies* of a *paſt Night*, before I march out of this *my Lodge*, to behold the *Works of God* in the *Deſart*: I will tell the *Atheiſt*, that it ſeems a *ſtrange Paradox* to me, to ſee a Man bearing the *Image of a Suprem Being*, and yet *degenerate* ſo far, as to diſown the *Power* that made him, and vainly to fancy, that this *Beautiful Fa-brick* of the *World* was fram'd by *blind Chance*, and that Men liv'd therein *long* before *Adam* was Seated in the *Garden of Eden*; when yet they have no *Argument*, yea or good appearance of one, to juſtifie theſe their *Extravagant Aſſertions*.

Let them but attend me in this *private Solitude*, I'll ſoon expoſe their *wild Notions* to ſcorn and ignominy, and oblige them to cry out in the *paſſion of their Souls*, as a *vile Offender* once did, when argu'd into the *Belief of a God* by *Teſtimony and Reason*, 'There is no withſtanding, ſaid he, undeniable *Arguments*, and plain *Truths*.

SECTION II.

O My God! how are my *Paſſions* inflam'd with *aſtoniſhing Indignation*, to behold Men that ſet up for the *Greateſt Wits* of the Age, yet act ſo contrary to the *Rules of Prudence and Philoſophy*, as to argue againſt the *Being of a God*, and his *Creating* of all Things, without producing any ſolid *Teſtimony* or *Reason* for what they.

they affirm? For where is the *Atheist*, and what is his Name, that ever gave any *reasonable Account* of the *Beginning* of the *World*, or could make it appear from *History*, or otherwise, that ever any *Nation*, *People*, or *Language* laid it down as their *Opinion*, that there was not a *Power* beyond that of *Nature*; or that this *vast Fabrick* of the *Earth*, with all *things therein*, was jostled together into this *Excellent Order*, by *mere Chance*? How strange is it then, that a few *upstart Atheists*, who were born but as it were *Yesterday*, should pretend to *know that* which no *Man* can know? Is there any *Man now living*, which was from *Eternity*, who saw the *Foundations* of the *Earth* laid, and beheld *every Thing* spring out of *Nature*, of its own accord, without the *Word* or *Command* of a *superior Power*? If there is not, what *Reason* can the *Atheist* give, that it was so; since it is evident, that he *knows nothing* at all of the matter? This is just as if a company of *Youths*, that were Born in the Year 1690, should pretend to *write an History* of the *Transactions* of former *Generations*, giving an *Account quite different* from all the *ancient Historians*, and yet produce neither *Testimony*, nor *Reason*, why it should be so.

But methinks I hear the *Atheist* making this *Reply*; If you say we can give neither *Testimony* nor *Reason* to evince that there is not a *God*, and that all *Things* were the *Effects* of a *natural Cause*; then pray tell us, what *Evidence* you can produce that *there is a Sovereign Creator*, or that
the

the World was made by the *Word of his Power*. I hope, if these things are *fairly answer'd*, none for the future will plead for *Atheism*, or deny the *Being of a God*. It was not my Design to have added any thing farther touching *Atheism*, to what I wrote in a former *Treatise*; but that I found, to my *great satisfaction*, the *favourable acceptance* thereof among the *Wise and Sagacious*, insomuch that I have great Reason to hope, that many, who were before *wavering* in the Belief of a Deity, are now *stedfast* in the *Faith*: This has induc'd me to make a *further Essay* on this copious Subject, by diversify'd Arguments; hoping by these my, possibly, more cogent *Ratiocinations*, to bring the most obdurate *Atheist* to plead Guilty at the Bar of his own *Conscience*, and say, Whereas I once deny'd the *Attributes* of God, I now believe his *Power* by his *Handy-works*.

And now I proceed to prove a God, that *fram'd the World* out of the Waters, or a confused Chaos. This is not to be done by my bare saying *it is so*, or I believe *it to be true*: No, a thing of this Nature must be prov'd by *Testimony* and *Reason*, which I shall do with all the plainness that may be. Wherefore I affirm, That the *Being of a God*, and the *Creation of the World by his Power*, is attested by *Sacred and Prophane Writings*, by *Philosophers and Barbarians*, by *Turks and Jews*, by *Heathens and Infidels*, and the *Consent of all Nations*.

1. We

1. We Read that the most *Savage* among the People of the Nations, ever own'd a *Beginning* and *End* of all these things, and used to *Worship* something or other in manner of a *Deity*. The most *Barbarous Heathens* own'd a Maker of the World, and used to say, that whatsoever *Being* it was, they believ'd it to be present in all the parts of it: And at the *first Discovery* of *America*, the Inhabitants did *Worship one chief God*, under the Name and Title of *the Maker of the Universe*.

2. He that was the first *Philosopher*, that ever made it his Study to enquire into the *Works of Nature*, said, That Water was the *beginning* of all things, and that God was that *Mind*, or *Intelligent Principle*, which *fashion'd* all things out of Water; which agrees with Holy Writ, That *the Spirit of God mov'd upon the Face of the Waters*.

3. *Aristotle* gives this Account, why the *Gods* were anciently represented by the *Heathens*, as Swearing by the *Lake Styx*, because Water was suppos'd to be the *Principle* of all things; and this he tells you was the most *ancient Opinion* concerning the *Original* of the *World*, and that the most *ancient Writers* of *Theology*, and those that liv'd at the *greatest distance* from his Time, were of his *Mind*.

4. The History of *Moses*, (with which no Book in the Universe, in point of *Antiquity*, can contend,) gives us a *particular Account* of the *Beginning* of the *World*, and of the *Creation* of it by
G
God;

God; which is agreeable to the most *Ancient Writers* among the *Heathens*, whether *Poets* or *Historians*. Also *Moses* his History of the Flood, and the first Fathers of the *several Nations* of the World, of which he gives a most *satisfying Account*, do very well accord with the most *Ancient Accounts* of *prophane History*.

5. It has been observed in all the *Ages* of the World, that whenever any set up for *Atheism*, either in *Life* or *Doctrine* in the time of *Health* and *Prosperity*, they were of another Mind when *frown'd* on by *Fortune*, or at the *point* of *Death*. As witness *Cardinal Woolsey*, one of the greatest Wits of the *English Nation*, who cry'd out in the bitterness of his Soul, when he lay gasping for Breath, *Had I been as diligent to please my God, as I have been to please my King, he would not have forsaken me now in my Gray Hairs*. And *Tiberius*, that Great Master of Government, complain'd before his Death of the grievous *stings* and *lashes* he felt in his Conscience, when he seriously weighed Things in their due Balance. We also Read, that *Caligula* crept under the Bed when it Thundred, for Fear; as being convinc'd that there was a greater Power above, than he could pretend to here below. Now if the *Atheist* can bring no Proof to justify his Assertion, that there is no God, and that all things were Fram'd by Chance, as he cannot; what a Fraud does he put upon his own Soul, in asserting that for a Truth, when he is Vigorous and Strong, which he contradicts, as appears by his distract-
ing

ing Fears, when summon'd by *Death*? So that an *Atheist* may be fitly compar'd to a Man in a *Phrenzy*, who rages and talks of he *knows not what*, during his malignant *fit of Madness*; but when brought to his *Reason* by *Sovereign Antidotes*, he is *asham'd* of his *Actions*, and acknowledges his *Folly*; Wherefore I cannot but lament the *wretched Estate* of an *Atheist*, and pity his gross *Folly*, in affirming at one time, there is *neither God nor Devil*, and at another he is horribly afraid of the *Justice* of the one, and the propense *Malice* with the *tormenting Cruelty* of the other. All which most evidently discovers an *Atheist* to be devoid of *Wisdom*, and that no stress is to be laid on his *wavering Principles*.

And this leads me to *prove a Deity*, by taking the *Atheist*, as it were by the hand, to shew him the *Works of Creation* in this *solitary Wilderness*, where I am now musing on *Things Divine*, and have nothing else to *divert* my *Thoughts*; since here is no *Painted Harlot* to betray my *Heart* to *Lust*, nor *idle Chat* to divert my *lofty Speculations*, which are *High, Rational, and Angelical*.

Therefore I shall take leave to ask the *Atheist* these following Questions.

I. If he can by all his *Learning* and *Philosophy*, *Cunning* and *Skill*, cause one of these *Prim-roses*, that here grow under this *Oaken Plant*, and these little *Branches*, to *Spring* out of the *Earth*, and to *Bud* and *Blow* by his own *Puissance* alone, without the *mighty Power* of *God*?

Or if not, let him but tell me the *true Cause*, why this *Root* should spread and grow in this shady Wilderness without being *sown, set, or planted*, any more than a *Pink, Carnation, or Peony*. If thou sayest, the one is of a more *hardy nature*, and has no need of much *heat* to strengthen its *Stalk*; but the others having *tender roots*, and being of a colder nature, require a *good Soil*, and the *warm Beams* of the *Sun*, to open the *Clefts* of their *Hoods*, and display their *inclosed Colours*. I tell thee this is no *Answer* to my *Question*, or giving me a *Reason* of so *vast a Difference* in the nature of these *various Flowers*, or an *Account* *who it was* that made them, or *who made them* thus to differ. If thou ascribest it to *Nature*, tell me what that *Nature* is, and what is its first *Original*. If thou art silent in this, thou must come to the *Cause of Causes*, which must of necessity be the *wonder-working Power* of God. No, no; vain man! it is not thy bare *Setting up* for an *Atheist*, that will make thee an *accomplish'd one*, or gain thee any *applause* among the *Ingenious* and *Wise*; unless thou canst defend thy self by more *cogent Arguments*, and *stronger Reasonings*, than were ever yet produc'd. Wherefore thou must let such *Secrets* as these alone, as being as far beyond thy *weak Capacity*, to apprehend and explain, as 'tis for a *natural-born Fool* to penetrate into the *Profoundest Designs* of the most *Cunning Politician*, when *industriously disguised* by the most *plausible Colours*. No, vain Mortal! altho'

tho' thy *natural Genius* were so extraordinary, that thou couldst in an instant make a *diving Engine* to fetch up all the *hidden Treasures* that lie *bury'd* in the Sea, or *hid* in the Bowels of the Earth, nevertheless it would *avail* thee nothing, nor give thee any *insight* into the Secrets of *natural Causes*, whereby thou mightest inform me how this little *Flower* grows, and what Cause it was that stain'd it with these *different Colours*: but thou would'st find thy self oblig'd to cry out with me, and say, It is an Effect of the infinite *Power* and *Energy* of an *All-wise Providence*, and not the *Product* of *meer Nature*.

2. Tell me, O thou *daring Atheist*! how the *Moss* grows on the *Barks of the Trees* in this *Wilderness*? If thou can'st not *resolve* the Question, what a Fool art thou to say, *it is not God*? No, thou *obdurate Sinner*, if thine *Ingenuity* was so great, as to forge a *round Instrument* of a suitable *Thickness* and *Length*, whereby thou couldst pierce thorow the *Bowels of the Earth*, and should'st then take a *Millstone*, and throw down into its *deep Caverns*, to try the Experiment, whether it would *lodge it self* in the *Midway*, as is the Opinion of the *nice Enquirers* into *Natural Causes*; notwithstanding all this (I say) thou would'st still remain *uncapable* of *resolving* me this solid *Question*, as a *Man* in a *Dream*, or a *Sot* in the *Stocks*, unless thou should'st ascribe it to my *Sovereign Creator*, which is *God*: nay, be thy *natural Parts* never so penetrating into all other *Arts* and *Sciences*, yet when thou

com'st to dive into the *hidden Mysteries of God*, and call in question his *Immensity*, thou art no more able to *define it*, or give a Reason why it should *not be so*, than thou art capable to *number the Stars* in the Firmament, or *count the Motes* in the Sun. Poor *creeping Animal*! What art thou that pretend'st to say, *it was not God*, but a *natural Accident*, that caus'd *Light* to shine out of *Darkness*, and commanded the *Sun* to cast its *dazling Rays* on the *Face of the Earth*? What art thou, *lump of Dust*! that say'st, It was the *working of Nature*, which *spread out the Heavens like a Curtain*, and *bespangled the Sky* with these vast numbers of *twinkling Stars*, that are therein to be seen, when once the *glorious Luminary of the Day* has withdrawn his *more dazling Splendour*, to give way to the silent *Obscurity of the sable Night*? What art thou, *poor Creature*! that say'st, It was the *casual Convulsions of Nature*, that caus'd the *Moon* to cast its *glimmering Light* on the dark *Mountains*, and *rugged Plains*, and appointed its *Change, Increase, and Decrease*, without the help of any *more potent Cause*? What art thou, *blind Mole*! that thou should'st fancy 'twas *Chance* which first *enamel'd the Trees* and the *Meadows* with such a *lovely Verdure*; and caus'd the *Plants* to *spring out of the barren Dust* of the *Earth*, with *spreading Branches*, and *tender Leafs*? What art thou, *empty Vanity*! that thou should'st dare to *affirm*, That it was mere *Nature* that sprouted forth *Male and Female* out of the *Bowels of the Earth*, or the *Wa-*

try Elements, without the Council of a *blessed Trinity*? What art thou, *despicable Man*! that say'st it was the *Spade of Nature*, which dug up the *Deep Caverns* of the Earth, wherein the Waters did *Ebb and Flow*, and work up the Banks just to *such an heighth*, as those mighty Waters *should not exceed* their due Bounds? What art thou, *fading Mortal*! that say'st, It was the striving of *Atoms*, which implanted into the *Mind of Men* a *full perswasion*, that there is an *higher Power* than *himself*, or that of *Nature*, and which fills the Spirits of *daring Atheists* with horrid gripings, and bitter stings of *Conscience*, when the *Foundations* of the Earth shake with a *terrible Convulsion*, and tremble as an *Aspen Leaf*? What art thou, *helpless Wormling*! who say'st, That by the *Efforts of Unthinking Nature*, the Heavens roar with *loud Peals* of *astonishing Thunder*, and thereby the *Waters* once were made to swell to such a *mighty Deluge*, as to *drown the Earth* with its *overflowing Springs*? What art thou, *O infamous Dustling*! that say'st, It was the *Power of Nature*, that set a *Rain-bow* in the Sky, as a *Token* to every *Nation*, that the *World* should not be *drowned* any more? What art thou, *miserable Clayling*! that avers, It is the *Force of Nature*, which *supports the Earth*, and bears up the *Foundation* thereof by its own strength? In fine, What art thou, *senseless Drone*! that can without any colour, or reasonable pretence, attribute to *Thoughtless and Passive Nature*, without the Assistance of a more

Powerful and Intelligent Being, all such *Changes* and *Revolutions* as happen daily in the *World*, and the *Management* of every thing with an *Order* so regular, and so *Wise a Discipline*? What art thou, O thou vain-boasting *Thraso*! that thou should'st thus pretend to know more of *natural Causes*, than all the *Wise Philosophers*, and *Learned Sages*, that ever liv'd since the *Creation*? Therefore I Challenge Thee, O thou *Dogmatical Atheist*! to make now thy best *Defence*, and summon up thy strongest *Arguments*, to prove how all things came to place themselves with such a *becoming Regularity*, in this most Beautiful Scene of *visible Nature*; that after-Ages may peruse these the best *Efforts* of thy *daring Attempt*, and behold how easily thou art confounded by *sound Reasonings* and *undeniable Proofs*. Wherefore I shall here take leave to transmit to *Posterity* the strongest of those *Arguments*, that by *Epicurus* or any other *speculative Atheist*, have ever been proposed to persuade the *beginning* of all Things by *Natural Causes*, without the assistance of a *Supream Power*.

Some *Atheists* undertake to tell you, That the *Matter* of which the *World* was made is from *Eternity*, and of it self; and that there was an *infinite empty Space* for the innumerable little parts of this *Matter*, which they call *Atoms*, to move and play in; and that these being always in *motion*, did, after many *fruitless Trials* and *Encounters*, without any *Cause* or *Design*, and without the *Disposal* and *Contrivance* of any
Wise

Wise and Intelligent Being, in the conclusion, by a *fortunate Chance* and *mere Accident*, so place themselves, as to make up this *specious* and *regular Frame* of the World, which we now behold so well model'd and set together; and that the *Earth* being in the full *maturity* of its *Youthful Vigour*, brought forth all things *inanimate* and *animate*, together also with *Man, Male and Female*, in all their Parts and Shapes. Others give you this following Account of the *first Cause* of *Light* shining out of *Darkness*, and the *Original* of the *Waters* that fill'd the mighty *Ocean*; as also why these their *Affertions* are not *Attested* by *Ancient Writers*. As soon as the *Earth*, say they, was *Ripe* for the bringing forth of *Man*, the *Particles* of fiery *Matter*, that lay dispers'd in the *Earth* and *Air*, gathering together, and uniting their *Light* and *Heat*, became that *bright Body* we call the *Sun*, which now enlightens the *Earth*, whose *warm Influence* soon thaw'd the frozen and congeal'd *Waters*, that lay lodg'd in the middle *Regions* of the *Air*, which floated down, and so fill'd up the many *empty Caverns* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, together also with the *depress'd inequalities* on its surface, which we now call by the names of the *Sea*, and the *Rivers*: and as for the *ebbing* and *flowing* of the *Ocean* and *Seas*, it arises from the *thinness* of the *aqueous Nature*, and the influence of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars* upon 'em. Moreover, as to the *Reason* why these *Accounts* were not handed down, or mention'd in *History*,

ry, it is because the first Man that inhabited the Earth, was unskill'd in making *Characters* on the *Dust*, or on the *Barks of Trees*, as was practis'd in After-Ages. And this is the best Account that the ancient *Epicurus*, and the upstart *Atheist* have been able to give of the *Original of the World*, and the *first Cause* of Things.

These their *Arguments*, when throughly scan'd, will be found utterly *irreconcilable* to *Right Reason*; and being of so *pernicious a Tendency*, I shall use my utmost Efforts to *extirpate* them out of the Minds of Men, by *proving* all things to be the *wonderful Works of God*, in this solitary Retirement, whither I am now retreated from the *swelling Floods* of Atheism and Prophaness: And if by any means I could appease the *Wrath and Fury* of an *Incensed Deity*, and defend his *Cause*, by making all their *extravagant Opinions* to appear vain, empty, and ridiculous, then I should obtain the *Crown of my Wishes*. To proceed then, How can it agree with a *reasonable Soul* to believe, that a *whole World* should be made out of a dark Chaos, containing but a little of thinly *dispers'd Matter*, without the *mighty Power and Contrivance* of a *Supream Being*, and of such a curious Composure, that if Ten thousand *Solomons* had studied Ten hundred thousand Years, all their *Wisdom and Policy*, *Wit and Sagacity* could in no ways have fram'd any *one part* of it, or have plac'd things in such a *regular Order*, as they
now

now appear. Further, If this *beautiful Fabrick* was made only by the *moving of Atoms*, as the *Atheist* vainly pretends it was, how many *Worlds* might we have had by this time? And if such a *Magnificent Structure* could be rais'd out of a *rude Mass*, only by *meer Chance*, or *blind Fortune*; which is the same, as to say, without any *Cause* at all; it might be reasonably expected, that there should be a *number of Worlds*, as well as *Generations* of Men: for if so small a Matter made the *First World*, there were then Materials enough in that to make *Ten Thousand* more. Moreover if the *World* was so easily made, as the *Epicurean Pretends*, no Man need doubt, but if at any time he *ascended* to the top of some lofty *Mountain* or *Spire*, with an handful of *fine Sand*, and scatter'd it in the Air, to find at his *coming down* again, every grain of its *dispersed Dust* congeal'd together, and curiously carv'd out into a *noble Statue* of some renowned *Prince*, or *Victorious General*: Or that if a *Bird* at any time should *Wing it self* aloft into the Air, and thence drop a few of her *Feathers*, she needed but sing a Note or two, and on her *Descent* might see every one of the *little Quils* turn into a pretty *Chirping Sparrow*. This kind of Arguing may to some seem strange, and be judg'd by them a *Method* altogether unfit *solidly* to *confute* and *convince* the *Atheist*, and to prove that *God made the World*: but however it may appear in the view of the *unthinking part* of *Mankind*, I'm sure the *Parallel* is just and pertinent

pertinent to the Subject: For it is a Thousand times more *feasible* that such things should *come to pass*, than that this *exquisite Model* of the *Earth* should be all of a sudden *made* by some *little Cause*, or rather *without one*, of a thinly *dispers'd Matter*, as the *Atheist* alledges; and that it should be *so fruitful* in the *Infancy* of it, as without the *Superintendency* and *Direction* of a *Supream Power*, to sprout up into *Male* and *Female*, and cause them to be so *enamour'd* with each other, as to beget their *own Kind*, without giving the *Earth* any *further trouble* of bearing more of the *same Kind* within its *Virgin Womb*. This is as if a *Man* should make two *striking Clocks* to go with a *perpetual Motion*, and then say to the *Work of his own Hands*, Join your running *Wheels* together, and *make more* of the *like fashion*, without my aid; for behold I am become *useless*, and not able to *produce* any more of the *same Work*: Good God! what an *unsensible story* is this, and how *foolishly* pack'd together! Surely, if the *Atheist* had any *Ingenuity*, or design'd with *Success* to impose upon the *World*, and gain to himself a *Reputation*, he might have *told his Story* much more to the advantage, and said thus; That the *World* had *no Beginning*, nor should ever have any *final End*. That the first *Man* and *Woman* were from *Eternity*; but being far distant from each other, met not till *Five thousand* and some *odd hundreds* of years ago, when they *began to increase* and *multiply*, which brought so great a *Weakness* upon *Nature*, that
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they and their *Posterity* became Mortal. I say, if the *Epicureans* had deliver'd themselves after this manner, they might have had more hopes of *gaining Profelytes* to their Party. But their Account is so far remov'd from *Reason*, that one would think, if they had any remains of *Modesty*, they would hide themselves for *shame* in some *solitary Cave* of the Earth, and never more appear in *publick view*, lest quick-sighted Men should spy them out, and *deride them to scorn*, for their gross *Absurdities*.

I come now to confute the other sort of *Atheists*; which say, That after the *World was made*, and *Man* liv'd, the *fiery sparkles* of Matter that lay dispers'd in the Air, *assembled* together into a *shining Sun*. Which Opinion seems to be altogether as *ridiculous* as the former. For what Person of *understanding* can perceive by the *Eye of Reason*, that any Heat should be lodg'd in a *Black Chaos*? But admit there were, it's very strange that those *fiery Vapours* should lye conceal'd for so many *Millions of years*, and never so much as dart out *their Beams*, 'till the Earth was come to its *full Maturity*, so as to bring forth *Man*; and just then gather all its scatter'd Heat, and turn into a *glorious Luminary*, fixing its *vast Body* in a lofty Firmament; and order the matter so, as to give *light* to the whole *Universe*, without the assistance of a *Divine presiding Power*. These are *Notions* rigg'd out with so little *Consideration*, that they seem to carry no *Ballast of Reason*, or weight of *Judgment*.

ment along with them; so that I must take leave to tell these sort of *Atheists*, that they have so *confusedly* laid their matters together, that it will prove a *difficult Task* for them to *explain* their *Meaning*, and bring their *Notions* to bear the *Standard-Mark* of true Philosophy. Wherefore, I could in a manner intreat them, either to *own their Error*, and *acknowledge* their *Mistake*, or to set an *higher value* on their *Reputation*, by telling their story thus; That the *Eastern* part of the Earth being of a *sulphureous Matter*, broke out into such a *violent burning*, that the intensest *Degree of Heat* reach'd up to the Sky, and put the Firmament all over of a *Blaze*, being of a *Tindery Matter* which soon takes Fire; and thus all the *Oily Matter* thereof being set in Flame, the Fire has been ever since continually *supply'd* by huge Mountains of that same *sulphureous Matter*, that lay lodg'd in the *upper Regions*.

And as to the *Reason* why it is not *always Day*, in every part of the World at *one and the same time*, 'tis because the Globe of the Earth is *continually in motion*, successively turning all its parts to and from that *luminous Flame*; so that when we are *inlightned* by its *Meridian Beams*, some other parts of the World suffer an *Eclipse of Darkness*: I say, such a *Relation* as this would appear much more *plausible* than the former. Wherefore I hope the Founder of these *extravagant Notions*, will henceforth have so much *Modesty*, as to be *asham'd of the stuff* he endeavour'd to impose on the World with such

an *impudent Assurance*; no less than an *Impostor* would be, that were discover'd *exposing to Sale* a *Crystal Glass* for a *true Diamond*, to an *ignorant Buyer*, who concludes that *all are Jewels that glister in the Dark*. Which brings me to confute a *third Advance* made by the *pretenders to Atheism*; which is thus express'd by them.

As soon, say they, as the *Sun* began to shine on the *New-made World*, its warm influence thaw'd the *Frozen Elements*, that lay congeal'd in the *middle Regions*, and fill'd up the *hollow Caverns* of the Earth with *watry Floods*, wherein we now *Navigate*, and thereby carry on the *great Affairs* of Trade: The *Reason* of their *Ebbing* and *Flowing* they deduce from the *thinness* of their *Nature*, and the *Influence* of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*. This Account is so different from that of all the *Ancient Writers*, and *Learned Rabbies*, that a few Words may suffice to lay the *darling Fabrick* in the Dust. For how can it consist with Truth, that such a *mighty Weight* should be born up in the *empty Air* from all Eternity, without the *Arm* of an *Omnipotent God*? But that which will utterly destroy this Opinion, is this; That supposing these Waters were lodg'd in the *Air*, and *Frozen* all o're with an *huge Cake of Ice*, how many Years must needs pass, before the *gentle Heat* of a *material Sun* could penetrate with its *warm influence* thorough such a thick *Matter*, which doubtless was Ten thousand fathom deep?

deep? But supposing that in its full vigour it was of so extraordinary an Heat, as to melt down the cold rigid Element into running Streams. What Man can believe, that a meer Natural Cause, altogether void of Understanding and Contrivance, should of it self Dig up the great Depths, and plough up the large Rivers, just to such a size as to contain those mighty Waters, and no more; since it is evident, that when the Heaven sends down but a few hasty Showers, many Streams swell beyond their Bounds, and overflow their Banks. Whosoever therefore was the first Broacher of this Opinion, may be fitly compar'd to a Man that rattles out he knows not what, before he rightly apprehends any thing of the matter: For had he had any remains of Ingenuity, doubtless he would have given in his Opinion, That from Eternity there lay floating in the Center of a dark Chaos, a Mass of deep Waters, which dispers'd themselves in many Channels; and when the Atoms were at work in making the World, they moulded the Earth so artificially together, as to make Chambers of every Height, Length, and Depth, to Lodge its Waters in, in such manner as before they had dispers'd themselves; and that by the continual moving of the great Body of the Earth, the Waters Ebb and Flow. This Account might have seem'd much more probable than the former, and have gain'd a more favourable reception among the more refined sort of Unbelievers.

I come now, in the last place, to give the final Blow to the *Atheistick Cause*, and beating the *Atheists* from their *last Refuge*, to turn their *great Artillery* against them, by shewing, That their *own Confession* has utterly destroy'd all the *Account* they have hitherto given of the *Existence* of all things without the *Infinite Power* of *Almighty God*; whilst they acknowledge, that the *First Man*, or *Men*, that liv'd after the *World was made*, were not skill'd in making *Characters* in the *Dust*, or on the *Barks of Trees*, as was practis'd in *after Ages*; which is the *Reason*, why these *Accounts* they now give of the *Beginning of the World*, and the *First Work* of *Natural Causes*, is not handed down to *this Generation*: And that if there were any such *Records*, they were *lost* in the *Deluge*. Good God! do but observe, with what an *Air of Complacency* and *unaccountable Confidence* the *Atheist Asserts* it for a *certain Truth*, without so much as saying, It is *probable* that may be the *Cause*, why these their *Relations* are not now *Extant* in any *History*, as other *Accounts* are. But it must be so, because it suits with their *deluded Fancies* and *vicious Habits*.

Now from hence it *Appears*, That the *Atheist* is no more capable of giving any *Account* of the *Beginning of the World*, than the *enliven'd Embrio*, that but yet lies *Sprawling* in his *Mother's Womb*, knows her *Age*, or the *Moment* when it shall be *tumbled into the World*, and afterward make its *Exit thence*. All the *Noise* then which

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they have hitherto made against the *Being of a God*, and concerning the *Beginning of the World*, is all turn'd into an *empty Blast* of Air, and vanish'd as the *Sparks* that arise from a *sudden flash* of Fire; and all their *Accounts* are just as if a Man should *entertain us* with a *long Story* of Things, that were transacted in *foreign Countries*, some *Thousands of Years* ago; and when we come to ask out of *what History* he borrow'd these *strange and wonderful Relations*, which he so *confidently affirms* for an undoubted *Truth*, he should have no other Answer to return, but this, That in the *Age* when these *mighty things* happen'd, there was no Man so *Learned*, or *Wise*, as to keep a *Register* of any *Transactions*; or if there was, they were lost by some *unhappy Accidents* many years ago; but if any *Records* could have been *Produc'd*, they would have been *conformable to the Account* he had now given, and a *Confirmation* thereof. Certainly we should look on such a Person as *Lunatick*, or *intoxicated* with the *Fumes of Wine*, and deplore his *unsensible condition*.

Why! thus stands the *Case* with every *Epicurean*, and unbelieving *Atheist*, who make any pretence either by *Writing Words*, or *Actions*, to persuade that there is *no God*, or *Sovereign Creator* of the *Universe*; since they cannot bring any *Testimony* or *Reason* for *making out* their weak and precarious Assertion. But lest any should, through *Ignorance* or *Inadvertency*, be infected by the *contagious and spreading Leprosie of Atheism*,

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or be inclin'd so much as to doubt the *Being of a Deity*; I shall make it appear beyond all *Contradiction*, that there is a *Supream Creator*, by his Works of Wonders which I now behold, tho' in a *lonesome Wilderness*; where I am at this time taken up in *Contemplating his Immense Power*, near the *Son of his Bosom*, who is hither retreated alone, to perform the Necessary Acts of *Fasting, Mortification, and Self-Denial*, in this *solitary Wilderness*, where no *Prefidious Jew*, nor *Satan's Malice* can reach to harm my *Dear Redeemer*; and where, I hope, Heaven will aid me with *strength sufficient* to convert the *faithless Soul*, and bring home *wandering Sinners*, ev'n so as to make them cry out, "We now *Believe in the true God*: O may he
 "ever *Confirm us in this unerring Faith*. I hope none will think it strange, that I prove a *God and Providence*, in a Language and Stile different from all *Learned Divines*, and *Judicious Writers*. It is my *firm Perswasion*, without the least *Reflection* on any approved *Author*, or *Inspired Preacher*, that the most effectual way to bring home *wav'ring Minds* to own a God, is by leading them as it were into a *solitary Grove*, there to *display the Works* of the *Most High* in a *lively Representation*; because such was the place *chosen* by my dear *Jesus* to baffle *Satan's Malice*, and Convert the *Unbelieving Jews*. And indeed what can be more *Convincing* to an *Atheistical Person*, than *solid Reasons* proposed in an *Exalted Style*, while at the same time are

pointed forth to them, as it were with the Finger, the *curious Works of God on Earth*, and in the *highest Heavens* ; as *Sun, Moon, and Stars* : Then come away, ye *faithless Souls*, with all that question the *Being of a God*, or ascribe the *Existence of the World* to I know not what *blind Chance*, and I'll convey you to the *running Springs*, and *green Shades*, where we'll fairly *debate* the Matter, whether these things are the *Workmanship of a Wise Almighty Power*, or that of *unthinking natural Causes* ; and then depart, if thou canst, without saying with me, *Thou, O Supreme Being ! art that wonderful Architect*, who hast raised the *Waters* out of the *Bowels of the Earth*, to quench the *thirst* of the *wild Beasts* in the *Forest*, and in *thy Loom* is the *Mantle* woven, that covers the *Nakedness* of every *Tree, Herb, Field, or Meadow* with a *lovely variety of Green*, and other *Colours*. Sit down, then, here with me near these *gliding Streams*, and *cool Bowers*, and seriously Consider what other *Cause or Being* is capable of bearing up the *Foundation of the Earth*, but the *strong Hand of God* ; for should he but withdraw his *out-stretched Arm* from under its *Foundation*, tho' but for a *small Moment*, the *Earth* would turn topsy-turvy, and fall into the *obscure Gulph* of it's *Original Confusion*. Therefore receive it as an *undoubted Truth*, That the *main Basis* which upholds this vast *Globe of the Earth*, is the *Immense Power of God*, whereby he has establish'd it upon its *Northern, and Southern*

thern Poles, which the *Almighty* Carv'd out, when he call'd a *Council of the Trinity*, and fixt them by his own *Strength*, so as never to be *remov'd* till the general *Day of Recompences*, when they'l bend as a *Withy Plant*, and let their *Burden dissolve* into its *Primitive Chaos*. Then they who *deny'd a Deity*, will, to their *Eternal shame*, be *convinc'd*, That this beautiful *Fabrick* was not *jumbled together* by the playing of *Atoms*, or any other *lucky Chance*, but that it was the *Wise Council* of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, which so *exquisitely compacted* the *wonderful Frame*. They will find that their *Conceptions* concerning the *Works of Creation*, are wretchedly scanty, and their *Arguments* too frivolous to induce a thinking Man to disbelieve the *Immensity* of the *Lord God Jehovah*. Whosoever then would set up for a *Compleat Atheist*, must bring *stronger Proofs*, and Summon up more *weighty Reasons* to defend his *Cause*; or else he will have no other *Followers*, but a *bestial Crew* of unthinking Men, who would fain have no *God*, because the *Absence* of such a *Being* agrees best with their *Vicious Habits*.

SECTION III.

On the Sun.

THen gaze aloft, O thou *daring Atheist* !
and view the yonder *shining Sun*, that is
now priding it self in its *Meridian Splendor*, and
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sending down its *Beams* of Light, between the *ruffling Leaves* and *waving Branches*, that are mov'd to and fro by ev'ry *Eastern Gale*, and *Summer's Breeze*. Stand abash'd, and seriously consider, what should be the *Efficient Cause* of this *glorious Luminary* blazing out its *lighted Beams* on the *Inhabitants* of every Nation: Muse a while within thine own Breast, and give me thy *Best Thoughts*, whether it is not more eligible to ascribe so *great a Work* to the *Power of Almighty God*, than to a *Random Chance* of *Natural Causes*: And if thy Reason is insufficient to prove, that it was *only Chance*, without the help of any *Supream Being*, humbly prostrate thy self at the *Throne of Grace*, and cry out in this my *usual Language*, O God! the only *Creator* of the *Universe*, and the main *Upholder* of all the *Ends* of the *Earth*; what am I, *frail Mortal*! that I should presume to call into question thy *unlimited Power*, or doubt thy *infinite Being*, since my first *Original* was *Dust*, and my *End* will be *Corruption*? And how incapable am I of giving any *true Account* of the *Beginning* of the *World*, who came into it but a *few years* ago, and when a *few more* are over, must lay me down in the *Bed of dishonour*? So that my *best Estate* is but *Vanity*: for were I offer'd *Ten thousand Worlds*, I could not throw this *Glorious Sun* into an *Eclipse*, or draw a *showry Cloud* over its *beautiful Countenance*: No, no; such matters are as far beyond my *Power to accomplish*, as it is for a *blind Mole*

to shake the *Foundation* of the *Earth*, when it is raising up its *little Hills*. How incapable am I, *poor Worm!* to tell the *First Cause* of this great *Light*, who was never cited to give my advice in so *strange a Work*? Wherefore I'll no longer dispute of *Matters too high* for my narrow *Apprehensions*, but ascribe them all to *God*, and modestly *Contemplate* these *his wonderful Doings*, in causing *Light* to spring out of *Darkness*. For should I presume to search too far into the *Arcana* of his *Imperial Power*, I should soon be swallow'd up with such a multitude of *confused Thoughts*, that no *Antidote* could in the least avail to heal the *Distemper* of my *crazed Mind*, or *Restore* me again to *Reason*. How amazing is it to cast an *Eye* on *yonder Sky*, and seriously survey what a boundlessly *Puissant Being* must needs be concern'd in the *first Lighting* the glorious *Lamp of Heaven*, and making its *kind Influence* shine on the *barren Wilderness*! But that which carries me ev'n *beyond my self*, is to think that this *very Sun*, which I now behold, should appear to my *View* of no larger *Circumference* than a *Salver* of an indifferent size; whereas its *flaming Orb* is really an hundred and eleven times bigger than the *whole Globe* of the *Earth*. If so, how many Millions of Miles must this vast *Celestial Fire* be distant from this our *terrestrial Habitation*? Then wing it up, O my *transported Soul!* and suffer thy purest *Speculations* to dwell a while on those upper *Regions of Light*, to admire that *unlimited Power*, which at one

Word, set the *Heavens* all over in a *flame*, and dispell'd the *thick Darkeness*, which had been from *Eternity*. O my God! this is a *Work* far above the *Reach of Man*, or the Strivings of *Natural Causes*. Therefore it must be ascribed to the *Wisdom of thy Eternal Council*. Stand then agast, O my *aspiring Soul*! and divinely meditate, what a *vast Region of Darkeness* there must needs have been betwixt *Earth and Heaven*, before the *Sun* lookt out of the *Casements of the East* with its *Virgin Luster*! and what a *bright Light*, and *Fiery Heat* that must needs be, which thus *enlightens the Earth*, and *nourishes the Fruits* that grow therein, with its *warm Beams*; tho' at such a *distance*, as modestly speaking, would take up *Fifty Years* for a *flying Arrow* to reach its *height*, altho' it were to cut the *Region of the Air*, half as swift as any *Bullet* flies towards its *appointed Mark*: But, O my God! that which takes up my *Admiration*, ev'n to an *Extasy*, is to *Contemplate* how it gives its *constant Attendance* to my *Person*, *where-ever I go*, and yet at the *same Instant*, is also waiting on *Millions more*, tho' disperst in *This*, and several *Neighbouring Nations*; as evidently appears by shadowing out our *walking Bodies* according to their *due Proportions*, so as never to differ the *breadth of a single Hair* in its *Measuring us out*. O my Lord *Jehovah*! these are *deep Considerations* and such as convince me, That this *bright Sun*, which I now behold *Establisht in the Firmament*, is the *Workmanship of thy Hands*,

Hands, and not that of *blind Chance*: So that now my *Contemplations* are convey'd beyond the *Sphere of Earthly Joys*, and drowned in the *Main Ocean of Astonishing Wonders*; and unless I cease to muse on these *Profound Considerations*, I fear, I shall soon be bereav'd of the Use of *Natural Reason*, and not know how to *Defend thy Cause* against a *blasphemous Age*: For who can think of this *thy Mystrious Work* with a serious Thought, and not be rapt into an *Extasy*? Wherefore I'll now haste to stay the *swift Career* of my *running Pencil*, lest I draw my Thoughts into a *Labyrinth* of too curious *Speculations*, and by that means come to wander in this *mournful Desert*, as a Man depriv'd of *Understanding*. For be it *known* to all that read *this Essay*, that whosoever thinks too nicely on the *stupenduous Works of God*, will soon be led *beyond themselves*, which will one Day appear to be worse than a *Venial Sin*; for why should a mortal Man dive too deep, in hopes to grapple that which he cannot *weigh up* with the *Cable of Reason*, or think on things infinitely *surpassing* the *Verge of his Comprehension*, till he comes to be *Spiritualiz'd* in a more *perfect State*? I'll cease therefore, for a while, to treat in so *High a strain*, and learn to write on *Subjects* not so *Surprizing* to the *Considerate*, and more *refin'd* part of Mankind; tho' as yet I hope I have transmitted *nothing to Posterity*, but what may be of *Use* to the *meanest Reader*, for the *strengthening* of his *Faith*, and *guiding* of his *Life* in
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this *Atheistical Age*; wherein many look upon it, as *no small Accomplishment* to their Persons, to make light of the *Immensity* of an *Alwise God*, and to lessen his *wondrous Doings*, by ascribing those Things to *blind Chance*, which ought to be the Cause of *amazement* to ev'ry *rational Creature*, when they consider how every thing is *contriv'd*, as witnesses this *Glorious Luminary*. O my God! if there was none other of *thy Works* to be seen in the *highest Heavens*, than this *bright Sun*, it would suffice absolutely to *Convince me*, that thy *Almighty Power* was Concern'd therein: But behold, Lord! there are many more.

SECTION IV.

On the Moon.

NOW let us rise from this *shady Bank*, and fetch a few turns around some part of the *Neighbouring Woods*, till the *Close of the Evening*, when the *New Moon* will peep out with its *sharpned Points*, near unto the *Sun's Western Bed*: Then will I shew thee, O thou *unbelieving Infidel*! the *Power of God* therein; and thou shalt tell me, if thou canst, *what Hand* it was that reach'd so high to fix it there. If thou say'st, it was the *Arm of Man*, or the *Power of Nature*, that wrought it out after so *curious a Manner*, I'll soon convince thee of thy *gross Mistake*, and make it convincingly appear, that it was the *curious Finger* of an *Omnipotent God*,

God, that silver'd out that *bending Crescent*, which we are now beholding, and that *his Hand* will be daily *at work* thereon, till he hath compleated it into a *perfect Orb*; when it will Shine with a *radiant Luster*, and fully display its *illustrious Face* to the Eye of every *gazing Beholder*; as will more abundantly appear, if we'll stay a while to see it *priding it self* in its highest *Meridian Exaltation*, and *fullest Aspect*, and then observe, how gradually God *draws a black Vail* over its *beautiful Face*, and hides its *bright Countenance* from every expecting Eye.

But here I must retire a while, to *vent my grief*, and pour out the *Passions of my afflicted Soul*, in distilling Floods of *trickling Tears*, to think that any bearing the *Image of the Almighty*, should wilfully turn *Monsters in Human Shape*, by ascribing this *wonderful Work* to some *other Cause*. O let me alone a while! and listen to what I have to say to my *Sovereign King*, concerning you that *disown his Holy Name*, and will not adhere to *Reason*.

O thou Eternal Being! who wast from *Everlasting*, and wilt Reign when *Time shall be no more*, suffer a *finite Creature* to give an *Idea* of the *Transcendent Works* of thee his Creator, and let not my *Contemplations* soar so high, or my *Grief* run too far, lest I exceed the *Bounds of Moderation*, and thereby am overpower'd with too much *Intention of Mind*, ev'n at a time when I am treating on thy *infinite Power*, in
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hanging out the *Moon*, as a *shining Lamp* to enlighten the *dark Corners* of an *Inhabitable World* with its *silver'd Beams*; a Work little Inferior to that *bright Body* which *rules the Day*: for tho' the one is *exalted* much higher into the *wonderful Depth* of the *Starry Firmament* than is the other; yet thy *Power* does wonderfully appear in the *Lesser Body* of the *Moon*: How can I then chuse, but *admire thee*, my God, when I thus behold thy *Wisdom*, *Power* and *Glory*, who hath thus *Order'd* it, that there should be a *more faint* tho' yet *Glorious Light* to appear in the Heavens, when the more *refulgent Body* of the *Sun* enters into its *private Chamber*, as a *Bride* into her *retir'd Apartments*, to be divested of her *gandy Dress*, till the dawn of *another day*; with *this Decree*, That if at any time the *Great Luminary* should arise from his *blushing Bed*, before the *Lesser Light* has entered its *Western Apartment*, it should *withdraw its Light*, notwithstanding it keeps on *his Way*, and proceeds in its wonted Course. Then what should be the *Occasion* of all this, O thou my great God! but that *thy Power* might be visible to *every seeing Eye*, that thereby none may with any *colour of Reason* disown thy *Handiworks*, or question thee to be *their Maker*: So that with *permission* from thee, My *Sovereign Creator*, I'll ask the *Luciferians*, or *conceited Denyers* of thy most *Holy Name*, what their *Opinion* would be of Persons that should confidently go to a *Curious Painter*, who had lately presented

presented the World with many *Fine Pieces* of his Art, and tell him, That indeed they had seen many *rare Pictures*, which were affirm'd by all to be *drawn out* by his *exquisite Pencil*; but since they were not in Town when *they were finish'd*, and saw him not *perform the Work*, they could by no means be perswaded, That *his Hand* ever laid a Stroak thereon : But that *their Opinion* of the Matter was thus, That on a *certain Day*, they knew not when, some *pieces of Canvas* chancing to hang out, they knew not where, a *certain Man* came by, as *Luck* would have it, with a *Brush under his Arm*, and gave a few *careless Rubs* on ev'ry part of the Cloth, and by *meer Accident* all the Stroaks were so *rightly laid*, that they appear'd so *artificially Fine*, without the *help of him*, or any *other Artificer* whatsoever : surely you would account such Men as *prating Fools*, and look upon them as *unfit for Conversation*. Ev'n thus the Case stands between God and Thee, O thou *malignant Atheist* ! for thou hast heard it *attested* by ev'ry *Nation, Language, and People*, That this *Delicate Fabrick* of the World is the *Wonderful Workmanship* of God, and that his *Power* in the *forming* of all things doth as far, yea infinitely more exceed that of *all others*, as the Value of a *Precious Stone* doth that of the *coursest Pebble*. Yet notwithstanding this vast *Disproportion*, thou boldly *opposes* his *Soveraignty* by thy *Blasphemous Assertions*, and as it were, tell'st him to his Face, That thou hast *seen a World* wisely *contriv'd*,

contriv'd, and curiously compacted together, but
canst not by any means conceive him to be
the Author of it, tho' attested by the General
Consent of Human Societies ; but that this visible
World, with all things therein contain'd, was
shuffled together by the moving of Atoms, or
some other Natural Accidents, without the As-
sistance of a Divine Hand, and yet can give no
more Reason why it should be so, than a silly
Ass is capable of dividing a Syllable, or explain-
ing a Mystery : For I here challenge Thee, O
thou daring Atheist ! before God, Angels, and
Men, and all the Powers above, to summon a
General Council of all thy Atheistical Tribe, to
produce but one solid Argument, or good Reason,
that it was only the empty Workings and strug-
glings of Natural Causes, which made this Moon,
which you now gaze at, to differ from the
Glorious Body of the Sun, in ev'ry Respect,
Degree and Motion ; altho they are both shine-
ing Bodies, and run their courses in the upper
Regions : For the Sun is large and lofty, the
Moon lesser and lower ; the Sun shines with
such a dazzling Ray, as to suffer no Eye to view
its Refulgent Face, without wat'ring its Lids, or
weakning its Sight ; the Moon darts out its kind
Beams with a fainter Glance, and gives all
Spectators leave to behold its pallid Features,
without offending their tender Eyes, or prejudi-
cing the Sight of its Admirers : the Sun keeps its
full Proportion without any Diminution, altho
it constantly removes its Station with a swift but
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undiscernible *Motion*, either further or nearer to us; the *Moon* is always *increasing* or *decreasing*, with such a palpable *Alteration*, as may be easily *discern'd* ev'ry day by any *Curious Astrologer*: Now, if all your *Wit*, *Cunning* and *Skill* can make it appear, that the *Power of God* is no ways concern'd in all this, I'll then unite *my Faith* with that of yours, and positively say, that all things came *by Chance*: but if you *fail therein*, as I find you do in every particular *point*, *Head*, or *Article*, I'll cry you down as *base Impostors*, and go to the *First Cause* of all *Causes*, which is the *Eternal* and *All-wonderful God*, expressing my self in this Language; Let who will set up for *Atheism*, and run themselves quite *out of their Wits*, by pleading against thine *Infinite Power*, and disowning Thee *to be their King*; I'll stay me here, and *meditate* in this *mournful Thicket*, and for ever ascribe the *Wonders* that I here behold, to *thy most Holy Name*, who liv'st for ever and ever, above the yonder *Pale-fac'd Moon*, which thou hast placed as a noble *Planet* to rule the *darksome Night*, and influence the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the briny Sea.

SECTION V.

On the Stars.

IF what has been said of these *two glorious Bodies*, that bear Dominion in the *Superior Regions*,

Regions, will not serve to *confute the Atheists*, and *convince* them that they are the *admirable Works* of the *Almighty* : I'll lead them up to yonder *Mount*, when the *Sun* has hid his *Illustrious Head* in the *Lap of Thetis*, and the lessening *Moon* draws near her *Change*, and bid them cast an *Eye* on the *glittering Stars*, that sparkle with a *brighter lustre*, than the most polish'd of the *Oriental Gems*, that ever adorn'd the *celebrated Beauties* in the *Courts* of the greatest *Earthly Princes*, in their most *splendid* and *magnificent Appearances*; and desire them to tell me by what *Power*, *Art*, or *Being*, they were there fix'd in such numerous *Multitudes*? If they alledge this to *have been done* by *Nature*, I'll ask them how it *reached so high*, without the aid of an *Omnipotent Hand*, to convey it up so far? And how it was possible, that of *it self* it should make every one of those *Spangling Lights*, the least of which is *bigger* than the *Earth*? As also, how *Nature* came to be so *very exact*, as to *range* them all as it were in *Battle-array*, and therein to *preserve* them with such an *Excellent Discipline*, that they have not *deserted* their *Post*, nor *broken through* their *Files* for near *Six Thousand Years* together; but appear *this Night* to be in the *same Order*, as they ever yet have been, and will be in just before the *Elements melt* with *fervent Heat*, and shrivel up like a *mighty Schroll*? Behold the *Atheists* can make no reasonable *Answer* to these *strange things*, but appear in the
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matter, as *Men abash'd*, or *Planet-struck*, having not one word of Sense to say: For, alas! It is not their bare *ascribing* the *first Cause* of all things to *Nature*, *Chance*, or *Fortune*, that will here avail them any thing; because matters of *this Nature* must be more evidently *made out*, and *ingeniously handled*, than ever any of *that Society* has yet *Essay'd* to do, in order to *persuade* the World, that *these Wonders* of Heaven are not the *stupendious Works* of God: Where now is the Man, and what's his Name, that after the reading of *this Essay*, can discover so much *weakness*, as still to continue in the *State* of the *Faithless*, unless he can give a readier *Answer* to every *Question* here proposed? Which I dare affirm, without any *overweening Thoughts* of my *meaner Works*, can never be done by any Man living, unless they could by some *Magical Arts* bewitch the *Minds* of *Men*, into such a *phrenzy of Unbelief*, as to adhere to their *wild and groundless Notions*, with unaccountable *Obstinacy*.

And this I am sure is the Case of every one, who entertains any *Blasphemous Thoughts* of God, or presumes to *disown him* for their *Sovereign Creator*. And from hence it may be *inferred*, that it is much *more Eligible* for any *reasonable Man* to go to the *supream Founder* of Heaven and Earth, which can be no other *Being*, *Cause*, or *Efficient*, but the *first Person* in the ever *bles-sed Trinity*, and own him to be his *Maker* with a *stedfast Faith*, and *firm Belief*, than to *bewil-*

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der his Soul with a multitude of *Atheistical Thoughts*, which he knows not how to make out in any point whatsoever; and he who does so may be justly accounted to *court Damnation* in earnest, by confusedly *disturbing* their own peace and *tranquillity of Mind*, whilst they call into question the *Being* of an *All-seeing God*, and lay the *first Cause* of every Work of Creation to *blind Chance*, or some *unseen Accidents*. May I therefore *prevail* with every *professing Christian*, to own a *Deity*, and acknowledge a *Providence*, to be the *main Fountain* from whence all other Causes arise: I mean not only by *making a bare Profession* thereof in *Words*, or in *outward Behaviour*, but adding thereto *purity of Heart*, and *sanctity of Life*: for whosoever they be that suffer *their Actions* to contradict *their Creed*, they are as much *Atheists inwardly*, as *professed ones* are *outwardly*, and their *Damnation* will be equally *inevitable*.

Moreover I here take leave to lay down, as a *Maxim* to *succeeding Ages*, That there is *no Man* now living on Earth, that has a *True Faith*, and *stedfastly believes* God to be the *Supream Maker* of the highest Heavens by the *Word of his Power*, and that he will one day *raise up the dead Bodies* of his *Saints*, with those of *Sinners*, to live in *endless Joys* or *Eternal Miseries*, that ever willingly commits *one premeditated, or wilful Sin*, against *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*: And how severe soever this *Affertion* may seem to be to the *careless Libertines* in this our Age, that vainly
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Stile themselves Believers, and outwardly wear the Badge of Christianity, they will ere long find it true, to their Everlasting Shame; except they are born again, and become as little Children in Innocence, and Meekness of Temper, so as to be kind to all, and hurtful to none, tho' of never so different a Perswasion, as to Opinion, Sect, or Party, provided they adhere to the Truth in Jesus.

What I have now asserted, I take to be no Digression from the Subject in hand; since my first Design of treating on this necessary Head, was not only to Confute those that pull off their Vizards, and act the part of Atheists on a publick Stage, without Shame, Fear, or Wit; but if possible to convince all and every singular Sinner; since they in my Opinion are as much Unbelievers, as the former; and tho' they appear not so contemptible in the Eyes of Men, yet their Crimes are altogether as hainous in the sight of God: Wherefore it shall henceforth be my daily Prayer, that Heaven would induce every Native of the British Isle, to cry out with me in this Soliloquy of Joy, 'Awake my drowzy Soul, and 'convey thy self on Contemplation's Wings as high 'as Heaven, whence Millions of Millions of 'bright Stars are now sending down their sparkling Light on this Hill in this Solitary Wilderness, ev'n at a time when the Sun has withdrawn its Light, and the Moon is newly Set in the Shades of Obscurity: Cease not then, my Soul! to Adore, Praise, and Worship that God,

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who

' who is now *lightning my Paths* on the *Stum-*
 ' *bling Mountains*, with an infinite number of *re-*
 ' *splendant Stars*, so that I can *easily discern* the
 ' tops of many *Trees*, and *behold their Branches*
 ' *shaking to and fro* with the *nightly Breath-*
 ' *of a cooling Wind*; all which seems so *sweet*
 ' to me, that it ev'n *raises my Affections* above
 ' the airy *Fancies* of a *vain World*: For how
 ' *astonishing* is it to my *Soul*, to view so many
 ' *glowing Sparkles*, and wisely *contemplate* to
 ' what an *unfathom'd height* they be rais'd above
 ' the *towering top* of the most *lofty Mountain*; a
 ' distance that would take up near *Seven Hun-*
 ' *dred Thousand* years for one of them to fall to the
 ' *Earth*, tho' God should by his *Power* permit
 ' it to come *rowling down* with as *swift a motion*,
 ' as a *Bullet* flies its *appointed way* towards the
 ' *design'd Mark*. O what *high Thoughts* are
 these to my *exalted heart*, and what a *strength*
 do they add to my *staggering Faith*! so that I
 could freely *sit me down* here, during the *Spring of*
Life, to admire the *Wonders* of my *Heavenly*
Father in the yonder *Sky*, where there are more
fixed Stars, than there are *Motes in the Air*, or
Fish in the *Sea*: For if the *Stars* are so far above
 the *Earth*, and yet they appear so *innumerable* to
 every *Beholder*, what a *vast Host* must there then
 be, of these whose *further removed Fires* are unable
 to affect the *dull Opticks* of our *Eyes*; consider-
 ing the *Sky* is so many thousands of *Millions* of
 times *larger* than the *Globe* of this *Earth* is in *cir-*
cumference? Tho' this *Relation* may seem *sur-*
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prizing, and strange at the first prospect, yet the matter of fact will appear plain, if we attend to this Comparison: Suppose there could be a round Sphere made of Ten thousand Miles Diameter, and that a little round Pebble, about the size of a Marble, was hung in the Center thereof by a single Hair, would not the Shell, wherein the Stone hung, be many Millions of Millions, hundreds of Thousands of times Ten Millions of times larger every way than the said Pebble? Why even such a disproportion there is between the lofty Sky and the little Globe of the Earth, that lies lodg'd in the Mid-way of that Universal Round. O then cease not, my thoughtful Soul! to admire the profound, unlimited, unfathomable, and unexpressible Power, and Wonderful Workings of the only wise God, for that thou hast seen his Wonders in their highest Extent; and from this instant of time question no more his infinite Being, Power, and Council, than thou dost thy living at the Moment when thy Pencil, or Tongue, is drawing out or delineating this lively Scene, in such plain Characters and intelligible Expressions. Consider therefore, O my discerning Soul! whether it will not be more easy for God to gather up the scatter'd Particles of thy consumed Body at the Judgment of the great Day, and mould it after the similitude of his Son's most Glorious Body; as it was once for him to make a whole World out of a confused Heap of Matter, and this of Nothing?

Prudently weigh this Case, O my precious

Soul! whether it is not *much more easie* for a *Supream Power*, to unite this thy *Spirit* to its old *Companion* the *Body*, when the *Trumpet* sounds its last *Alarum*, and bids the *Dead Arise*, as it was effectually to *Command* that a great *Luminary* should appear in the *Eastern* part of the *Earth*, and give *Light* to a *dark Chaos*? Reason with thy self, O my *Darling Soul*! whether it is not as feasible to *believe*, that thy *Sovereign King* can take thee to himself, when *Death* separates thee from this *Clod of Clay*; as it is to make a *New Moon* every *Month*, and cause it to *shine forth* on the *fruitful Trees* and *barren Plains*, when no other *Light* appears in the upper *Regions*, but only the *fainter Beams* of the *numerous Stars*. Argue with thy self, O my *Dear Soul*! if it is not as much in the power of the *Lord God Jehovah*, to say with an *effecting Might* to the *Atheist* at the *Great Assize*, Depart from my presence, and be for ever *undone*; as it was to *weave out* a *Canopy* to incircle the whole *Globe of the World*, and to bestud it all over with an infinite number of *twinkling Stars* of *different Lustres*? Then why should'st thou *Question*, O my *Beloved Soul*! but that *that Power* which made the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, will give thee a *Royal Crown* when thy *Christian Race* is run: not such an one as is *admired*, and *fervently courted* by vainly *ambitious Mortals*; but a *Diadem* of *Glory*, that will for ever *shine* more bright in the view of *Just Men* made perfect to all *Eternity*, than many

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material Suns, or shining Moons, tho' environ'd with all the innumerable multitudes of twinkling Stars? Be not then cast down, O my Languishing Soul! but arm thy self with the Helmet of Faith, and Breast-plate of pure Works, that whenever Infidelity, or mean Thoughts of God arise from thy corrupted Heart, as an overflowing Stream, thou may'st draw the Weapon of true Belief, and hew down the pernicious Tree, from which such poisonous Fruits do proceed: For consider, O my Drooping Soul! that the short dreaming Joys of Unbelievers, can never counterbalance the loss of Heaven, which is the Complement of solid Happiness; or compensate for Eternal Pains: Since thou art of more value to thy self, than Ten thousand Worlds, and thy Pretensions to Glory ought to be infinitely more precious to Thee, than those of any Mortal Race to an Earthly Diadem: For if thou art lost, all is gone with thee: And if to win the favour of Men is like to prove so hard a Bargain to thee, my Darling Soul! I'll scorn their Smiles, and never dread their Frowns, but continue here in Solitude, till the Person of the Son of God, who is now abstaining from Meats, beckens me hence, to do and suffer something more with and for him, during his abode in a mortal State. For be it known to thee, my inestimable Soul! that I set a greater price on thy worth, than to pawn thee to Eternal Despair for short unsatisfying Bodily Pleasures, and the Reputation of a Wit, by disbelieving the Attributes

of God; and ascribing the *first Original* of the *World* to a sudden jumble of thoughtless *Atoms*, or I know not what other insignificant *Word*. No, my Soul! I'll leave these empty *Sounds*, and fanciful *Dreams*, to be scatter'd among the *Darlings* of the *Earth*, and haste to sound a *Retreat* from such swelling *Waves of Atheism*, whose poysonous *Waters* have overflown the Land of thy *Nativity*, as a mighty *Ocean* or swelling *Deluge*: For with grief be it known to thee, O my Soul! that the *main Fleet* of Mankind, have, as it were, weighed *Anchor*, and are now falling down the *muddy Channel* of *Infidelity*, in order to *set Sail* in the *Black Sea* of *Damnation*, where they shall never find an *Harbour of Rest*, or a *Port of Safety*, but be forced to reel to and fro to the tedious *Ages* of a *long Eternity*, by the *strong Gusts* of God's *incensed Wrath*. Then, let who will take in *Fraight* for so dangerous a *Voyage*, I'll joyn the *little Squadron* that is bound for the *Canaan Shore*, and run thro' the *Storms* of *Infamy* and *Reproach*; if so by any means I may but arrive *safe* at the *Port of Eternal Joys*, and behold the *City of the New Jerusalem*, where *Streams* of *Pleasures* flow from the *Well-spring* of *Life*. But here I'll arrest the *Current* of my *Discourse*, and ask my *Courteous Reader*, if such *Arguments* and *Considerations* as these may not be thought *sufficient* to melt a *frozen heart* into drops of *trickling Tears*, and even to cause an *Infidel* to cry out in the *anguish* of his Soul, O *What shall I do to be saved?* Unless I bitterly

ly grieve for the *lewd Crimes* of a *malignant life*, and say to God, *I now believe, O keep me stedfast in the Faith*. And then let who will struggle for these *perishing Nothings*, I'll never be ambitious to wear a *fading Crown*, or *sway a Golden Scepter*; altho' I could be so *fortunate*, as to have the *one* plac'd on my *Brow*, without the glance of an *Envious Eye*, or to grasp the *other* into my hands with the *unanimous consent* of all the *Lords* and *great Men*, and the loud *Applauding Shouts* of every *meaner Person*; for such *Grandure* can avail me nothing, when the *Emissaries of Death* come to hover round my *dying Pillow*, and I am just going to *Launch* into the vast *Ocean of Eternity*. No, no; I fear I shall find it hard enough to reach the *Bay of Rest*, without being *loaded* with the *weighty Freight* of Government: So that whosoever will, may strive for *these vanishing Shadows*, but as for me, I shall never be desirous to *Command*, as *Generalissimo* over the Forces of any *King, State, or Province*, altho' my Name were to *sound great*, and my *Person* to be *revered* in the *highest degree* by every *Souldier of Fortune*; since such an *honourable Post* will be *no gain* to me, when *thickned Clots of stopping Flegm* lye rattling in my *Throat*, and foretels a *sudden Change*; and I find, by sad experience, my *precious Soul* deserted by the *God* that made it. No, no; I shall find it work *sufficiently difficult*, and the *Combat* will be *sharp enough*, to break thro' the *lancing Pikes of Sin*, by a most indispensably necessary Skill in *Spiritual Warfare*, without in-

cumbring my self in other *Military Affairs*, or learning the *politick Intrigues* of *material War*: For I cannot but fancy, when a *Soldier* comes to Heaven, he'll find no *Admirers* of such who imbrued their *cruel Hands* in Streams of *Crimson Blood*, or were expert in *taking Towns* by Storm; but will hear those *Applauded* as *Heroick Souls*, who could without a *panick Fear* be ty'd to *Stakes*, scorch'd with *Flames*, and boil'd in *Oil*, for the *Testimony* of a good *Conscience*, and the *Zeal* they bore to God their *Sovereign King*: Not that I aver it a Sin to defend a *Righteous Cause*, with naked *Sword* in Hand, or even to sheath its bright *Blade* in the *Bowels* of a *Tyrant's Forces*, provided our *Intentions* are for God and our *Religion*, and not for the *Ends* of *Pride* and *Vain-glory*. But I only take leave to give it as my *Opinion*, That it is much better to seek *Peace* on any terms, if it can be attain'd with the *safety* of our dear *Religion*, *Laws*, and *Liberties*, and to dwell with me on this *solitary Mount*, near the *Person* of the *Son of God*, and cry out with the *Royal Prophet*, *Psal.* 8. 3. and say in this his *pathetick Language*, I'll Consider the *Heavens*, even the works of thy *fingers*, the *Moon*, and the *Stars*, which thou hast ordained. Or as as it is recorded in *Psal.* 19. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. The *Heavens* declare the glory of God, and the *Firmament* sheweth forth his handy work; day unto day uttereth *Speech*, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech, nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone thro' all the *Earth*, and their words to
the

the end of the World: In them he hath set a Tabernacle for the Sun, which is as a Bridegroom coming forth out of his Chamber, and rejoiceth as a Strong Man to run a Race. His going forth is from the end of the Heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Let therefore whoever will, think fit to *in-flame* their Blood in Marches and Counter-marches, in a vain expectation of *pitching* their Tents in an Enemies Camp, and becoming Masters of the Field of Battel; I shall never be so fond as to exhaust my *Vital Spirits*, for gaining some few Roods of Ground, by stripping the *gaudy Plumes* of Pride from off the dead Bodies of a few *vain aspiring Mortals*, who perhaps but the day before buoy'd up their *sinking Spirits*, with a real belief of stepping up to some higher Marks of Honour, by the *Van- quishing* of their Foes, or the Fall of their Superiours: For, alas! it will turn to no account when the *Casements* of my Eyes are just *closing* their Lids, and shutting in to an *Eter- nal Night*, or when it is truly reported of me, my Soul is *taking its Flight* towards the Land of Oblivion: No, no; I find it a Task hard enough to make my *Calling* and *Election* sure, without *fighting*, or *striving* for a few paces of Earth, or a *flying Standard*: so that I had rather stay me here, and send up my *pure Thoughts* to Heaven, where there is no *private Spy* to over- hear my *Secret Whispers*, but the piercing Ear of God my Father, who will sooner hear my
devout

devout Prayers in this *private Recess*, than if I should ramble it o're the World at the head of a *valiant Army* that had but newly *mow'd down* many *Troops of withstanding Enemies*, and thereby made way to a *compleat Victory*.

Are not these *Divine Truths*, and convincing *Reasons*, sufficiently efficacious to *charm the Soul* of a daring Sinner into the *ardent Love* of the *sweet Shades* of a *retired Life*, and make him cry out, Let who will *starve their Bodies*, and *damn their Souls*, by sitting up many a *Winter Night* in casting up their *Accounts of Trade*, when they have *goods laid up for many years*? I shall never *benum* my *Body*, or *freeze up* the *Streams* of a *pregnant Wit*, by too much *anxious Care*, for what I know not *who shall Enjoy*: for I am no wise likely to live *one quarter* of the *Age of Methusalem*, or continue my *Abode on Earth* for many years; so that henceforth I'll learn to spend those *dark Evenings* in my *retired Study*, or the *House of publick Worship*, because I sadly experience all the days of my *earthly Pilgrimage* to be time little enough to *trade for Eternity*. Wherefore in *private* I'll live, in a *Shade* I'll dye, and in a *Cave* I will be interr'd. Tho' others may waſt a *strong Constitution* of *Body*, for gaining the *Meat that perishes*, and be so fond of these *outward Enjoyments*, as for their sake to *wear themselves* to a *Skeleton*, I shall never be so *greedy of any thing* here below, as to think it worth my while to *debilitate Nature*, and *enervate* my *Joints*, since all my *youth and strength* is insufficient to *win the Victory* over Sin, and
attain

attain Salvation for my precious Soul: No-
thing henceforth shall decoy me out of this Bower
of Peace, but the Call of the Son of God, when
he is departed hence to suffer something more for
the flagrant Sins of Man. Nay, let who will
be so inconsiderate, as to trifle away their precious
Moments, and loyter out their Summer Seasons in
unlawful diversions: I dare not by any means
provoke Heaven, or as it were allure the Devil
to display his seducing Temptations, by spending
any part of a Short Life in doing nothing that
tends to the Honour of God, the Works of Necessity,
or Acts of Mercy: But I will pray devoutly, and
inure my Body to some lawful Employ, whereby
I may have nothing to chide me at the last, for
laying Time as a Burden upon my hands; so
that I'll for the future hide my self in this soli-
tary Wilderness from the Insults of the Idle, and
creep into some hollow-Tree, that I may shun the
alluring Smiles of the Wanton, who do little else
but languish their life away in Voluptuous
living. Nay, tho' any should be so vain, as to
pride themselves in their fair Faces or comely
Shapes, and take a secret Delight to be admir'd
for their much Beauty, I shall never envy them
for these their mistaken Advantages, since
they only give them a Right to be compared to a
Fortress beautified, and sufficiently enriched by
Nature, to tempt the ambitious Conquerors thither
to turn their injurious Arms, but not strong e-
nough to repell the unwearied Assaults, or hinder
the continual Approaches of the eager and indefa-
tigable

tigable Enemy. No; if I were to be *fram'd* a second time in the *Womb*, and to live over again my *Blooming Youth*, I would instantly pray to him that *fram'd me*, when I was yet unborn, That he would give me a *compos'd Countenance*, a *straight Body*, and an *unerring Soul*; whereby I might not *look Morose*, nor appear *deformed*, but defend my self from the *Insults* of the *Audacious*, who can court with a *design* to *ravish*, lie with an intent to *deceive*, and *promise* with a resolve *never to perform*. If this were to be the *natural Language* of all, in how *happy* a state should we be, and how should we *strive* as it were to *retire into Solitude* at some certain Seasons in every year, in imitation of the *Son of God*, there to contemplate the *Works of Creation*, and live an *austere* sort of life, not in hopes of *meriting Eternal Joys* by our own *Works*, according to the *Principles* of the Church of *Rome*, but only that we may *bid Defiance* to the many *Snares* of *Infidelity*, relying on the *Merits* of *Christ* for *Salvation*; since all our *best Performances*, tho' adorn'd with *human Knowledge*, can by no means be pleasing in the *pure Eyes* of *God*, or atone for *flagrant sins* of an *impure Conversation*: For if a Man had the *righteousness* of the *Pharisees*, and the *Wisdom* of *Solomon*, he would still aspire to *peep beyond the Clouds* in search of some *unrevealed Mystery*, or hope to find some *Easier way* to *Glory*, in imitation of the *speculative Atheist*, the *Popish Priest*, and the rigid *Predestinarians*, who are for prying into the *Cabinet Council* of
God's

God's *hidden Decrees*, to know what was *transacted* before the Creation, or ascribe *forgiveness of Sins* to mortal Man, by placing him in *St. Peter's Chair*, with the *Key of Heaven* in his hand, and *Absolution* in his Power.

But here I must put a *sudden stop* to the *Career* of my Pen, since the time draws near, when *Christ* will leave this *solitary Wilderness*, and yield *Obedience* to his *Father's Will*, by returning into *Galilee*; therefore I must go down from this lofty *Mount*, and tell the *Righteous Souls* that attended me into *Solitude*, that they must *do and suffer* something more for the sake of *Jesus*, before they see the *Face of God* in *Glory*: But before I leave these *lonely Shades*, I'll cheer their *drooping Souls*, and revive their *Fainting Spirits*, by using this Excellent Form of Words.

'O thou *mighty God!* the *Eternal King* of *Heaven*, we have waited the Call of thy *beloved Son*, *Forty Days and Forty Nights*; Now he bids us *haste away* to see his *Miracles*, and behold his *Sufferings*: But, Lord! the Blood seems to *chill within our Veins*, for fear that any *Rancour* or *Plague-sore* should break out afresh, to *infect our Souls* with the *malignant Distemper* of *Dubelief*, when we come to walk again in the *Poisonous Air* of a *tumultuous City*, and so we *Faint, Bleed, and Dye*, before we reach the *Goal*, or gain the *Prize*, for which we now *Run, Fight, and Strive*. Therefore, O thou *Fountain of Life*, and *God of Glory!* Prepare for us a
'sovereign

‘ *Sovereign Antidote* of thine own *Prescription*, that
 ‘ may dispel all *Atheistical Thoughts*, that will come
 ‘ flying in, as so many *swift Arrows* to wound
 ‘ our *Darling Souls*, and make them bleed afresh,
 ‘ losing the precious *Vital Blood* of Faith, for the
 ‘ *foul corruption* of *Infidelity*. Thou knowest, Lord,
 ‘ we had rather *tarry here* and *Pray*, during the
 ‘ *continuance of Life*, tho’ it be but in an *howling*
 ‘ *Wilderness*, and a *solitary Grove*, than to travel
 ‘ thro’ the many *Defiles* of a *publick Station*,
 ‘ with the *thick Ranks* of labouring *Sinners*, where
 ‘ *Vice* is drest up in a *tempting Garb*, and varnish’d
 ‘ over with *artificial Colours*; but this is only for the
 ‘ *sake of the Son of thy love*: for should he *Ascend*
 ‘ above the *Clouds* before *Death* lays us into the
 ‘ *silent Grave*, we would make another progress
 ‘ toward these *gloomy Shades*, and enter a *second*
 ‘ *time* into *Solitude*, since we *experimentally* find,
 ‘ that the absence of *evil Conversation* serves to
 ‘ *wean* us from *Sense*, and center our *Desires* on
 ‘ those *sublime Joys*, that are altogether unknown
 ‘ to *vitious Men*, and *lewd Women*; delights, that
 ‘ may be only *conceiv’d in thought* by those that
 ‘ *enjoy ’em*, but not to be *express’d in Words*:
 ‘ for our *Breathings* of *Soul* are as high as *Hea-*
 ‘ *ven*, and our *Quiet* of *Mind* as calm as the
 ‘ *peaceful Air*, when absolutely *undisturb’d* by any
 ‘ *breathing Gales*. For our *Affections* are carried
 ‘ up, as it were in *Elias* his *Chariot*, that we
 ‘ can even peep into the *wondrous Workings* of our
 ‘ wise *Creator*, and behold his *marvellous Doings*.
 ‘ O then, what a *Season* have we enjoy’d, during
 ‘ our.

our stay in this *Thicket* of Safety, where all the numerous *Squadrons* of *Unbelievers*, and the many *Battalions* of *Luke-warm Christians* could never approach with their *heavy Mortars* of *Infidelity*, or large *Cannons* of *Deceit*, so as to *Demolish* the impregnable *Temple* of our most *holy Faith*, or penetrate thro' the *strong Walls* of our good *Works*: No, praised be the Name of him that *lives for ever*! we have held proof against all their *hissing Granadoes*, and *flying Bombs* that came *roaring* down, and *rattling Bullets* entring in like *Stones of Hail* in a bitter Storm. No: thanks be to the God that *Reigns above*, we have weather'd off their *violent Attacks*, *Cloath'd* with the *impenetrable Armour* of *Reason*; and in such a wonderful manner, that they seem to be *driven back*, and *turn'd to flight*, never to rally again so long as *Sun* and *Moon* endures, or the *Stars* *twinkle* on high; because such were the *only Weapons* whereby we defended the *Power of God*, and stop'd the *flight* of their *fiery Darts*, making them to *recoil* to their *own Destruction* and *Eternal Shame*, in such a *signal manner*, as may serve for a *Monument* of *Defeat* to *After-Ages*, that none may presume to rise up in *Arms of Rebellion* against that *Being*, which *first infus'd* into them the *Breath of Life*, making them to *differ* from the *Beasts that perish*; and that in a moment of time can *Proclaim* them *Rebels*, even by their own *Declaration*. O the Joy which we conceive to our selves! at the sinking of the *old Atheistical*

Cause, and exposing the *weakness* of their *Forces* to publick view, that for the *future* none may be *so vain* as to rally their *scattered Troops*, to make head against *Triumphing Truth*, or speak in their praise, who *cannot answer* for themselves. O then let our *resounding Harmony* be heard throughout the *Nations* of the Earth: Nay, let it *Eccho* much more *melodiously* in the *listning Ears* of every *true Believer*, than the *piping Organ*, and other Instruments of Mirth, did to the hearts of the *Loyalists* at the *Cathedral* of *St. Paul's*, in the Year of our Lord God 1702. when our *Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE*, attended with others her *Councillors* and *Judges* of State, thought meet to hear *Te Deum* Sung in a *Protestant Country*, for the *defeating* of a *Romish Tyrant*, who never thought it a *Crime* to *dissemble with God*, and deceive his *Subjects*, by Singing *Anthems of Thanksgiving*, generally call'd *Te Deum*, for the shameful *Retreat* of his *Armies*, or the *Dishonourable bearing away* of his *Fleet*.

C H A P. XI.

The Power of God irrefragably prov'd by Astronomy; or some Reasons given to evince that 'tis very probable, that there are Inhabited Worlds in the Sun, Moon, and the other Planets, together with the fixed Stars.

I Fancy that I hear *Believers*, as well as *Atheists*, decrying me with a *mighty shout*, as a *Broacher of new Opinions*, and *strange Notions*, saying, Where is that *Mortal*, that can by all his *Wisdom* and *Learning* take a *Dimension* of the *Earth, Sun, Moon, Stars*, or other *Planets*; or *Measure* how *far* distant they are from each other? If not, How *bold an Attempt* is it for any to pretend to give any *tolerable Account*, how many *Years* a *swift Arrow* would be in flying from this *Earth* to the *Sun*; or say, That a *Bullet* would be near *Seven Hundred thousand Years* posting it in its *Race* from this *lower World* to the nearest *Orb* of the *fixed Stars*, since the *loftiest* of them seems to be but a *short day's flight* from the *lowest Valley*.

I readily grant these are *high Points*, and *intricate Theams* to treat upon, and such as may seem *startling* to them that know *nothing of Astronomy*: Yet I hope, by *Divine Assistance*, and by

a *modest Enquiry* into the *stupenduous Works* of God, not only to give the *more knowing part* of Mankind an *entire satisfaction* therein, but make it *appear plain* and *reasonable* even to my *meanest Reader*, yea and most *violent Opposers*, tho' formerly never so *averse* thereunto: To the *displaying* whereof, I shall assume this *following Method*; 1. To give you the *Sentiments* of *others*, and then to deliver my *own Reasons*, why it may or may not be so. *Copernicus* was of the *Opinion*, That this *Earth* of ours is a *Planet*, carried round and enlightned by the *Sun*, like the rest of those *wandring Luminaries*; an *Opinion*, which, in *my thought*, is not altogether a *Chimera*, but seems to carry some *weight of Reason* along with it; since there is room to believe, that it is like the *other Planets*, which have their *Laws of Motion*, and also in all likelihood *Inhabitants*, as well as this *Earth* of ours: My *Reason* for it is this, Because I know the *Moon* is diversify'd with *long Tracts* of *Mountains*, and again with *broad Vallies*; for when that part of the *Moon* which is turn'd to us, is *partly illuminated*, in it are to be seen *Shadows* of the *Mountains*, cast towards *that part* of them that is *farthest* from the *Sun*; and at some certain times *little round Valleys* between them, with an *Hillock* or two perhaps rising out of them. *Kepler* is of the *Opinion*, That they are *some vast Work* of the *Rational Inhabitants*, which are *Arguments* of a *Relation* and *Kin* between our *Earth* and them, as well as a *proof* of the *Truth* of that *Assertion*:

tion: But to render this Point still *more Intelligible*, there is an *Invention* which bears the name of *Telescope*, by help of which we may discern the *Bigness* and *different Forms* of the *Planetary Bodies*, and discover the *Mountains*, and the *Shadows* of them, on the Surface of the *Moon*; but be there *Inhabitants* there or not, it still shews the *mighty Power* of God, in making them so large and *wonderful*; and in my Opinion, must need serve to *confute the Atheists* in their silly *Notions*, and add strength of *Faith* to the *sincere Christians*. Cardinal *Casanus*, and Cardinal *Brennus* were not only of the Opinion, That there were *Worlds* in the *Planets*, but thought that the *Sun* and *fixed Stars* had an *Earth*, and *Inhabitants* in Each of them.

First as to the *Sun*, I believe it to be of a *Vast Circumference*, and capable of *entertaining* within its Borders, many more than this *little Globe* of ours: But when I *consider*, that it is compos'd of a *fiery Nature*, I can't so readily assent to the Opinion, that it hath *Inhabitants*: But thus far I know, that the Infinite Power of God could easily, when he was *forming the Creation*, have produced a Generation of *Rational Creatures* capable to live in such an *Element*, with as much *Ease* and *Health of Body*, as we do in ours: But supposing I believed there were any *Inhabitants* in the *Sun*, I should rather chuse to *moderate* the matters on *both sides*, and deliver my *Sentiments*, which I think will carry some

colour of Reason along with them, in this manner: When we peep thro' a *Telescope*, we may easily discern several dark *Spots* in the *Sun*, with more than ordinary *Brightness* seeming to incircle them; now it is extremely probable, that each of these may be an *Earth*, Peopled as this of ours is; which is the more feasible on this Account, because it is believed by all who are skill'd in *Astronomy*, that the *Sun* is many Millions of *Miles* distant from any part of our *Sublunary Earth*, and is above a Hundred and Eleven times bigger: which in my *Opinion* is not a *Fancy*, but a *Reality*; because they who are *Masters* in that curious *Science*, have *Rules* whereby they can *Measure* the *Heighth* and *Circumference* of that Great *Luminary*, as also the *Stars* and *Planets*; which if duly Consider'd, it is but reasonable to believe, that there may be very near a true Account given of these things, no less than of the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, and other *Appearances* of the *Planets*: Wherefore if it doth appear, that the *Sun* is of such a vast *Extent*, I think it is not altogether unreasonable, to be of the *Opinion* that there may be as many *Inhabited Continents* in that *Glorious Lamp*, as there are *Stellæ Borboniæ*, or *Maculæ Solaris*, (i. e.) *Borbonian Stars*, or *Solar Spots*, which are discovered in Number *Thirty*, and their *Climate* near, if not altogether, as moderate as is this of ours, notwithstanding it is in it self a fiery *Body*; since the *Almighty* may use some such *Methods* to shade the excessive *Burnings* from them, as he does to qualify

lifie his *scorching Heat* unto us, viz. by *drawing over them thicker and chiller Clouds* of Water, and *fanning them with the cooler Blasts* of Wind, to render *supportable* to them the sultry Heats of their Air: For it is known, even to all that have taken *any survey* of the *Workings* of God and his *Creation*, That as to those places of our *earthly Globe*, that are more directly *expos'd* to the Violence of the *solar Beams*, he has covered them therefrom, as it were with a *Canopy* of *refrigerating Clouds*, and ordain'd the *cooling Breaths* of Air to *preserve* them from being *burnt up* by the *scorching Rays* of that *igneous Orb*; for neither are the *gathering Clouds*, nor *blowing Winds* much above the *tops* of many *Hills*; nay, not so high as *some Mountains*, as has been often *experienced* by those that have ascended these of their *own Country*, where they have either *Fainted*, or *Died*, or come down all over in a *Bath* of *Sweat* with the *inexpressible Heat* they found there; I say then, tho' the *Sun* may be of it self *higher*, yet if those *dark Spots* that are seen therein, are *inhabited Earths* (as some conjecture) no doubt but God, with his *wise Council* in the *Trinity*, preserved them equally with us: But be there *Worlds therein* or not, yet I am sure, it is *Wonderful* to behold, and most *evidently demonstrates*, that there is an *Almighty God* concern'd therein.

2. As to their *Opinion*, who think that there is a *World* in every *fixed Star*, it is not so absurd a *Thought*, as many Persons are apt to i-

magine, since it is granted by very Ingenious and worthy Men, and especially Christianus Huygens, that great Master in Astronomy, That the fix'd Stars are so many Suns: And indeed I am apt to believe they are so, with this difference, that possibly they are much larger; for the same Author tells you, and it is also the Opinion of many others, who are skill'd in that noble Science, That the nearest of the fixed Stars is Twenty seven Thousand six Hundred Sixty four times higher from the Sun, than the Sun is from us; and that it would take up near a Hundred thousand years for a Bullet to travel from us to them, admitting it run in a Moment or Pulse of an Artery a hundred Fathom. This Account depends upon the Measure of the Earth's Diameter, which according to the accurate Observations of the French, is Six Millions, five Hundred thirty eight Thousand, five Hundred Ninety four times six Paris Feet, one Degree being Fifty seven Thousand and Sixty of that Measure: which if so, how inconsiderable must this Earth be which we inhabit, when compar'd with those vast Orbs that incircle this Terrestrial Ball? So that indeed I take this whole World of ours to be but as a grain of Mustard-seed, hung up in the Centre of a Globe of five thousand Miles Diameter: Therefore I hope it will be taken as no Crime, nor in any wise seem to contradict the written Word of God, if I should be of the Opinion, That God never made so wonderful a piece of Work as that of this Universal All, for the Use of so little a Tract of
Land

Land as this *small Globe* of ours is, and to have no other *Inhabitants* nor any more *Beholders* of these his *Wonderful Doings*, than such a little number of *inconsiderable Mortals* as we are; and such too, as live so *remote* from the *best part* of his *Handy-works*. Certainly such a *Procedure* as this would be, as if a *great Artist* should draw out a *curious Piece of Painting*, or some extraordinary *piece of Work*, and only suffer it to be view'd afar off by three or four poor *Ignorant Peasants*, that are incapable of so much as *framing* any *Idea* of the *Rarity* of it, or in the least able to *comprehend* what it means, when at a *beck* with his *Finger*, or a *word* of his *Mouth*, he might have summon'd a *Hundred thousand near Spectators*, and such too, as were *well skill'd* therein, and would have *celebrated* his *Art* with a *Just Praise*. Seeing then it appears from what has been said, that every *fixed Star* is at least as big as *this Earth* of ours, and some of them a *Thousand times bigger*; it ought not to be *thought prophane* in me, or any other person, if we should *entertain a Thought*, That there are more *Tenants* living in every one of them, than there are *Souls* now breathing on *this Earth*, and as *reasonable Creatures* as any of us; if not much more *obedient* to their *Sovereign Creator*, even so as not to *conceive* so much as a *simple Thought* against his *Infinite Perfection*: And the *true Reasons* why I can't but in some measure even *perswade* others to be of the *Mind*, That there are *more Worlds* than *this of ours*, are these

Two weighty Considerations: The one is drawn from *Scripture*, the other from *Sight and Reason*: The first is in *Heb. 1. 2.* *God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed Heir of all things; by whom also he made the Worlds.*

The second is this, There are innumerable more *fixt Stars*, than we can behold with *our Eyes*, I mean without the help of any *Instrument*. Now how could *these* be made for the Use of *Mankind*, that for some *Thousands of Years* were not known to them, and that even at this day are not able to affect the *most penetrating Eyes* with a *glimmering Light*, which is the *Influence* that of all others reaches furthest? And if it is true, that they were not made for the use of *Man*, the next and only probable *Conjecture* we can make, is, That they were *form'd* each for its proper *Inhabitants*; or we must say that they were created to no Purpose at all; which were absurd to the highest pitch of Extravagancy.

If any will call in *Question* what I have asserted, That the *Number of fixt Stars* undiscoverable by the *naked Eye*, is vastly greater than that of those to be discern'd thereby; I would only desire him to be so curious for once, as to make use of a *Telescope*, and they will easily discern above Ten or Twelve times as many more, than they can otherwise perceive. This is not the conceit only of some whimsical *Star-gazers*, or the new started *Notion* of some *Crazy Brain*, but an undoubted *Reality*, and certain matter of fact.

Where-

Wherefore I can't but *persuade my self*, that this wonderful *Immensity* of the *Works* of God will bring every one to the *firm belief* of his *Being, Essence, and Attributes*. I could have produced many more *co-gent Arguments*, why it is but *reasonable* to be of *Opinion*, that there are *Inhabitants* in the *Sun, Moon*, with the rest of the *Planets* and *fixed Stars*, who are governed by the same *general Laws* and *Statutes* as our *Forefathers*, or at least are try'd by the same *Judge*, I mean the *second Person* in the *Godhead*: But I shall leave all *such things* to every *Man's own Reason*, to think of them as he pleases, since God hath not been pleased to *reveal it*, whether it is so or not; this being a point not in the least *relating to our Salvation*.

The true *Design* why I treated on these *intricate Subjects*, was, That every one may *Contemplate* with astonishment the *Wonders of Heaven*, and cry out with me, Now I have had a *clearer View* than ever of the wonderful *Works* of God, and from henceforth shall never embrace an *unbecoming Thought* of God, either as to his *Almighty Power, Wisdom, Mercy, Justice, Truth, Goodness, Patience, or Omnipresence*: for behold I am now *astonish'd*, whenever I take a *survey* with these *bodily Eyes*, and see beyond those *Stars*, on which my *Forefathers* so often gaz'd with *Admiration*, and discern Ten or Fifteen times as many more as ever they concluded there were, and all as large as *this Ball* whereon I move, few of which were ever by them
supposed

supposed to be either so *lofty* or so *large*: But that which seems to raise my *Contemplations* even to an *Extasie of Wonder*, is to consider what a *vast Number* there is yet *undiscover'd*, and may yet be seen by *mortal Eyes*, when my *Body* lies immur'd in the *Womb* of this point of our *Earth*, by the help of some *Instrument* yet un-nam'd, or un-thought of: and after all that, what a *vast Host* there may for ever lie hid from all the *succeeding Generations* of Men: so that now I am convinc'd, that all our former *Opinions* touching the *Amplitude* and *Magnificence* of the *Works of God*, was nothing in comparison of what *we now know*, and yet we are, as it were, but still in the *very Rudiments* of these real *Numbers* and *vast Sums* of Beings, that are still *conceal'd* in the *Almighty's Immense Treasury*.

O my God! I now see that Forty or Fifty *Figures*, can no more come near the *numbring* of the *Stars*, than an 1, and a Cypher reaches the Sum of a Million of Millions: No, my God! I Question, if I could make as many *Figures* of 8, as men liv'd since the *Creation*, whether it would Cast up near the *Sum*; and yet after all, thou may'st have left an *Infinite Vacuum* beyond that determinate Space which thou hast replenish'd with Beings, to shew how *inconsiderable* all that thou hast made, is to what thy *Power* could have done, had it so pleas'd thee. But now, Lord! I will strive to *withdraw my Thoughts* from proceeding any farther into thy
Secrets,

Secrets, lest I run into an *Intricate Dispute* of Infinity, and so *dishonour Thee*, and lose my self in an untraceable *Labyrinth of Conceptions*: So that I'll here put a stay to the Motion of my *swift Thoughts*, and learn by degrees this *Excellent Form of Prayer*.

‘O thou *boundless Creator* of the Worlds!
 ‘what a little *Mole-hill*, or *Bank of Dust* is this
 ‘small *Terrestrial Ball*, which we and all Man-
 ‘kind here *Tread and Trade* upon, when mea-
 ‘sured with the *Works of thy Hands*; for if e-
 ‘very *twinkling Star* that glitters in the *Upper*
 ‘and *Lower Orbs*; I mean those that are *visible*,
 ‘and those that are *not*, are bigger than the
 ‘*Globe* whereon I now walk; what an *immense*
 ‘*Distance* must there needs be *between every one*
 ‘of them? O astonishing *Creation!* a *wonderful*
 ‘*Work* not to be conceived, what a *Power* there
 ‘*was in thee* and the other *sacred Persons* of the
 ‘*Trinity*, when these things were fram’d; and
 ‘what a *Wisdom* there is in thee, the *Father*, *Son*,
 ‘and *Holy Ghost*, in preserving *all things* ever
 ‘since, in the same *curious Order*, and *beautiful*
 ‘*Repair*, as at the *Creation*; and what an *Al-*
 ‘*mighty Breath* must that needs be, whereby
 ‘with *one Blast*, and a *shrill Sound*, all the *In-*
 ‘*habitants* of this *World*, or any other, shall rise;
 ‘the *Earth* or *Earths* be *dissolv’d*, the *Elements*
 ‘shall *melt*, and all those be as if they had ne-
 ‘*ver been*. O my God! how do such *chilling*
 ‘*Thoughts* stop, as it were, the *brisk Career* of
 ‘the *Blood* circulating in my *Veins*, whilst I
 ‘fear

'fear lest I should *offend thy Commands*, at whose
 'Name I now tremble, O thou *great Founder*
 'of all! and much more than Eye can behold
 'with any *new invented Instrument*, tho' never
 'so *artificially made* by the most ingenious: O
 'then be *not angry* at what is past; if I *have*
 'done *amiss*, I'll learn to do *so no more*: Or if I
 'have at any time adventur'd *curiously* to pry
 'too far into thy *wondrous Doings*, I pray thee
 'pass it by, as an *Effect of Zeal*, and receive
 'it not as a *Sin*, for (if a *mortal Man* may be
 'permitted to *speak once* to an *immortal God*),
 'it was only to *confirm my Faith*, and that of
 'others, that none for the future may *pre-*
 '*sume to deny thy Essence*, or disown thy
 'Power.

'But, Lord! no farther do I dare to peep
 'behind the *Curtain* of thy most *visible Rarities*
 'of Providence. No, I have *look'd so far there-*
 '*in*, that I dare gaze *no more*, but *divinely muse*
 'on what I have already *seen*, and learn to
 '*practise* what I now *believe* and know; so that
 'after this my Knowledge, I may not be num-
 'bred among the *careless*, or stand amongst the
 'List of such as *own a Deity*, but *deny the Uni-*
 '*ty* with the second and third Person in the *e-*
 '*ver blessed Trinity*. O my *Eternal King*! may
 'I never be so *blasphemous*, as either by Thought,
 'Word, or Deed, seem to *separate* the glorious
 'Godhead, of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, or
 'ever maintain such an *idle Discourse*; but al-
 'ways be furnish'd with *such Arguments*, and
 unanswer-

‘unanswerable *Reasons*, as to stand my *Ground*,
 ‘and Fight *victoriously*, when attack’d by those
 ‘who pretend they own Thee for the *Creator* of
 ‘the *Universe*, but *presumptuously deny* the *Di-*
 ‘*vinity* of thy *Son*, and my *blessed Redeemer*,
 ‘and that the *Spirit* the *Comforter* is equal with
 ‘Thee in *Power*, *Truth*, and *Justice*, or in the
 ‘least concern’d in the *framing* this *mighty Work*
 ‘of wonder. O then may I *have power* to re-
 ‘sound it in their *Ears* with a *loud voice*, like
 ‘Peals of *terrible Thunder*, that unless they af-
 ‘firm, and believe, that thou the *Father*, *Son*,
 ‘and *Spirit*, are *one and the same*, so as never to
 ‘be *divided* from each other, or *inferior* to one
 ‘another, they will be *undone* and *lost* for e-
 ‘ver.

‘O my God! may I take leave to speak for
 ‘once without offending Thee, and to say, That
 ‘if I know the *Resolutions* of mine own *Soul*,
 ‘tho’ all the *Inhabitants* of the *Earth* should so
 ‘far err from their *Christian Faith*, as to say,
 ‘That thou the *Father of Mercies* caused’st the
 ‘great *Luminary* to shine in the yonder *Sky*,
 ‘without the *Council* of thine *only Son*, and
 ‘*Holy Ghost*, yet I would note it in the *Calen-*
 ‘*dar* of my *Creed* to succeeding *Ages*, That the
 ‘*Bright Sun*, which is computed to be above
 ‘*Seven Millions* of *German Miles* distant from
 ‘this *Earth*, was as much the *Work* of thy *E-*
 ‘*ternal Son*, and that of the *Holy Ghost Eternal*,
 ‘as it was of Thee the *Eternal Father*; for had
 ‘not all Three assisted, and said, it *should be*
 ‘so,

'so, it would never have peep'd out its reful-
 'gent Head through the *thick Casements* of black
 'Darkness, nor given its *glorious Light*, where-
 'by we *poor Mortals* might have beheld its
 'gilded Rays, or measur'd out its *shining Linea-*
 'ments with a Line of *Astronomy*; but for ever,
 'during our stay on Earth, must have wandred
 'thro' the *dismal Shades* of a gloomy *Darkness*,
 'in likeness of those *forsaken* by God and Man:
 'O let not the Lord be angry, if I adventure
 'once again to say, That if I know the *Inten-*
 'tions of mine own mind, tho' I were so sur-
 'rounded with a Band of Men, who without
 'Reason, Fear, or Judgment, should endeavour
 'to distil into the Mind of Men, that thou,
 'the *Fountain of Life*, ordained'st the *Moon*, which
 'now appears by Night in Regions *much lower*
 'than the *Sun*, and is judg'd to be Thirty times
 'lesser in his Diameter than the *Earth*, with-
 'out the *Advice* of *Son* and *Holy Ghost*; yet I
 'will not cease to let them know, That when
 'that *Nocturnal Lamp* was first hung forth, the
 '*Son Almighty*, and the *Holy Ghost Almighty*,
 'were equally concern'd in *setting up* of that
 '*shady Light*, as thou the *Almighty Father*; or
 'otherwise, we the *Inhabitants* of the Earth
 'should never have beheld its *Vicissitudes* and
 'Changes, or been enlightened with its *glimmer-*
 '*ing Beams* in this our Pilgrimage to the Grave;
 'so that all *Generations* that ever liv'd, must
 'have stumbled up and down in many a gloomy
 'Evening,

‘Evening, as so many *benighted Travellers* in
‘their Journey home.

‘Lord, be not *displeas’d*, and I’ll speak but
‘*once* more ; and if I know the secret *Recesses*
‘of my Heart, say, That tho’ I should be so un-
‘happy as to be taken, as in an *Ambuscade*, by
‘those who make *no Scruple* to fill many Sheets
‘with their *unpardonable Lines* ; affirming, That
‘Thou, the *Everlasting Father*, ordered’st every
‘*Star* to be set in the *lofty Orbs* ; some of which,
‘by due Consideration, is thought to be up-
‘wards of 7777777777 Leagues off from the
‘*Earth*, where we now sojourn ; without the aid-
‘ing Hand of *Son*, and *Holy Ghost* ; notwithstan-
‘ding this *sudden surprize*, I would instantly re-
‘lieve *myself*, and put *them all* to flight, by filling
‘some Pages with *strong Proofs* of invincible
‘force, that when the Firmament was *sown so Thick*
‘with those numberless Numbers of twinkling
‘fiery *Diamonds*, That *Emmanuel Uncreate*, and
‘that *Paraclet Uncreate*, was as *aiding* in hanging
‘them up so high, as thou the *Father Uncreate*,
‘or not one of those *Sparkles* would ever have
‘*bespangled the Heavens* with their admirable
‘Glistering ; but the *Poor Mariners* must ever
‘have *steer’d* in *Jeopardy* towards their Appoin-
‘ted Port, as affrighted *Pilots* in a Storm amidst
‘the *Craggy Rocks* and *Quick-Sands*. No, my
‘*Eternal King*, never will I divide the *Trinity*,
‘or lessen the *Unity*, but daily Pray to Thee,
‘the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, to refresh my
‘*languid Soul* with the *besprinkling showers* of
‘*Divine Inspiration*, so that my Spirit be not

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wounded

'wounded by the Hands of those that *hate me* ;
 'even such, whom I have just cause to believe
 'are *now awaken'd* out of the *deep Sleep* of *A-*
 'theism, as a Man by the Out-cries of a *dread-*
 'ful Fire, by the irresistible *Whispers* of proving
 'a *Providence* by the *Extraordinary Works* of
 'Nature ; but are run as *Men becras'd* into a
 'more *dangerous State* of Damnation, which is
 'Deism ; and speaking without any *Considera-*
 'tion of Spirit, that *Jesus* the *Saviour* of the
 'World is *not God* as well as *Man*, nor the
 'Holy Ghost *Coequal* with *God the Father* and
 'Creator. O my God ! bid them all be gone,
 'and be *undone for Ever* ; since I desire to *know*
 'none of *their Ways*, or *dispute* with such as ar-
 'gue, That neither thy *Son*, nor the *Holy Ghost*
 'is any wise *related to Thee*, as to thy *Omnipo-*
 'tency, and *Incomprehensibleness*, without bring-
 'ing one *single Proof* out of *Holy Writ*, why it
 'should be so : O thou *first Person* nam'd in the
 'Three, may all those be *banish'd thy Sight*, and
 'driven as *Chaff before the Wind*, who strive,
 'by any means, to *separate Thee* from the *other*
 'Two, who are all *Coeternal* together in the
 'same *Trinity*.

Now will I shew *my Zeal* to this *united*
Godhead, by gilding it out in *Large Characters*
 on the Pillars of every *House*, where *due Obedi-*
ence is paid to Heaven, That there is *One God the*
Father, *One God the Son*, and *One God the Holy*
Ghost ; and yet not *Three Gods*, but *One God*,
 by reason that every *One* was, is, and ever
 will

will be the same in *Eternity, Might, and Wisdom*; although it is confess'd, That there are *Three Lords*, and yet but *One Lord*, on account that the *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost* seemingly were separated, as *Three Degrees, and Names*, but not any wise divided in *Nature, or Substance*.

O, my God! these are such high *Thoughts* of thy wondrous *Workings* in the Creation, and such noble *Idea's* of the *Mystery* of the *Trinity*, that I scarce know how to put a stay to the *swift motion* of my *running Pen*, or recall my *intent Meditations*, in order to treat of *Subjects* not so amazing and intricate: yet if I stay to make any *further Enlargement*, or seek to *know more* than I have here discover'd, I shall wear out *Nature*, and load my *Spirits* with more than I am able to bear. O then take *Compassion* on me, O thou the *first Cause* of the *Universe*! for I am in a *Conflict* betwixt *Two*, whether I shall cease to enlarge on these *weighty Heads*, or make a *further Progress* therein, since the latter would be *Gain* to those, who can *bear, and conceive* mighty Things of Thee: as to thy *Immensity* and *Godhead*, without ere *staining their Souls* with *Sin*, or *prejudging their Labouring Minds*; but of *no advantage* to others, who are of a *weaker Capacity*, because there are *Arguments* enough already us'd to prove the *certainty* of thy *Being* and *Union* with the *Second and Third Person*; and in such a *Plain and Familiar Stile*, that ev'n Persons arriv'd but to the *Age of Ten years*,

may learn and understand more to the *Eternal Profit* of their Immortal Souls, than many that count *Three score*, by the more elaborate Essays. Therefore I shall chuse rather to bring this *Treatise* to a *speedy Period*, in hopes to profelyte some *young Scholars* to the true *knowledge of God*, and *True Religion*, than to fill a *large Volume* with an Intricate Enlargement, only to gratifie some *Curious Speculators*, that already perfectly understand all that is requisite to be *Known* or *Practis'd*: wherefore I hope it will not be imputed to me, as if I could treat no longer on such *high Topicks*, if I seem to shut up this Chapter, with Enttring upon another, and *Meditating* on the *Blessed Place*, that is fill'd with the *Glory of God's Majesty*, and that of his *Son*, and the *Holy Ghost*.

C H A P. XII.

Divine Thoughts of Glory, or the unlimited Bounds of Heaven.

O God, Christ, and Spirit, One, and yet Three: Three, and yet One! I poor *Offendor* am approaching with all *humility of Heart*, and *Reverence of Soul*, to bow my Face to the *Earth*, and mount my *Meditations* beyond the furthestmost *Stars*, that I may view, by the
piercing

piercing Eye of Faith, where Heav'n is, and how long *my Spirit* shall be in its *Passage* thither, after it hath taken its *ultimate farewell* of the *fleeting Vanities* of *Sense*; and left a *lifeless Body* to be devoured by a *numerous Swarm* of crawling Worms. For it is recorded by the *Learned in Astronomy*, and attested by the *Ingenious*, That the swiftest Motion that ever was, would be many *Thousands of Jubilee Years* in measuring out that *immense Distance* between the *Earth* and the *fixed Stars*: what a tedious while then will it be, ere my *Soul* comes to arrive at the *Royal Seat* where that *Blessed Council* sits? And must my *poor Spirit* be many *Hundreds of Ages* in its *Passage thro'* the *Regions* of the *Air*, after its *releasment* from the *Burden of the Flesh*? O what a *surprize* is this to me, and how do's it *allay the Hopes* I once had, That the Heav'n where I *would fain be* is nigh at Hand, whereby my *Soul*, the *infused Breath* of the *Almighty*, might soon be entred therein, when its *great Work* here on *Earth* was done? O! what a *startling* is this to hear the *sad News*, That this *divine Ray* of my *Immortal Mind* must be so long in his ascending up to the *Gates of Sion*? I fear, these *unwelcome Tidings* will *Slacken* my pace, and cause me to *offend without Control*: O *Father, Son, and Spirit*, may I here be heard to make *Answer* to this my *mournful Complaint*, and not always suffer my *dear Soul* to be afflicted with *Grief*, and *overwhelm'd* with *Flouds of Sorrow*, to think of its

long Voyage from the Lands End of this World to the nearest Port of the Heavenly Jerusalem. O my Soul ! be not cast down, and thus dispirited in thy panting Heart, but dispell all such senseless Fears, and childish Tremblings at thou knowest not what : admit it is so far to the starry Sky, as ever any Mortal suppos'd it to be ; what matter's that to Thee, since thy Passage will be as short to Glory, as if Heaven were just at hand ? For consider, O my affrighted Soul ! That that Council which at one Word made the immense Firmament, fixing all the Stars therein, can, and will in a Moment, or the pulse of an Artery wing Thee up a Million of times Higher, if Glory be so lofty, which in my apprehension some part of it is, if not much sublimer ; for I can't but fancy, That every blessed Inhabitant there, will be Eternally soaring up in the Air of Bliss, and yet never mount so far, as thereby to Duplease, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, or come to the utmost Extent of those Regions ; and in my Opinion, the Limits of Heaven are so exceeding large, that admit a glorify'd Saint were desirous to take a Progress therein for Ten hundred thousand Millions of Years, and to speed as far in ev'ry Moment during that long space of Time, as it is from the variable Moon to the splendid Orb of the dazling Sun, yet that happy Angel would not be near the end thereof : For if this World, or Worlds, are suppos'd to be of such a large Extent, which is made only to continue some

Thousands

Thousands of years, and after will sink into its *Primitive TO HU*; of what an *unlimited* space must these *Regions of Joys* be, where God *Father, Son, and Spirit* eternally dwell? Nay, my *Sentiments* of the *Circumference* of Heaven are yet larger : For supposing every *Star* to be a *World*, and that there are as many *Births* in a *Day* in every one of them, as there are *now Men* living on *this Earth*; and that all of them are to be Heirs of the *New Jerusalem*, yet ev'ry particular Soul would have more room to themselves, if desired, than all those *Worlds join'd together*, and laid in an *open Plain*: Nay, I dare adventure to make *one Essay* more, That the *City* where *Father, Son, and Spirit* reigns, is not to be measur'd by a *Thought*, how *ample* so ever that may be, and how *swiftly* soever it may move. For as God is *Infinite*, and there is *no end* of his *Immensity*; and his *Eternity*, is for ever and will have *no Period*; so is *Glory* beyond all *Bounds, Limits, and Extents* whatsoever. O *Father, Son, and Spirit*, what pure *Contemplations* are these to my Soul! *Thoughts*, that seem to carry me above the *Empty Phantoms* of *Earthly Delights*, and swallow up all my *Desires* in the *Centre of Eternal Bliss*, altho' my *visible Converse* is still here below. What *Happiness* then, O my Soul! mayn't a *Spirit* enjoy on *this side Eternity*, that is once *Inflam'd* with a *zeal* for Heaven, and spends every *Day* in such *mighty Considerations* as these! *Flights*, that do imitate the *Work* of the *Saints* above;

and tell me what shall be thy *Employ* to the Ages of an *Endless Eternity*. For now behold, O my *exalted Soul*! thou art mounted so high on *Contemplation's Wings*, that it is scarcely possible for Thee to *descend*. O then may I evermore be entirely *wean'd* from *Sense*, and never for the future *make any Parley* with Sin: Then all the World, or Worlds below, will appear *vain*, and *vanishing* in mine Eye; for surely had I heard of *those Things* before, I should have long ere now *despis'd*, with a Frown, all the *glittering Crowns*, and *sparkling Jewels*, that we poor *silly Mortals* use to *Adore* and *Worship* as the *only things* to be *desired*, and the stay of all our *Hopes*: But now, behold the *Scene* is chang'd, and all *Earthly Grandure* is become *base* in mine Eyes; yea of *lesser Value*, than *Dust* it self. For the future then, let who will *drudge*, and seem to be all in a *fret*, because they can't win the *Golden Prize*, and adorn their Bodies in *Embroidered Vestures*; I shall never *chase* for the loss of that which *Providence* never *design'd* for me; but so behave my self, as if *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* had privately *whisper'd* these few Words in my Ears: *My Son*, let these *simple Toys* alone, and never *defile your Hands* with perishing *Dust*: Have *Patience* but a while, the Day of Life is *far spent*, and the Evening of Death is *nigh at Hand*, when I will beckon you home to my *Mansions of Glory*, where there is laid up in Store for you, infinitely more *precious Pearls* and *solid Treasures*.

Treasures, than what you here *see*, or can possibly enjoy; *Gems of a Luster too bright* to be look'd upon by any *Mortal Eye*, which will never *Change* their *Value*, neither will they ever *fail*, or *wear away* by *Time*.

These are the *Wealth*, *Honour*, and *Riches*, that shall be the *worthy Objects* of my allowable *Ambition*, and nothing else shall ever *satisfie* my *Desires*: For were a *Thousand Worlds* to be laid as a *Present* at my *Feet*, with a *Lease* to *Reign* over them all as an *Imperial Monarch*, for *Ten hundred thousand years*; and this *Clause* annexed to it, That I should never have any *Vexation* from the *Day* of my *Coronation*, to that of my *going down* to the *Sepulchre*, I would reject the *Offer* with this *Denyal*: What tell you me of *States* and *Empires*, I value them not, since I enjoy a *Kingdom* within mine *own Breast*, and sway a *Scepter of Peace* in a quiet *Mind*, and shall ere long be install'd a *Prince* of the *Most Noble Order* of the *Heavenly Host*; where my *blessed Reign* will not *Expire* at so short a *Period of Duration* as that of *Ten thousand Ages*, nor that of so many *Hundreds of Thousands of Millions*? Then why tempt ye me with such a *short-liv'd Government*, since nothing shall give *satisfaction* to my *soaring Ambition*, less than a *never-fading Habitation* of *Celestial Joys*, from which I shall *never be remov'd*? And be it known to you, rather than I will lose such a *lasting Post* of *Honour*, I'll adventure to sail thro' *Seas of Blood*.

Blood, and travel over Mountains of Fire, if call'd unto it; yea, nothing shall be requir'd of me, but I will joyfully undergo it for the Purchase of what I have now in chase: for, if the very view of Heaven, at so vast a distance, be so ravishing to my Soul, as to draw me up into an Extasy of Admiration, and extinguish all my Love to Pleasures, and Aversion for Painful sufferings in such an extraordinary a Degree, that I could even sing in the midst of a Caldron of boiling Oil, or triumph to see my tender Bones shatter'd to splinters on a Wheel; what ravishing Delights shall I enjoy, when I meet Father, Son, and Spirit in the Orbs above? Not those where the material Sun now shines, or the Planets rule, but Mansions that are higher than they, and infinitely more exceeding them in glorious Beauty and Circumference, than a stately Palace the most homely Cottage, or the most Magnificent Cathedral a Fox's Den. For there the most admirable Works of the Trinity will appear in all their Beauty, Splendor and Perfection, in such an extraordinary manner, that I can't but conclude, That when I come to behold the glittering Mass of Glory, and see the astonishing Wonders of that Seat of Happiness; I shall seem, as it were, to chide my self for admiring this Creation, in such a measure, as if I had thought that the Godhead could not have created a better: For all that I can now conceive about it, if compar'd to what will then appear to me, will be

but

but as the *Thoughts* of a silly Child gazing with *Admiration* on a *lighted Straw*, in regard to *those* he would have when beholding a *gilded Branch* stuck full of *blazing Lights*. O then! may I, without Offence to *Father, Son, or Spirit*, presume to give a *faint Idea* of that *Blessed Palace* before my arrival there: And my *Design* herein is not to make an *over-nice Enquiry* into the *Secrets* of *another World*, or pry into what the *Council* of the *Trinity* was doing before the *Foundation* of the *World* was laid; but for the *Encouragement* of my self and others, to make some sort of *Representation* of what we are to wish and hope for: not but that I know, when I have *done my best* therein, it will all be *Nothing* to *what is there*, and I shall only be like the *Messenger*, that brought the *Queen of Sheba* an imperfect Account of the *Glory* of *Solomon's Court*; which when she came to see with her *own Eyes*, appeared much more *magnificent*, than all she had ever *heard thereof*, or heretofore *had seen*; only the *Relation* serv'd to *entice* her thither, as I hope *this Report* of mine will make *many* *strive* to view it here by the *Eye of Faith*, as I now do, that when the *Race* is run, they may *behold the Glory* of it, and *experimentally know*, whether it be so or not. But to proceed, in *Heaven* there is an *inconceivably Illustrious Splendour*, that will shine to the *long Ages* of *Eternity*; not such an one as we *now see* sneaking behind a *dark Cloud*, and sometimes seemingly to *blush*, as a *young Virgin*
that

that is asham'd of she knows not what *Indecency*: No, one that is Ten thousand times clearer than ever was that, in the *greatest Glory* of its *Meridian Splendor*, and such an one that will never suffer a *frightning Eclipse*, or be darken'd by an *Evening Shade*. But here perhaps some, *more curious* than others, may be desirous to know how *lofty* and *large* this *Sun* is, and from whence all its *Influence* proceeds? First I answer, It is as *high* as Heaven it self, which I have so *lately described*, that it would seem to favour more of a *Repetition* than an *Information*, if I should pretend to make *another Essay* thereon. And *secondly*, As for the Diameter of it, I return a Reply, That it is as large in *Circumference*, as the *Kingdom of Glory*, which I told you is past *all Limits*. But as to the *Third Enquiry*, I answer, That all its *shinings* proceed from *Father, Son, and Spirit*; as most evidently appears from Rev. 21. 23. *And the city had no need of the Sun, neither of the Moon to shine in it: for the Glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof*; which you may compare with Is. 60. 19. *The Sun shall be no more thy Light by Day, neither for Brightness shall the Moon give Light unto thee: But the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting Light, and thy God thy Glory*. Which will here oblige me once more to break out into a *Rapture of Admiration*, and even lead us *beyond our selves*, by supposing there are *Three Suns*, and yet but *One Sun, Three Luminaries*, and yet but

but *One Luminary: Three shining Substances*, and yet but *One shining Body*: For the Father is a *Sun in Glory*, Christ is a *Sun in Glory*, and the Spirit is a *Sun in Glory*, and yet there are not *Three Suns in Glory*, but *One Sun in Glory*, which is God the *Father, Christ, and the Holy Spirit*, united in One and the same *glorious Sun*; so likewise there are *Three Luminaries in Heaven*; The Father is a *Luminary*, being stiled by St. *James 1. 17. the Father of Lights*, with whom *there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning*. The Son is a *Luminary*, *Job. 3. 19. Light is come into the world*, thereby meaning the Son of God: And the Holy Ghost is a *Luminary*, *Act. 2. 3. And there appeared unto them cloven Tongues, like as of Fire, and sate upon each of them*, meaning the Holy Ghost. And yet there are not *Three Luminaries in Heaven*, but *One Luminary*; which is *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, join'd into *one Luminary*: so likewise the Lord *Jehovah* is a *shining Substance* in the *New Jerusalem*; *Emanuel* Jesus is a *shining Substance*, and the blessed *Paraclet* is a *shining Substance*; and yet there are not *Three shining Substances* in the *New Jerusalem*, but *one shining substance*, which is the everlasting *Father, Emanuel the Jesus* and the *Blessed Spirit* united in *One shining substance*; so that one *Illumination* is not higher than the other *Illumination*, but all the *Three* are *Coequal* together, as to their *Influence*; and if we may so speak, *Circumference, or Limits*.

But now methinks I hear the more *refined Wits* of the Age asking me, When this Light
first

first appear'd on the Regions of *everlasting Bliss*, and of what *duration* it is, as also if there be any other *Shining Bodies* there? As to the *First*, I reply, That the *ever blessed* Godhead had neither *beginning of Days*, nor will ever have any *end of Duration*; in so much, that the *Illumination* which proceeds from *Father, Son, and Spirit*, was from *Eternity*, and will be *Everlasting*. To the *second* Question I answer, That there is neither *Sun, Moon, Stars*, nor *Planets*, nor any other Thing whatsoever which affords the least *glimmering*, but every thing therein borrows its *Brightness* from the *Trinity*. O then! what a *Dazling Ray* must that be, which *enlightens* all the *Plains of Joy*, and makes every *seraphick soul* appear with a transparent glance of *glorious Light*? And my Opinion is, That if one of those *happy Spirits* were permitted but for a *Day* to look thro' the *Casements of Paradise*, on us *poor Mortals* here below, it would either *strike us dead*, or make us *shine like Blazing Comets*. Then what a *mean piece of Work* is this *material Sun* of ours, if compar'd to that in *Heaven*? Alas! it is not so much as a *Glowworm* on a *Mole-hill* would be to a *blazing Beacon* on a *Mountain*: O then hasten ye *Nations* of the *World*, and *Christian People* every where, and come and spy with me, thro' the *Telescope of Faith*, the yonder bright *Illumination* that arose from *Eternity*, and will be rising to *everlasting Ages*; for behold, it is the *bright Luminaries* of *Three Persons* united into one and the same *Sun*, that shines not with any *borrow'd splendour*, but *illuminates*

minates with an *uncreated Light* proceeding from it self. O! then admire to see a Region that is *Infinitely larger* in its *Diameter* than this whole *Creation* would be, tho' we should make account that *every Star* is incircled with its *planetick World*, and each of these *Terrestrial Planets*, to be as far distant from *each other*, as this World is from the *Upper Sky*. O! then come away, why stand ye thus gazing on a pale-fac'd Moon? and seem to make such *Admiration*, because you espy therein *large Tracts* of Land? Admit there should be *Inhabitants* according to your *Conjecture*, what a small Work is that for a *Godhead* to perform? Would you know what that *Power* can do, and see a piece of its *finest Art*? Behold, here I have it in *my View*, and if your Eyes are as *clear sighted* as those of *mine*, you'll see a *Heaven*, where for ever lives an *innumerable Company* of *Saints* and *Angels*, just *Men*, and pious *Women*, adorn'd with rich *Attire*, and a *Star* risen over their *righteous Heads*, with lighted Beams of *Splendor*; not of such an *Influence* as will any wise annoy their *Souls*, or *interrupt* their *Joys*, but such an one as will ever *revive* their *glorious Spirits*, and cause them for ever to *rejoice*. O then stand astonish'd at this *stupenduous Sight*, and adore the *Essential Cause*, which is *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*; and then you will ere long be convey'd into *this Light*, that is *inaccessible* to *Mortality*, and full of *Glory*; where you'll for ever *sparkle* as so many *shining Stars*, on the glorious-

Eminencies

Eminencies of Zion Hill. O then no longer stay to look on the *Dark Spots* in an *Eastern Sun*; neither be so vainly *Speculative*, as to amuse your *Thoughts* to know whether they are *Worlds*, or not: supposing they are *Mighty Nations*, and more *refined People* than any of you, how *trifling* will these *Things* all appear, and how *obscurely dim* this *our Sun*, when you come to peep thro' that *small Crevice* of true *Belief*, and behold that *Lamp of Glory*, which has neither *Earth, Hills, or Motes* in its *Luminous Aspect*: Certainly such a *Prospect* will be sufficient to confront and baffle all your *Astonishment* at *Things* here below, and make you center your *finest Speculations* on that *Wonderful Luminary*, concerning which it *never was*, nor *ever will* be debated among the *Inmates of Zion*; whether there are any *Freckles* to be observ'd in its *Illustrious Features*? neither will it be *inquir'd* by any of those *seraphick spirits*, what *Matter* or *Elementary Substance* it consists of? but one and all will for ever *admire* it as an *Object* capable to excite their *everlasting Admiration*, and to *sate*, to perpetuity, their *boundless Desires* of *never-fading Bliss*; and which will make all the *Host of Heaven* infinitely happy to the *endless Ages of Eternity*.

O then raise your *Affections* as high as mine, by considering that there is no piece of the *Eternal Decree* equal to this in *Luster, Art, and Curiosity*; stand no longer still, *viewing* the misty *glimmers*, that proceed from a *Light* which will
soon

soon be *blown out* and *darkned* for ever, by the appointed *Order* of Three Persons, but *One Eternal God*; but know, that when you have liv'd over an *Innocent Life*, and your *Virgin Souls* come to be separated from your *Chast Bodies*, you will *spirit* it through the *Regions* of this *troublesome World* towards the *Gates* of the *New Jerusalem*, which are all over *Illuminated* with the kind *Reflections* from that *Glorious Light*, which proceeds from *Father, Son, and Spirit*; and never doubt, but if the outward *Portals* of your *Father's House* seem, as it were, to be beset all over with *Jaspers* and *Amethyft Stones*, before you step in; how surprising will it appear, when you make your *publick Entrance* within its Walls, and take a *fair Prospect* over the boundless *Plains of Bliss*.

Shall I here stay to make a Comparison between *Earth* and *Heaven*? Alas! it can't be done, since no *Similitude*, tho' made by the quaintest *Fancy*, and Eloquently *express'd* by the most *Skilful Rhetorician*, can give any tolerable *Idea* of that *Transcendent Glory*. O then speed away, ye *short sighted Mortals*! why stand ye thus staring at the *Planetary Bodies*, and *fixed Stars*? What tho' they are so *high* and *large* as some say they be, and *replenish'd* with an innumerable *Company of Inhabitants*? For shame, look above those *little Sparkles*; what if they contain'd as great *Trading Nations* as those of ours, they are all *Mortal*, and will see an *End*. But I have fortunately found out by my long and diligent

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Study

study in that *noble Science* of true *Piety*, a glorious *increated Star*; by which all others are as far exceeded in *Height*, *Duration*, and *Circumference*, as is a *Crystal Stone* set in the *Roof* of a *Dungeon*, by that *Sun* which breaks out of the *Ruddy Clouds*, in the *Morn* of a *clear Summer's Day*: I say, come away, and drag the *Atheist* and *Deist* along with you, whether they *will or no*, that I may ask them what they say to all this which I've *lately declar'd*, in order to prove a *God*, and a *Trinity*: surely they will own their *gross Mistake*, or be *confounded* for ever: For where is that *Blasphemer*, and in what *Climate* can he be found, who is so *strongly fortify'd* with *Unbelief*, and deeply *intrench'd* into *Deism*, that can hold out against all these *repeated Attacks* of *God's Wonders* in *Heaven* and *Earth*, and withstand the *invincible Armies* of *Arguments*, that prove a *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*, *Three in One*, and *One in Three*? A *Mystery*, but not too hard to be *believ'd*; *Astonishing*, but not so *startling* as to confound; *Strange*, but not so *admirable* as to be deny'd; *Intricate*, but yet not so *difficult* as to be disown'd. O then, may all cry out with *one Hosanna Shout*, How admirable is the *Work of God* to our *Souls* in this his *Creation* here below! We formerly were in the *Belief*, that the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and *Planets* were nothing near so *high* and *wonderful*, as is here declar'd; but when we came to perceive, by the *Eye of Reason*, that this *Opinion* was not a *Night-Dream*,

Dream, or the meer *Fancies* of a few *pratling Astrologers*, but the *Judgment* of all *Judicious* and *Learned Men* that were well skill'd in *Astronomy*; then we thought it time to *hiss the Atheist* from off the *Stage*, as not fit to act the part of a *Reasonable Creature*; and then we made no more doubt of the *Being* of a *Sovereign Creator*, than we do, that all the *Harbingers of Death* will one *Day* joyn their *united Forces* in *Battel-Array*, and come and beat *Life* out of its last *Forts*, we mean our *Hearts*: But when the *Curtain* of *Heaven* came to be *drawn aside*, and we were suffer'd to look within the *Scene of Glory*, through the *Glass of Faith*, and behold *Three bright Suns*, united into one *blazing Luminary*, being still *Three Persons*, but *One Essence*, bearing the true Name of *God All-Powerful*; we stood astonish'd that we, or any other *professing Reason*, should be such *Purblind Animals*, as not to be forcibly won over to own a *Deity, Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier*; equally concern'd in the *Works of Creation, Redemption, and Sanctification*: that is, *One God the Father*, the *Maker of Heaven and Earth*; *One God the Son*, the *Saviour of the World*; and *One God the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier*, proceeding from the *Father and the Son*, without any *diversity of Essence*, or *difference* in their *Eternal Majesty and Kingdom*. But should there any be so *harden'd with Sin*, and *infascinated with Iniquity*, as still to refuse to hang out the *Flag of Faith*, and treat with their

Great Creator, or beat a Parley for owning a Godhead; I'll bid them stand it out a little longer, and their *wide Breaches* shall be entred by the *whole Body* of the *Trinity*; when they will all be put to the *Sword of Justice*, and behold their *sad Mistake*, when no *Quarter* can be given them, tho' intreated for with *Dying Groans*, and *Fainting Cries*. O then Sleep on, ye *slumbering Atheists*, in a state of *Infidelity*, and never own an *Infinite Being*. For my part, I'll *confess a God*, and call him my *Maker*, by acknowledging *all that I see*, whether by *Sight* or *Faith*, to be the *Works of his own Hands*; continue in your fatal *Lethargy*, ye *desperate Deists*, who deny the *Divinity* of *Christ*, and consequently his *Equality* with *God* in his *Divine Attributes*: I shall ever say, O *God the Father*, O *God the Son*, and O *God the Holy Ghost*; such as the *One* is, are they *All*, and *no one* will I presume to name without the *other*; neither will I pay more *Religious Reverence* to the *first* than the *last*, or to the *last* than the *first*; but for ever *comprehend* them all in *One*. This is my *Faith* wherein I live, the *Belief* wherein I'll dye, and by this *Unity in Trinity* I own, I shall be judg'd either to *endless Pains*, or *perpetual Joys*. And thus I bid the *Reader* of this *Essay* an *heartly farewell*, wishing that his *Dear Soul* may strike in with *that of mine*, and subscribe his *Name* to this *Orthodox Confession*; adding thereunto a *Life of Justice, Equity, and Truth*, that thereby we may *do to all, as we would be done unto*; and then

I shall never reckon any Man *Unhappy*, or my self *Unfortunate*, tho' he can't comply to bow at the *Altar*, or submit to use the *Sign of the Cross* in *Baptism*, according to the Custom of the *Establisht Church of England*, of which I profess my self a Member; and such an one as hath been faithful to her *Communion* ever since the Day of my *Birth*, or that of my *Baptism*; and am purposely resolv'd to live and die within her Bosom. But perhaps some may seem to be startled at this *Digression*, and ask me why I close this *Essay*, in telling the World what Opinion I am of? I grant, that at the first *View* it may be look'd upon as *Foreign* to the *Subject* in hand: but I hope, when the *Reason* is given, it will soon be excus'd, even by the most angry *Spirit*. Many that know me not, have been pleas'd to assert, that I am a *Dissenter*, because I affirm, That every Person that *Subscribes his Name* to an *Orthodox Confession*, and orders his *Conversation* suitably thereunto, is no *Schismatick*; notwithstanding that he *disagrees* from the Church of *England*, as by Law *Establisht*, by *refusing* to pay *Obedience* to her *Forms* and *Ceremonies*. I am sorry that any who profess themselves *genuine Sons* of that *Community*, should so far expose themselves to the *scorn* of all *quick-sighted Men*, as to affirm, that any makes a *Schism* in our Church, but such as live lives *unanswerable* to the *Purity* of her *Doctrine*. I maintain and confirm in all my *Discourses* the 39 *Articles*, that were drawn up

by the *Fathers of our Church*, and confirmed by the *Laws of the Realm*; and that all the *Speeches* and *Tracts* which lay *Schism* at the Doors of all *Dissenters*; amongst whom, I hope it is allow'd, that there are many *Good Men*, especially among the *Presbyterians* and *Independants*, do positively deny the true *Intent* and *Meaning* of every one of them, especially of the 19th. which runs thus: 'The Visible Church of Christ is a Congregation of faithful Men, in the which the pure Word of God is Preached; and the Sacraments are duly administred according to Christ's Ordinance, in all those things which, of necessity, are requisite to the same. So that I must here take leave to tell those that differ with me in their *Moderation* and *Charity* towards all well-meaning *Christians*, especially those *two Excellent Bodies* but now nam'd, they *Dissent* as much from *this Article* and our *Mother Church*, as a *Baptist*, or a *Philadelphian*. So that I shall for the future look upon all as no *genuine Members* of the *Excellent Church of England*, that presume by any means whatsoever to blast the *Doctrine* or *Persons* of those *Professors*; for, in so doing, they *apparently disparage* their own: Since all the *Dispute* between us, is but as if two *Divines* that could not agree in *some Matters* of no Importance, should be so *displeas'd* with each other, as to take two *different* ways to *Sion Colledge*, and not meet by the way to argue with each other till their *arrival* there; which perhaps it may be well *they did not*, be-
cause

cause a further *Argument* of *Philosophy*, or *Astronomy* might have risen, that all the *Library* there could not have decided, or therein have given an *entire satisfaction* to each Party. No: no: Whatever *others* do, as for *my part*, I'll never be *angry* with a Man because he *refuses* to run his *Chariot* in the same Ruts or Tracks with those of *mine*: All that I would do in such a Case, should be to give him my *best Advice*, by telling him, that I had chosen the *soundest Bottom* to waft me to my *designed Harbour*, and the *safest way* to his and mine appointed *Stage*; and beseech his *good Conversation* in his *Journey* thither; which if *slighted*, and he should do any otherwise *than well*, I should rather *pity* his *Indiscretion*, than *reflect* on his *Conduct*; and be so *Charitable*, as to believe he *did all* for the *best*, tho' it unhappily prov'd *otherwise* to his *Misfortune*. Or if you please, but take the Case thus: Admit I were *Obstinate*, and should refuse to *Travel* with my *near Neighbour* to the *Residence* of our common Master, in the way which he *approves* of, and which appears to be the *best* in the *Consequence*; doth it follow, that he should be so *turbulent* and *morose*, as to pull me out of my *Seat*, shut the *Door*, and take my *Cattle* from me, and hale my *Person* to *Prison*, tho' he knew the *Lord of the Mannor* had suffer'd two several *Gates* to lye open, that all *Travellers* may take which way they please, without the least *let* or *hindrance* to their *secular Affairs*, since both lead to *one and the same place*. Certainly, such

Proceedings as these would rather demonstrate a *Robber* than a *Friend*, or an *Hard-hearted Jew* than a good *Samaritan*. Whosoever then will, may *Persecute* their *Innocent Brethren* in their passage to *Eternity*, because they refuse a *compliance* to fashion themselves to their *morose humour*, in things of no *weight* or *moment*; I shall ever be *obliging* to all, and *ill-natur'd* to none; especially those that *profess* the *Truth*, and are near related to me in *all things pertaining to Salvation*: nay, I will shew my self so *respectful* to their *Doctrine* and *Persons*, as to enter their *places of Worship*, when I have no *Opportunity* to fall down and *Worship* God in *Publick*, after mine own *Judgment*; which often falls out on *Week-days*, as well as the *Lord's Day*, witness *Morning* and *Evening Lectures*: Even so would I intreat all that *Dissent* from our *Communion*, to favour us with their *Company*, on all *such like Opportunities*. This would be *acceptable to God*, and all those that are in love with *true Religion*, and not a *bare Opinion* and *empty Name* only of I know not what *Party*, *Seēt*, or *Opinion*. For let me tell thee, O Man, whatever thou art, that all *Titles* of any *Churches*, unless that of *Christ's Universal Catholick Church*, are but as *Numbers Pencil'd* out over the *several Doors* of the *Inns of Court*, to inform *Clients* where such and such a *Counsellor* may be found, or what particular *Court* or *Courts* they *rightly belong* unto; notwithstanding they practise one and the same *Laws of the Land*, tho' in a *different*, and after
several

several ways of *proceeding* in their *Process*, *Suits*, or *Actions*; and he that orders a *Writ* to be taken out in *White-Chappel*, or the *Marshalsea's* Court, Sues as justly in his *Princes Name*, and makes use of his *Majesties Dignities* and *Titles*, as much as he doth, whose *Suit* lies dependant in the *King's Bench*, or *Common Pleas*, and will have the *same Justice* done him towards the casting of his *Adversaries*, provided he *proves* his *Debt*, and *makes good* his *Title*, unless he meets with a *bribed Judge*, or a *perjur'd Jury*—Why? Even thus stands the *Case* with all *Professors*; it matters not whether we put up our *Petitions* to *Almighty God* in a more *stately Cathedral*, or a *homely Meeting-place*, provided they are sincere, and we can make out our *Right to Heaven*, by the two faithful *Witnesses* of a *Christian Belief*, and a *pure Conversation*, when we come to *prefer our Bill* at the *High Chancel-Bar* in *Glory*, before a *Just Master*, that will not be *Byass'd* nor *laid aside*, either by *Frowns* or *Flatteries*, but will deal with every one according to their *several Demerits*. No: no: The calling my self a *Disciple*, or *Member* of the best *Establish'd Christian Community* in the *Universe*, will conduce no more of it self to my *Attainment* of *Everlasting Salvation*, than a *Drop of Water* may be thought *sufficient* to quench a *raging Fire*, unless I am thoroughly *Sanctify'd* in *Soul*, *Body*, and *Spirit*. Therefore I shall ever pray, that *Almighty God* would, of his infinite *Mercy*, *give me* and all other *Professors*, the *Sincerity*, and not the *Form*; the *Treasure*,

sure, and not the Title; the Substance, and not the Shadow; unless he's pleas'd of his own Free-Will to link the one with the other, and present the latter as a Badge of Honour to Silver over the former, that thereby they may both shine together, as Varnish laid on Noble Wood, or Faith join'd with good Works.

C H A P. XIII.

Christ invited to a Marriage in Cana of Galilee. John II. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

The third Day there was a Marriage in Cana of Galilee, &c.

NOW haste away all ye that love the *Conversation* of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, and behold this his *First Miracle* with astonishing *Wonder*; come and take your fill of *New Wine* without *Mony*, and without *Price*; for this your *Dear Redeemer* will turn *clear Water* into *sparkling Wine*, by a *Word* of his *Mouth*, or a *Sign* with his *Hand*. Oh then come! and let us give *glory* to his *Name*, for this his *wonderful Doing*, since nothing less than a *God made Man*, can work such a *wonderful Effect*. O then admire that the *Second Person* in the ever glorious *Trinity*, should descend

descend from yonder *Heaven of Bliss*, and put on the Rags of *Human Nature*; fasting *Forty Days and Forty Nights* in a *barren Wilderness*, and after wait at a *Wedding* to serve the *bidden Guests* with *Wine*: Oh profound *Mystery*, and unheard of *Condescension*! that the *Darling* of the *New Jerusalem* should seem so *extraordinarily pleas'd* at a *Man and a Woman's joining themselves* together in the *Bonds of Holy Matrimony*, as to become a *Guest* on that occasion, who was *never seen before* at any *Publick or Private Feast*; but on the *contrary*, us'd, as it were, to retire into *secret places*, and sometimes leave the *familiar Society* of his *Dear Disciples*, to *Fast and Pray*, and live an *austere* kind of *Life*: How exceedingly then are *you oblig'd* to the *Saviour of the World*, all ye that are entred into a *Married State*, because he honoured you with *his Presence*, when you took off the *Reproach* of a *sinful Life*, and became both as *one Flesh*? Wherefore never dare to cast a *Lascivious Eye* on the *Dress* or *Person* of any other, but *your beloved Spouse*; for you see, that *Christ* wrought his *first Miracle*, when you came both together, and *made a Vow* before *God, Men, and Angels*, to forsake all, by *embracing each other* with a lasting *Love*. May every one, *professing Christianity*, so admire his *wedded Bride*, as not to be enamour'd with the *loose Attire* of an *Harlot*, or the *fleering Smiles* of a painted *Sepulchre*: neither let any *Woman* that hopes to be fav'd, *forsake the Bed* of her *chosen Bridegroom*, for the *Amours* of any
Man,

Man, or the *momentary satisfaction* of a *beastly Desire* that comes with a *Judgment*, and ends in a *panting Heart*, if not a *sudden fear* of a *speedy discovery* of so lew'd a *Crime*. Therefore reform all ye that can *chuse* with an *intent* to be *false*, Marry with a *Design* to *hate*, and Sin with a *defiance* to *Heaven*; for be it proclaim'd to you *Adulterers* and *Adultereſſes*, that ye are only *practical Atheists* drest up in a *Christian Garb*, because you outwardly *deny Christ* in your *Actions*, and *disown* this his wonderful *Miracle* in your *Life*: And let me tell you, that *unless* you *Repent* and *Believe* in this very *Jesus*, that has now turn'd *Water* into *Wine*, you will one Day find, that his *Power* can turn you from the *Gates of Heaven* into *Hell*, where you'll court *Happiness* in a *Thousand Shapes*, but shall never enjoy it to the *tedious Ages* of a long *Eternity*.

C H A P. XIV.

Christ *whipping out those that Bought and Sold in the Temple.*

JOHN II. 13, 14, 15, 16.

And the Jews Passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the Temple those that sold Oxen, and Sheep, and Doves, and the Changers of Mony sitting. And when he had made a Scourge of small Cords, he drove them out of the Temple, and the Sheep and the Oxen, and poured out the Changers Mony, and overthrew the Tables; and said unto them that sold Doves, Take these things hence, make not my Father's House an House of Merchandize.

Come and attend unto me, all ye that bear a *good will to Sion*, and *Love the Lord Jesus Christ*; for I fear we shall find a *more numerous* Brood of Sinners, lurking within the *Quire*, among the *People of God*, than those that our *Lord and Master* is now *beating away* from the outer Courts; I mean

mean such as only wear the *Badge* of an outward *Profession*, and approach the *House of the Lord* only out of a *Form*, because they would seemingly appear in the same *Fashion* with those of their *Righteous Neighbours*, and pass for good, tho' they are of a *Counterfeit Stamp*. But perhaps some may here make a stop, and say: The *Market* is removed from off the *Holy Ground*, and all the *Buyers* are fled; where then is one *Offender* left? To which I answer: Stay a-while, till the *Chiming-Bells* Ring in their *Evening Peals*, and all the *Folk* are come to *Church*, and then I will shew you the *Good* and the *Bad*, by unmasking the *secret Recesses* of their *Hearts*, and disclosing the *private Intentions* of their *Souls*; and shewing thee who is *Righteous*, and who is *not*, ev'n from them that sit at ease in the *Chancel Pews*, to those that stand wearied in the *lowest Isle*; see'st thou yonder *Four Persons* plac'd in the *Carved Pew*, right opposite to the *Reader's Desk*, viz. *Two Men*, and *Two Women*, their Names are *Abraham*, *Sarah*, *Judas*, and *Jezabel*; the former are the *Children* of the *Most High God*, the latter the *Son* and *Daughter* of *Perdition*; as will appear by the *lively Description* I shall give of their *different Natures*, and *Designs*.

SECTION I.

The Character of Abraham, with a Rehearsal of his Humble Petitions poured forth to God in the House of Devotion.

A *Braham's* intention of coming hither this Day, is to offer a *Sacrifice* of Praise, precious in the sight of his God; as may be seen by the Gravity of his Person, the Sedateness of his Mind, the Sweetness of his Countenance, the Humbleness of his Behaviour, and the Plainness of his Garb: But that which illustrates all, is the Purity of his Soul, the Holiness of his Life, the Serenity of his Spirit, and the many good Actions of his Charity; for this is the Man of whom it may be truly said, *in him there is no Guile*. O precious Soul! that can Flight thy Thoughts to the Regions above, and wean thy Desires from the fantastical Toys of a gorgeous World, while living here below. Are any offended, that this worthy Man is placed in the uppermost Seat of the Synagogue? Alas! tho' his Body standeth there, his Soul is as humble before the great Searcher of hearts, as if his Person were among them that are waiting to crave an Alms, when the Blessing is given, and the People departing: For his coming hither was not to be seen of Men, but to present his Devout Addresses to God. I saw him come in with his loving Spouse, long before

before Prayers began, and before *Judas* and *Jezebel* made their *Appearance* in the Church, and heard him *whisper* out this *inspired Prayer*. O Lord! my *beloved Consort* and I are approach'd *thy Courts* in the *Evening* of the Day, when many *Transgressors* are *Trimming* their *Bodies* and *Varnishing* their *Faces*, in order to Enter the *lew'd Theaters*, where Sin is set off with a *fair Countenance*, and a *fine shape*; or to *air themselves* in *Hide-Park*: Lord! we should appear as *vile as they*, tho' waiting in *thy House*, if we should suffer *sinful Thoughts* to enter our *pure Souls*, or let *wandring Desires* have room near the *secret Recesses* of our *Hearts*: No; dear God! our *Duty* is, when in *thy Temple*, or drawing nigh to thee in *Evening Prayer*, not only to say *farewell to Sin*, but even to bid our *secular Affairs* stay at home, till we have punctually paid our *Vows* to thee our *Heavenly King*; and shew'd thee the *Fruits* of our *Belief*. O how melodious are the *Sounds* of the *Abbey Bells* to our *Exalted Souls*! because their *Chiming Tunes* puts us in mind of those *harmonious Strains* that we shall one Day hear rung out with loud *Peals of Joy* to God the Father, our Supreme Creator, *Christ* our dear Redeemer, and the *Holy Ghost* our sweet *Sanctifier*, during an *Eternal Day* that will never end in an *obscure Night*, or, in the least, be *darkened* with a *flying Cloud*. O happy *Season of Grace* is this, where we have time allow'd us for *private Ejaculations*, before *Divine Service* begins, and after join with
the

the *Select Number* of the *Faithful* in hearing *Publick Prayers*, and singing *Hymns* of Praise to our God, before the going down of the Sun, or closing our *Temples* to rest: Then Thrice-praised be the God of our *Salvation*, for affording us *Set Times* of *Appearance* before his *Altar*, at three different *Hours* in every *Day* to *Sanctifie* his *Name*, and hear his *Saints* cry out, with one united *Voice*, Holy, Holy, Holy, O Lord God of *Hosts*! *Heaven* and *Earth* is full of thy *Majesty* and *Glory*. To thee all *Angels* cry aloud, the *Heavens* and all the *Powers* therein: To thee *Cherubims* and *Seraphims* continually do cry, when *Ten Thousands*, and *Hundreds of Thousands*, that bear the *lively Image* of thee their *Sovereign Creator*, are wandering on the *dark Mountains* of *Vanity*, and straying in the pathless *Desarts* of *Error*, having had the unhappiness to be born into the *World* in *Places* where the *Voice* of *Moses* and the *Prophets* can not reach to tell them, that our God is their *Lord*, and that their *Maker* is our *Framer*. Then what shall we render unto thee, O *Father* of *Mercies*, and God of *Goodness*, but *Praises* in thy *Sanctuary*, with the joyful noise of *Thanksgiving*, for making us *Christians*, and conveying us hither, where thou *Delightest* to be worship'd in *Pureness* of *Heart* and *Sincerity* of *Soul*. But, Lord! how can our *Spirit* sufficiently *mourn* for such a *People* in *Foreign Lands*, as know not what is meant by the *Name* of thee the *Sanctifier*. O then let us joy for the *Sweet Refreshing* of the *Gospel*; but not so as to suffer our *Mirth* to

run into the *Channel* of the too *swift Streams* of exalted *Songs*, lest we forget to *commiserate* those that can't understand their own *Misfortune*, or know not how *Unhappy* they be without a *Jesus*. Neither may we *sorrow* to that *Excess* for the *ill Fate* of others, as to melt into a *Sea of brackish Tears*, and thereby forget the *Favours* of thee, O *God*! so wonderfully poured down upon us: But let our *Moderation* be such, as never to exceed the *set Bounds* of those *Two contrary Passions*, but *supplicate* devoutly, that *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Jews* may leave the *Shades of Death*, and tread the *Paths of Life*; and pray *Divinely*, That our *Souls* may escape the *crooked Paths* that lead to *Eternal Ruin*, and find the way to *Heaven*: All which we beg, for the sake of the *Son of thy Love*, in whom thou art well pleased; and to whom be ascribed *Adoration*, *Thanksgiving* and *Praise*, now and for *Evermore*. Amen, Amen, Amen.

S E C T I O N II.

The Character of Sarah with the Excellent Form of words she made use of in waiting on Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the Assembly of his People.

DURING the time that *Abraham* was thus pouring out his *Soul* to *God*, *Sarah* was offering up her *private Devotions* to her
Hea-

Heavenly Father, in this most Excellent Prayer.
 " O thou *Infinite Creator* of the *Universe*, I poor
 " *degenerate Sinner* am come to bless thy *Holy*
 " *Name* amidst thy *Saints*, for the manifestation
 " of thy *Son Christ Jesus* in the *Flesh*, by whose
 " *Merits* I shall be cleans'd from all the *malignant*
 " *Stains* of Sin, especially those committed by
 " my *Treacherous Mother, Eve*; who by break-
 " ing the *Blessed Command*, lost her *Innocence*,
 " and destroyed my *Father Adam*, by seducing
 " him into the *fatal Crime* of Eating the *Forbidden*
 " *Fruit*; altho' she heard it proclaim'd from the
 " *Mouth of God*, that could not lie, That in the
 " *Day* they tasted thereof, they should certainly
 " *perish*. O then, what *amazing Condescension* is
 " this, that God should *deliver up* his *Onely Son*,
 " as a *Propitiatory Sacrifice* for the *Black Offences* of
 " my *degenerate Sex*, which was the *first Occasion* of
 " bringing poor *Man* to *Shame*, by tempting
 " him with a little *trashy Fruit*, only stain'd over
 " with a *ruddy natural Varnish*, charming to
 " his *Eyes*, but *fatal* to his *Soul*. Wherefore I
 " will for ever *adore the Name* of my *God*, in
 " that I am *purify'd* from *Original Sin*, by the
 " *appearance* of *Jesus* in the *World*, who is now
 " ready at hand, to *intercede* with his *Father* for
 " me, tho' I am not so *deserving of Mercy*, as *Man*:
 " for he may with some *colour of pretence* plead
 " with his *Creator*, and say, My *Fall* was thro'
 " the *sly Insinuations* of a *Woman*, and being not
 " *fore-warn'd*, that thro' her *means* I should *first*
 " *offend*, could not so well be *fortify'd* against

“her *fair Speeches*, and false *Illusions*: for per-
 “adventure had my *Fore-father* heard a *Voice* in
 “the cool of the *Evening*, saying; *Adam*, give
 “no Ear to the *smooth Language* of thy *Consort*
 “*Eve*, lest she *Beguiles* thee with her *Charms*, and
 “*Destroy* thee by her *Deceitful Gifts* of pretend-
 “ed *Favours*, which will infect thy *Soul* with
 “the *Plague Spots* of *Iniquity*, and prove more
 “*Bitter* in the End than *Wormwood* mingled
 “with *Gall*; he had withstood the *Temptation*:
 “but as for me, *wretched Woman* that I am, I have
 “*nothing to plead* with my *God* on behalf of my *Self*,
 “or the rest of the *Female Sex*; since it was one of
 “us that beheld a *stinging Serpent* crawling up a
 “*Tree*, and would not *strive to avoid* its destru-
 “*ctive Poyson*, by instantly *retreating* from it, or
 “*couragiously brusing* its *subtil Head*, but received
 “its *contagious Venom* with a kind of *secret Delight*,
 “and transfused its *bitter Dregs* into the pure *Blood*
 “of her *onely One dear Companion*, whereby they
 “became *sick unto Death*, and their *Innocency* im-
 “mediately gave up the *Ghost*, and *expir’d in*
 “*Shame*; when as otherwise they might have for-
 “ever *flourish’d* in the green *Shades* of *harmless*
 “*Delights*. Then may I with *Indignation* cry out,
 “O *unfortunate Woman*, whose *Sex* was so unhap-
 “py as to *delude a Man*, who was so undisciplin’d
 “in *Vertue*, that he could not withstand the *slight*
 “*Attacks* of a poor *Female Creature*, but shew’d
 “himself near as weak as *Woman* was, by taking
 “that *Fruit* to be *delicious*, which was *not fitting*
 “for any to eat; for it is *supposed* by the *Learn-*
“ ed

“ed to be as *bitter as Gall*; and thinking all
 “was *sound* within that appear’d *fair without*:
 “But why do I rehearse these *former Crimes*, or
 “treat on so *melancholy a Subject*, since the En-
 “trance of a *Saviour into the World* has intomb’d
 “all our *former Mistakes* in the Land of *Oblivion*;
 “and he is graciously pleased to *shew Mercy* to
 “Woman, equal to what he has done to Man,
 “as to all *Matters* relating to a *future State*:
 “therefore I shall never *repine*, or in the least
 “think my *Sex unhappy*, for this small *Tribute* God
 “has allotted us to *pay* as an *Acknowledgment* of
 “our *first Offence*, which is only to *bring forth in*
 “*Sorrow*, and yield *Obedience* to Man, as our
 “*Superior*.

These were the *Prayers* and *Contemplations* of
Abraham and *Sarah*, before *Divine Service* began,
 and ere *Judas* and *Jezebel* entered the Temple;
 For they seldom approach the *House of Devotion*
 before the little *Bell* has ceas’d its *tinkling Sound*,
 and the *singing Youths* have dress’d themselves in
 their *white Surplices*, in order to join their united
 Voices with the well-tun’d Organs in some *An-*
them of Praise, or solemn Tune: For behold, the
Design of *Judas* and *Jezebel’s* coming, is not to
 turn those high Strains of Praises to their *proper*
Use, or the *Design* for which they were *intended*,
 which is only to mount the *pure Desires* of every
hearing Ear above the airy *Phantoms* of *Earthly*
Mirth, and center their *Contemplations* on things
Divine, by making them cry out in the *Passion*
 of their Souls, and the *Extasie* of their Hearts,

If the *artificial Tunes* of a few noisy *Mortals*, only guided by the *Sounds* of a few hollow *Pipes*, fill'd with the blast of *Empty Air*, be so *Harmonious*, as to charm the *sensitive Part* into an *Holy Frame*, during its stay in an *Imperfect State*, how ravishing will those *seraphick Hymns* of Praise in the *Heavenly Mansions* be, to a Spirit made *Perfect* in the *Choir* above, where *Ten thousands* of *Millions* of *glorify'd Angels*, *blessed Saints*, and *seraphick Souls* will join their *Notes together*, and continually be warbling forth *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, be ascribed to God, that Fram'd the *Regions of Bliss* by the *Breath* of his *Mouth*; *Power and Adoration, Power and Adoration, Power and Adoration, Power and Adoration*, be for ever given to the *Lamb*, the *Eternal Son* of the *Father*, that pass thro' the *dark Chambers* of a *Virgin's Womb*, for the *Vile Offences* of *Degenerate Sinners*; *Might and Praise, Might and Praise* be eternally ascrib'd to the *Holy Comforter* of the *Afflicted*, and the *Guider* of the *Weak*: But, alas! such aspiring *Thoughts* as these are as far *distant* from the *Minds* of these *Vain Persons*, as *Divinity* is from *Philosophy*: For if you could penetrate into their *private Thoughts*, and view their *inward Man*, you would find their *Imaginations* wandring to and fro the *Earth*, in chase of that which *cannot satisfy*.

SECTION III.

*The Character of Judas, or his Ill Behaviour,
when in the Great Congregation.*

BEhold how *Judas* gazes, talks, and laughs in the more *immediate presence* of the most *High*, which carv'd him out of the *Clay*, and brought him forth from the *cold Womb* of the *Earth*: But what is this to the *inward Stains* of his *Soul*, the *Ambition* of his *Mind*, and the *Pride* of his *Heart*? For behold his *roving Fancy* is one while in the *Lap* of his *beloved Dalila*, and another time in the *Company* of his *lnd Companions*: one moment he sees a *Tragedy* finely perform'd in all its most *natural Dresses*; another he's diverted with *Comedies*, wherein are represented the *Phantastical Ideas* of Things, which are not in *Reality*, but only an *Imitation* of what was acted, he knows not either when or where: Sometimes he's pleas'd with the *Comeliness* of his *Person*; and at another, out of humour with his *Garb*, as either fearing that it is too *Precise*, or something out of the *Mode*: So that if he *Stands*, he sins; if he *Sits*, he offends; if he *Kneels*, he dissembles; and yet all this while has no *true satisfaction* within his *own Breast*: For behold, he is *conscious* to himself, that all his *Sacrifices* are but a *Lip-Devotion*, that never amends his *Life*, or converts

his Soul. This then is the *Devotion* and *Behaviour* of *Judas* in the *House of the Lord*, so that the *Temple of God* is turned by him into a *Chappel of the Devil*, wherein he does *Honour* to the *Tyrant in Hell*; for he turns the *Praises of the Lord* into *Abomination*, and the *Song of Sion* into the *Scorn of the Heathen*.

S E C T I O N IV.

The Character of Jezebel, with the Lewdness of her Behaviour in the Tabernacle of the Lord God Jehovah.

BEhold, *Jezebel* acts with more *immodest Countenance* her part of *Vice*, than her *Pew-mate Judas*: for she not only apes him in his *Antick Folly*, and *Lewd Imaginations*, but *prophanely bows to the Altar of the Great God* with a *Painted Face*, bespotted all o're with the *Black Patches of Hell*; as if the *Criminal Errors* of her *Life* were not sufficient to *declare* before the *Almighty*, that her *Soul* is polluted with the *leprous Specks of Sin*: But she must attest it publicly in *his House*, before a whole *Congregation*, with her *varnish'd Skin*, as a surer *Mark of a whorish Woman*: Indeed she seemingly *retires to private Prayer*, and hypocritically hides her *Face* with a *gaudy Fan*, when all the while she scarce *thinks on God*, or *speaks a Word* to him in a *right Form*; as in that very *Moment* may be easily discern'd,
when

when her *pretended Petitions* are over: For behold, she *fleeringly Courtesies* to one, *Smiles* to another, and casts a *Wanton Glance* towards a Third, and *sits down* with as little *Devotion* in the sight of him that has an *All-piercing-Eye*, as an Harlot doth with *Modesty*, when she draws near a *Man* whose Soul she designs to *ravish* by her *alluring Charms*: For you may observe, That all the time the *Lessons* are reading, she is either observing whether her own *jantastick Plumes* of swelling *Pride* are stuck on to the *best Advantage*, or viewing how the rest of her *aping Neighbours* are drest, and who is the *most Genteel*, or best *accomplish'd*, if not *ridiculing* the decent *Dresses* of the *Modest and Vertuous*.

This then is the most *scandalous Deportment* and *unseemly Carriage* of *Judas and Jezebel*, which constrains me often to cry out with *Grief and Indignation* of Soul, ‘O thou that art
‘*pure in Being*, and strict in thy *Laws*, how can
‘thy *Patience* suffer such *Vile Monsters* as these,
‘thus to defile thy *Holy Place*, and *Prophane* thy
‘ever *Blessed Name*? Lord! where is thy *Justice*,
‘and when will thy *Vengeance* be poured forth
‘on those that bring *whole Cargo’s* of *Pride*,
‘*Lust* and *Vanity*, to *Expose* to *publick Sale* in
‘thy *House*, and on thy *Day*? Sure, Lord! it
‘can’t be long ere the *Flames* of thy *wrathful In-*
‘*dignation* will be poured forth on those *Mis-*
‘*creants*, as a *Furnace* of *melted Brass*, that thy
‘*Altar* may no longer be *defil’d*, nor thy *Chancel-*
‘*Pews*

‘ *Pews* be made *Tents of Lewdness*, for *vitious Sin-*
 ‘ *ners* to act their *ugly Scenes* of *Vices* in. Lord,
 ‘ I should *foolishly charge* thee with a *Neglect*, as
 ‘ the *Royal Prophet* once did, for not executing
 ‘ thy *speedy Vengeance* on such *pretended Christ-*
 ‘ *ians*; but that I know the *Time* can’t be *long*,
 ‘ before I shall see them seiz’d with *Desolating*
 ‘ *Judgments*, and sudden *Destruction*; when they
 ‘ will rage, as a *poor Mortal* once did, when he
 ‘ was about to have his *Paps pull’d off* with *Red*
 ‘ *hot Pincers*, and drops of *boyling Lead* poured
 ‘ into his *bleeding Wounds* for *rebellling* against his
 ‘ *Sovereign King*; and be in anguish as a *wick-*
 ‘ *ed Wretch* once was, when he *beheld himself* just
 ‘ ready to be *consum’d* by *devouring Fire*, kindled
 ‘ by the fervor of *Justice*, avenging on him his *Ill-*
 ‘ *gotten Goods*: Then be not startled, O my
 ‘ *throbbing Soul*! when thou seest the *Sons* of
 ‘ *Balaam* seated in the *Uppermost Isles*; nor *Envy*
 ‘ their *seeming Joys*, when they are *profanely act-*
 ‘ *ing their Vicious Scenes*, in the *solemn Congrega-*
 ‘ *tion* of the *Righteous*, with an air of *Mirth*; since
 ‘ *Eternity* is long enough to punish such *vile Of-*
 ‘ *fenders* in, and sufficiently *miserable* to humble
 ‘ their *lofty Spirits*, and clip their *soaring Wings*
 ‘ of *Arrogance*: For there they must sit deep in
 ‘ the *lower Pit* of *Misery*, and be shaded over
 ‘ with *black Vails* of *Infernal Horror*, in a frightful
 ‘ *Dungeon* of *Cimmerian Darkness*, where they
 ‘ will for ever sob, and fetch deeper *Groans* of
 ‘ *Grief*, than ever any *disconsolate Widow* did for
 ‘ the loss of her *dear Companion*, excruciating her
 self

' self with this *killing Consideration*, That her lo-
 ' ving *Spouse* is for ever departed from her, ne-
 ' ver to return again to *comfort* and *alleviate* her
 ' inward *Sorrow*, and to chear up her *drooping*
 ' *Spirits*, wiping away the *trickling Tears* that
 ' stand in *Crystal drops* on those *pale Cheeks*,
 ' which he so lately admir'd for their *modest*
 ' *Blushes*, and *ruddy Colours*, which the fine *Pen-*
 ' *cil* of *Nature* laid curiously on, and not the
 ' *Finger* of *Artificial Deceit*. Then be still, O
 ' thou my *fainting Soul*! and never cast a *fretful*
 ' *Eye* on the *rich Attire*, or *lined Pews* of the
 ' *Wicked*; but wisely *consider*, That ere a *few Years*
 ' are over, they'l be *array'd* in the *Garment* of
 ' *Damnation*, and cry out in the *black Dungeon* of
 ' *endless Pains*.

O fatal time! when we lay *stretching* our
 selves on *downy Beds* of *Ease*, and heard the
Morning Peals, as it were, *ringing* this *Tune* in
 our *Ears*; dispel all *scattering Thoughts*, and a-
 rise to hear *God's Holy Word*; For the blest *Sab-*
bath is now *dawn'd*, and the *Children of God*
 are dressing their *Bodies* in decent *Apparel*, and
 adorning their *Minds* with *fervent Prayer*, in
 order to hasten to *Church*: But we poor *drouzy*
Drones never minded the *tinckling Chimes*, or
 went to the *House of God*, unless to shew our
new-made Vestures, how they were sticht up in
 an *Antick Fashion*, hoping thereby to attract the
Eyes of the Vain, and make the *Ignorant stare*.
 O cursed be those *Painted Feathers* of finery,
 that we were sticking on our pamper'd whited Car-
casses

casses, when we should have been at our *private Devotions*, in order to prepare us to meet our God in the *Holy Sanctuary*: And now we own our selves to be *Eternally undone* for the love which we bare to a few poor *Gaudy Rags*, diversify'd with various sorts of *Childish Colours*, and Silly *Fashions*. Oh that we had been Born near the *Arabian Shore*, and been the poor *Drivers* of *Caravans*; then we should never have committed the *horrid Crimes* of entring the *Holy Place* with a *proud Heart*, and *unseemly Dress*, and a *wanton Carriage*: For how *much better* would it have been for us to have driven a few loaded *Mules* over the deep *Plains of Sand*, during a short *pilgrimage*, and then yielded up our *Spirits*, as do the rest of these poor *Ignorant Labourers*, who may with a *Truth*, plead at the *Resurrection Day*, That they never heard of a *Meriting Jesus*, or were so much as learn'd in the *Athanasian Creed*, therefore hoping that the *merciful Judge* will only try them by the *Law of Nature*, and not that of *Christ*; than to live a long Age in *sinful Vanity*, and polluting *sanctified Ground*, and then dye; to rise again, when with the rest of our *wicked Associates* we shall peep out of our *sleepy Vaults*, and own before all the *Host of Heaven*, That the Name of *Jesus* was proclaim'd in our *Streets*, and preach'd in our *Territories*; but that our *ill Actions*, and *unseemly Carriages* disown'd his *Merits* in the House of *Prayer*, and made the Authority of *Sacred Writ* of none Effect. O then, *Unfortunate We!* that
ever

ever made the *Building of God a Tabernacle* for committing *undecent Sins*: Therefore for these, and many more of our *hainous Offences*, we must *perish* for ever, and crawl about the *lower Prisons of Ruin* to Eternity: Eternity, Eternity, Eternity! Thus I conclude the *Essay* on these *proud Pharisees*, who sit with *Arrogance* in the *highest Seats*, and begin to draw the *Abstract* of those who are seated in the *Body of the Church*, which are two *Noted Persons*; The name of the one is *Righteous*, and that of the other, *Deceit*. I shall not be so particular as to *describe* them by *their Dress*, but I shall display their different *Temperaments* by their manner of *Living*, their *Intentions* and their *Thoughts*.

SECTION V.

The Character of Righteous, with Ejaculations which he uses while at Church.

THE Person whom you see so *attentive* at his *Devotion*, is the *Holy Man* I just now nam'd, his *Life* and *Conversation* is answerable to his *Principles*: For behold, he would not *willingly offend*, to gain *full Bags of Precious Stones*; for whatever he does, it is with such a *circumspection* of Spirit, that, if he *offends*, it can't be *truly charg'd* upon him as Sin; because it is not *he that transgresses*, but the *Seeds of Iniquity* that were sown in his *Nature* by the *Fall* of his *First Parents*

Parents, which will *spring out* whether he will or no, so long as he bears the Name of a *living Man*. The several *Arguments* he us'd with the *Son of God* at his *entrance here*, take as follows. 'O my dear Redeemer, one *Moment* in thy ' *Presence* is more ravishing to a *sanctified Soul*, ' than Ten thousand *Hours* spent in Sin; for, ' Lord! what is it that makes thy *Heavenly Seat* ' of Happiness so *delightfully ravishing* to those ' that dwell therein, but their continual warb- ' ling forth *high Notes of Thanksgiving* to Three ' in One, and One in Three? And what is meant ' by the word [*Hell*,] but that it is a Place where ' the *Name of my God*, and *thy Father* is never ' mention'd with an *awful Reverence*, and resol- ' ved *Obedience*? O then, how imperfect is all the ' *stammering Language* of dronish Sinners, when ' once intoxicated with their *full Bowls* of ruddy ' *Wine*, to that of the *Righteous*, whose Spirits ' are reviv'd with the *rich Pearl* of *Grace*, dis- ' solv'd in the *Pure Waters* of *Life*? Lord! I ' already find the *Storms of Vice* allay'd within ' my *inward Man*, since I have entred the *Doors* ' of thy *House*, and call'd on thee the *Holiest of* ' *Holies*. O then may these my *Ejaculations* duly ' prepare my *winged Soul* for the meeting Thee ' *with joy*, when thou com'st a *Second Time* in the ' *gathering Clouds of Light*, surrounded with nu- ' merous *Legions* of shining *Spirits*, array'd in ' *Rayments of Royal Dignity*, and crying out one ' and all; Now the long *Expected Day* is come, ' Open then your *Rooms*, all ye *Hollow Caverns* of
' the

'the Earth, and see to let *your Prisoners* forth,
 'and then dissolve into your *first Original*:
 'Scrowl up, thou *Firmament*, into shriv'ling
 'Rolls ; make room that a *Righteous Judge*
 'may come; for behold, he is here *at Hand*, and
 'all the new *rais'd Bodies* of Regenerated Souls
 'are *mounting up* apace, to attend at the Right
 'Hand of his *Glorious Majesty*; but those of Sinners
 'are for *sneaking behind* a flying Cloud, or under
 'the *bloody Moon*: But all their *striving* will be
 'only as a *sinking Man* grasping after a *swimming*
 'Straw, in hopes thereby to save his *precious Life*,
 'since here is no *shelter* as when on Earth: For
 'Behold, the *Scene* is chang'd, and the *Curtain*
 'is drawn, so that they must *instantly account* be-
 'fore a *Just Recorder*, who will not do *them*
 'Wrong, but give *Just Judgment* according to the
 'Deserts of every one. Lord! this is the Time
 'my Soul waiteth for, and the *Day* I long to see;
 'O! may it come in *thy due time*, and that shall
 'be *Satisfactory* to me; since I value not my *wait-*
 '*ing a while longer* here on Earth, so that I were
 'but sure, that my *Name was Recorded* in the Ca-
 'lendar of the *Elect*, and *Registred* among the
 '*Just*: Then I should conclude my self an *Happy*
 '*Man*, be I Richer be I Poorer, be I Well, or be
 'I Sick ; O! then my *dear Jesu*, may this *Season*
 'of *Grace* furnish me for ever with *sufficient*
 '*Strength*, whereby I may be able to fill all
 'the *Sails of Virtue*, till I arrive safe at the *Port*
 'of *Everlasting Rest*, when I shall have *fairly*
 '*Escap'd* all the *Craggy Rocks*, and *Quicksands*
 'that

‘that now lye in *my Passage*, ready to split and
 ‘sink my *shatter’d Vessel* in this its Voyage to
 ‘*Eternity*. O! then may I ever keep a *steady*
 ‘*Eye* on those *fixed Stars* of Faith, that I may
 ‘safely guide my *Righteous Soul* to Glory, steer-
 ‘ing it towards the *Canaan Banks*.

S E C T I O N VI.

*The Character of Deceit, with the Inten-
 tions of his approaching the Courts of
 the Lord.*

BEhold! seest thou not a Man that is *careless*
 in his *Demeanor*, and seems to *doze to sleep*?
 He is not only called *Deceit* by *Name*, but is re-
 ally so by *Nature*: for he is *Perfidious*, *False*, and
Unjust in ev’ry Stage and Period of his *Life and*
Actions, and the main *Design* of his entring this
Holy Place, and sitting among *Professors*, is only
 out of a *Form*, and because it is the *Custom* of the
Nation wherein he lives; but if *Paganism* was the
Mode, or *Mahometism* the *Fashion*, they would
 much better suit his *Genius*, and answer his
End: For Time lyes *heavy* on his Hands, and
 he knows not *what to do* with himself, so that he
 is forced to *pass it away* by taking now and then
 a *staggering Nod*, or a *sound Nap*; but as soon, as
Sermon is over, he’ll be as *awake* as ever, and suf-
 fer his *greedy Imaginations* to rove up and down
 in

in chace of *Gain*, much like a *ravenous Wolf* that leaves the *Woods*, and ranges the *Fields* for a *Prey*, at a *Season* when the pretty *harmless Lambs* are least aware of them : for his *Thoughts* are on the *Exchange*, *Ware-houses*, *Shops*, and other places of *Traffick*, before the *Congregation* is well gone out, or the *pious Christian* has said over a *fervent Ejaculation* to his loving *God* ; and wherever he espies the *Prospect* of a *Purchase*, tho' it is to be attain'd by *Deceit*, and from an *Ignorant Person*, that has already even suffer'd himself to be undone by his *silly Contracts* and *unwise Bargains* ; there he sleeps all that *Night*, and does nothing but *Dream*, and *Talk* of his *Knavish Intrigues* against a *Poor Man*, that apprehends nothing of his *deep laid Designs* ; and when he awakes in the *Morning*, he soon prepares all things for a *General Assault*, lest another *Robber* of the *Spittle*, as wicked as himself, should Eye the *Prize*, and find out the *Weakness* of the *Fortification*, and enter in by *Storm*, before he has taken *Possession*, and seized upon the few remaining *Stores* that are left, to maintain a *large Garrison* of a weeping *Wife*, and crying *Babes* : For so he gets it, it never lyes upon his *Conscience* whence it comes, since the *positive Commands* of *Christ* are but as a *dead Letter* to his *hardned Heart*, tho' it bids him *do to others*, as he would be *done unto* : No, no ; all the *Care* and *Precaution* he takes, is to make the *Articles of Agreement* safe and sure, so that they may not be *disannull'd* by the *Laws of the Land* ; and then he calls him-

O

self

self a *Witty Man*, and fancies he *knows more* than Ten Persons that *deal uprightly*, and *do justly*. And now seeing he is in the *Temple of my God*, on his most *holy Day*, I'll go to the *Pew* where he *now sits*, and sound a few *Words* in *his Ears*; assuring him, that there is a *Day near at hand*, when ghastly *Death* will open his *Street Doors*, tho' fastned with *Iron-Chains*, and *strong Bars*, and forcibly entring in, will *plunder him* of all his *ill-gotten Goods*, haling him up to *Bed*, and binding him with the *strong Cords* of turbulent *Maladies*, as also *Gagging* his *Mouth*, and fixing a *Ruttling* into his *Throat*, which will soon stop his *Breath*, and send his *Spirit* to *God's Counter-Goal*, where he must for ever lye without *Bail* or *Mainprize*, till he has paid the *uttermost Farthing*, which can never be done to the *poor Desolate Widows*, and *Oppressed Orphans*, whom he has brought to *Penury* by his *over-reaching Cruelty*: O then, he'll *Chatter* like a *Crane in a Cage*, or *Roar* as a *Lion in his Den*, and be forc'd to cry out in some such *astonishing Language* as this,

'O! *Ocean of Misery*, and *deep Floods of Ru-*
 'in, that I have *plung'd my Soul* into, by pur-
 'chasing a few *Bags of Dross*, that now serve no
 'more to *allay the Violence* of my *Misery*, than
 'Buckets of *Oil* flung on a violently *burning Fire*:
 'O! how terrible is that *Thought* to me, that
 'once I us'd *Religion* only as a *Vail* to hide my
 'fly *Actions of Deceit*, from being *clearly beheld* in
 'their *true Shapes*, and to make them appear
 'with a *fair Face*? But now for that *hainous Of-*
 'fence

'fence, I am utterly *lost* for *Ever*, and must be-
 'wail my *Hypocrisy* to the *endless* Period of Eter-
 'nity. O that I had *rather chosen* to have *la-*
 'bour'd in the *Leaden Mines*, or tugg'd at the
 'Galley-Oar, than to grieve my Neighbour, or
 'exact it upon Strangers: O that I had a *Thou-*
 'sand-fold to return into *their Bosoms*, and there-
 'by to obtain *their Pardon*: but behold no *Resti-*
 'tution can now be made, or *Forgiveness* found;
 'neither do I know one quarter part of those I
 'have *feloniously impos'd* upon: O poor *miserable*
 'me, that can by no means *retract* the gross *Mi-*
 'stakes of a *fraudulent Life*, or shelter my *Soul*
 'from the *Wrath* of an angry *Judge*. O! ama-
 'zing to think, how I shall be able to wade to
 'and fro thro' the *Red Sea* of *God's Wrath*, for
 'Millions and Millions of *long Ages*! O thou
 'deep *Eternity*! I shall never *sound thy Bottom*,
 'tho' I should sink the *Plummet* of my *Soul* into
 'thy *black Abyss* one Million of Fathoms in the
 'wink of an *Eye*, or the turn of a *Thought*: O
 'then what can be *deeper than thee*, O thou asto-
 'nishing *Eternity*! *Eternity*! *Eternity*! and how
 'Melancholy will it be for my *lost Spirit*, to be for
 'ever *Descending* into the depth of *Ruin*, and yet
 'never come to *reach any Ground*, or be near its
 'Bottom! but that which serves to augment my
 'Unhappiness, is the sad *Consideration*, how far I
 'shall be absent from *God's gracious Presence*,
 'when I have been diving down into that *wide*
 'Gulph of *Amazement*, as many Thousands of
 O 2 Years

' Years, as the whole *Frame of the Creation* would
 ' contain of *Motes*, were it every where fill'd
 ' therewith from one *Extremity* to the *other*; the
 ' *Extent* of which cannot be *measured* by as many
 ' Millions of *Fathoms*, as there are Letters in the
 ' *Holy Bible*, or *Minutes* in a *Leap-Year*. O Center
 ' of *Pain*, with what *Industry* courted I thee for
 ' many, and many *Tears*, and how *impatient* was
 ' I to be *Eternally undone*, by steering *Night* and
 ' *Day* towards this *Lake* wherein I am now sink-
 ' ing: O *unfortunate me!* why fail'd I not along
 ' the *smooth Channel* of *Equity*, and true *Piety*,
 ' that I might now have *anchor'd* safe in the *still*
 ' *Streams* of *Joy*, and *unrigg'd* on the secure
 ' *Shore* of *Everlasting Serenity*. O a Thousand
 ' times better would it *now have been* for me,
 ' had I, in the *Flower* of my *Youth*, hoisted *Sail*
 ' for *Eternal Bliss*, and weather'd all the *Winter-*
 ' *Storms* of *Poverty* and *Contempt*, rather than
 ' have *loaded my Self*, as I did, with the *Spoils* of
 ' others: but now the *bleak Winds* of *Death* have
 ' lockt me up in the *muddy Dock* of *black Despair*,
 ' and stopt me from ever making a *Voyage*
 ' *Heaven-wards*, or gaining that *Latitude*, which
 ' when once attain'd, there is thence a *smooth*
 ' *Course* to the *New Jerusalem*. This is the *Lang-*
 ' *uage* of a *Fraudulent Man*, when he is
 ' doom'd to *Condemnation*, and chain'd up to
 ' *Eternity* with the *twisted Cables* of *Misery*.
 ' Wherefore may none for the future be so
 ' *Ruinous* to their *own Souls*, as to wear a
Vizard

Vizard of Christianity, with an Intent only to *over-reach* their weaker Brother, grind the face of the Poor, and suck the Blood of Innocents, by taking advantage of their want of Judgment, or their urgent Necessities; and may every one chuse rather to starve, than commit an ill action in their mutual Merchandizing: But, however we may scorn this Advice now, I am sure the wisest of us all will approve it to have been the best Council, when Death besprinkles our wan Fore-head with a cold clammy Sweat, and chills the Blood within our Veins: No, no; let who will strive to be Rich by indirect Means, in the mean time glossing o're their Evil Deeds, by making an outward Profession of good Works; I will never be so false to God, or perfidious to Man, as to set off to the World a Saint's Countenance, and harbour a Devil in my Heart. But now it is time to lead my Reader towards the Font, or the lowermost part of the Temple, and shew him Two Men standing there, of different Natures and Qualities; the one bears the Name of Lazarus, the other of Ignorance.

SECTION VII.

The Character of Lazarus, with his last Prayer made in the Temple.

SEest thou a Man born up by *Crutches*, with a *Napkin* bound round his head? that is *Lazarus*. Despise him not, because he's drest in *Rags*, and *maim'd* in his *Limbs*: For, behold there is conceal'd within a *contented Mind*, and a *rich Soul*, adorn'd with the *Robes of Christ's Righteousness*, embelish'd with *Grace*, and true *Humility*, and acceptable in the *Sight of an Holy God*, and *Righteous Men*; as will appear by the *earnest Petitions* he puts up to *Heaven's Gate* when he first comes to Church; a *Prayer*, that is so *Divinely Compos'd*, and attended with such *flights of Devotion*, that I think it is the *best* I ever heard, to proceed from an *illiterate begging Man*: Which take as follows,

‘O thou high and Lofty King, that eternally
 ‘lives beyond the *Sun, Moon, and twinckling*
 ‘*Stars*, and wilt for ever reign in the *full enjoy-*
 ‘*ment of thy Self*; I that am *despis'd* by the *Vain*,
 ‘as not worthy to *approach their Roof*, or *touch*
 ‘the *Hem of their Garments*, am imboldned, in
 ‘and thro’ thy *dear Son*, to enter thy *House*, and
 ‘prostrate my self to thee in *private Prayer*, be-
 ‘fore the *Publick Service* begins, or the *Folk* are
 ‘come together. O thou mighty One! I can ap-
 ‘pear

'peal to thee, that the *Intentions* of my coming
 'hither this Day, are not to feign an *Outward shew*
 'of *Devotion*, that thereby I might be *seen of*
 'Men, or receive their *Alms*; but to lay open
 'the *Wounds* of my *Soul*, and the *Diseases* of
 'my *Body*, that thou may'st heal my *Broken Spi-*
 'rit, by applying the *Balm of Gilead*, and cure
 'my *Ails*, either by *receiving me* to thy *Self*, or
 'healing my outward *Natural Infirmities*. My
 'Faith is so *strong to believe*, that if thou wilt,
 'thou can'st *speak the Word*, and make me *Whole*:
 'Haste then, and shew thy *Power*, or my *Soul*
 'will be *dispirited*, and my *Body faint*: For I
 'see none that *careth for me*, or will apply
 'any *Sovereign Plaisters* to my *running Issues*,
 'because I am mean and low, but seem rather
 'to *Banish me* from their view: for I have but
 'lately beg'd only for the *Crumbs that fell from*
 'a *Glutton's Table*, and could by no means at-
 'tain my *Request*, tho' I crav'd it with *loud Cries*
 'and heaving *Throbs*, and laid open my *lanced*
 'Sores even at the foot of his *Threshold*; in return
 'whereof, he sent his *Dogs* to *frighten* me from
 'his *Palace*; but they, poor *Animals*, commise-
 'rated my sad *Estate*, by licking my *painful*
 'Sores with their *healing Tongues*, and easing
 'me when in *great Misery*. But now the *Scene*
 'is *chang'd*; he's dead and *summon'd* to thy *Bar*,
 'where he must account for all his *monstrous*
 'Cruelties unto me, and live in *burnings of Con-*
 'science, with *accursed Spirits* and *damm'd Souls* for
 'ever, yea for ever and for evermore. Now,

' Lord! I am assur'd, that *thou wilt*, by some
 ' means or other, *provide* for my *Bodily Sustenance*,
 ' or take me to thy self, where I shall *Hunger* no
 ' more, *Thirst* no more, be *Naked* no more, nor
 ' be in *Pain* any more, but flourish as a *spread-*
 ' *ing Vine* under the Shinings of thy *Glorious*
 ' *Majesty*, when the wicked are *flung into Hell*,
 ' with all those that *forget thee their Maker*. O!
 ' then ripen me for Heaven, my *most Gracious*
 ' *Lord*, and then let *Death come* when it will;
 ' for I want to *be at rest*, and long to see the
 ' *Bright Face* of thee the *Father, Son, and Holy*
 ' *Ghost*, which shine as so many *Stars blazing*
 ' into one and the same *Luminary*; I'll now im-
 ' prove this *Opportunity* as my last Farewel to a
 ' *Pompous and Evil World*; for I find that *Na-*
 ' *ture* flags a-pace, and I am about to *ingulph* it
 ' into *Eternity*; so that when the Service of the
 ' *Day* is over, I'll go *me home and dye*, in sure
 ' and certain *hope*, that my *Darling Soul* will be
 ' convey'd by *Legions of Blessed Spirits*, from a
 ' *Bed of Straw* to *Abraham's Bosom*, in the yon-
 ' der *Sion*, that is all *Glorious within*: O then
 ' speed away, ye *Harbingers of Death*! what ail
 ' ye to be so long? O come away, for I am *sick*
 ' of *Life*, and fain would be remov'd out of a
 ' *bare Cottage of Clay* into a well-furnish'd *Appart-*
 ' *ment of Bliss*; for during my *stay here below*, I
 ' am one while *chill'd with Cold*, and another while
 ' *inflam'd with Heat*; one *Day* I'm *tempted with*
 ' *Sin*, another while I *pine with Grief*; in one
 ' *Hour* I'm afraid of *God's Displeasure*, in another,
 ' amaz'd

'amaz'd with Fear for the *Follies of Youth*; at
 'one instant oppress'd with *Pain*, at another, wea-
 'ried out with *Mourning*: but if Death would
 'come and bid my *Soul* and *Body* shake Hands
 'and part, my *Spirit* would instantly *Tide it*
 'over to the Enamel'd Hills of *Paradise*; where
 'all my *Night-Aches*, and daily *Pains* would be
 'thoroughly cur'd, and cease for ever. O then!
 'may I by and by depart in *Peace*; for behold I
 'perfectly see *Salvation* thro' the *Telescope* of a
 'true *Faith*, and really believe, that the *Merits*
 'of *Jesus*, with my true *Contrition*, are sufficient
 'to gain a *Pardon* for all my *Original* and *actual*
 'Sins. I was never allur'd with the lustful
 'Glances of a *Whorish Woman*, or taken with a
 'loose *Dress*, but ever look'd on such vile Of-
 'fenders, as unhappy in *Life*, and miserable in
 'Death; neither did I in all my *Wants*, ever cast
 'an *envious Glance* on the Persons of the Proud,
 'as they rode in their *painted Chariots* of State
 'by my *despisable Tenement*; or when I lay *spraw-*
 'ling in the *Street*, ready to *perish* for lack of
 'Food to sustain my *craving Nature*, and mise-
 'rably tormented for want of *Oil* to be poured
 'into my *smarting Wounds*. No, Lord! when
 'ever I saw *Haughty Men* and *Imperious Women*
 'gorgeously dress'd, and staring on me with such
 'Disdain, as if they were *Gods*, and I a *Worm*,
 'I never wish'd them ill; but bemoan'd their sad
 'Estate, and lamented their *idle Folly*, by con-
 'sidering, that for all their *Luciferian Arrogance*,
 'and impious *Scorns*, they must fall down and
 dye,

'dye; and that then they should become *sensible*,
 'that they are *Originally moulded* of the *same Dust*
 'with me, and that their *Father* was made of
 'Flesh and Blood, as well as mine; as also their
 'Mother was so near a-kin to mine, as to have *one*
 'common Father in *Adam*; and that all our Dust
 'will be a *Second time mingled together* again, as we
 'lye rotting in the Womb of the Earth, when
 'one will not appear to be *more fine* than the
 'other, nor can be *distinguish'd* which is which,
 'till they come to be *separated* in the Morn of the
 'Resurrection; wherein that will appear to be
 'the *richer Soil*, that formerly was link'd by a
 'Divine Decree to a *Spirit* that brought forth
 'most Fruits of *Moderation, Temperance, and*
 '*Humility*. Lord! I need not *repeat it* to thee,
 'how I strove, throughout the whole Course of
 'my life, to row against the *blustering Winds* of
 'Vice, and stem the *turbulent Tide* of *Atheism*,
 'and *Deism*, that thereby I might not fall into
 'Wilful Sins, but keep my Thoughts *pure and*
 '*undefiled*, when *out of thy Sanctuary* as well as
 '*within it*: O then may this my *last Prayer*, and
 'dying Sacrifice, in this thy *Temple* here on
 'Earth, be offer'd up with *more Zeal* than ever;
 'so that when a *few Hours* are over, I may be
 'flighted up to the Courts above, in order to
 'chant out, in *higher Strains* of Mirth, the
 'Praises of the *Heavenly King*; and to join the
 'Quire of *Blessed Saints*, with those that attend
 'the Body of the *Trinity*, in the Regions of *Feli-*
 '*city* for ever, crying out, *Hallelujah, Hallelu-*
 'jah,

‘*jab, Hallelujah; Power, Power, Power; Might,*
‘*Might, Might* be for ever warbled forth in Ho-
‘nour to *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; three*
‘*Persons* yet but *One Sovereign* Emperor, for ever
‘swaying the *weighty Scepter* of the spacious Uni-
‘verse: To whom, and for whom, and with whom
‘be for ever, ever and ever, World without end,
‘World without end, World without end, our
‘Father, our God, our King, one Creator, one
‘Redeemer, one Sanctifier, Glory, Honour and
‘Praise, Might, Dominion and Majesty. *Amen,*
‘*Amen, Amen.*

SECTION VIII.

*The Character of Ignorance; with the In-
tent of his Appearance in the House of
God.*

BEhold! that *miserable Wretch* leaning near the
Warden's Pew, drest all over in *Tatters*:
This is the Person who is truly nam'd *Ignorance*,
he never yet has *learn'd the Creed*, the *Lord's*
Prayer, and the *Ten Commandments*; neither can
he scarce tell you *who Made him*, who *Redeemed*
him, and who *Sanctified him*; nor knows he what is
the *Chief End of Man*; if he does, he never truly
considers the *Happiness* of those who are to enjoy
God for ever: For the main *Design* of his coming
hither, is not to be instructed in the *Law of the*
Lord, but in Expectation to receive the *Alms* of
the Kind and Liberal, whereby he may *Sin*,
Drink

Drink and Offend, in order to be *Eternally lost*. How to prevent his *Ruin* I cannot tell, unless I could prevail, by *Cogent Arguments*, with the *Honourable Estates* of the *Realm*, to enact a *Law*, whereby he, with those like himself, may be *seiz'd*, and *forc'd* to *Labour*, that so they may earn their *daily Bread*, and be instructed *Morning and Evening* in the *Grounds and Principles* of *True Religion*, by *Teachers and Elders* of the *Church*, appointed *for that purpose*, by which means they may arrive to the *Knowledge* of a *Father*, a *Christ*, and a *Spirit*; and believe that these *Three* are *One God*, of infinite *Power, Wisdom* and *Goodness*; and moreover, receive it as their *bounden Duty*, to live mortified lives; as also to know, what is *to be done and practised* for the sure attainment of the *Almighty's Favour*. This I most ardently desire may be *past* into a *Law*, and speedily put *in force*, before the *Land of my Nativity* be spread all o're with the *malignant Leprosy* of *Idleness, Ignorance*, and *Beggary*, which grows upon us, as *Weeds* do in a *Field of Corn*, after a *warm* and a *wet Spring*. Thus I have done with the *Consideration* of *Christ* in the *Temple*, and will now proceed in my usual *Method*, to *meditate* upon his *Prayer* in the *Mount of Olives*, when he *sweated Blood*.

SECTION IX.

Christ Sweating Blood.

Luke 22, 44, *And being in an Agony, he Prayed more earnestly, and his Sweat was, as it were, great Drops of Blood falling down to the ground.*

Come ye that are *Merry and Joyous*, and I'll make you *Serious and Sad*: For, behold, my *Soul* is oppress'd with *Grief*, and overcharg'd with *Sorrow*, ev'n to such a degree, that I fear I shall bedew the *Paper* on which I write, with such *Showers* of falling *Tears*, as will make my *blubbered Writings* unlegible to all, unless it be to such as can penetrate into the secret *Thoughts* of my *troubled Breast*, and spell out my meaning by the *vexing Troubles* of my *afflicted Mind*: for the *Prevention* of which, and that the *Mean and Illiterate* may profitably peruse this *Essay*, as well as the *more Learned* and refin'd, I shall forge me out a *Sheet of Copper*, and temper a *Graver of Steel*, whereby I may cut out this Discourse in such *Plain Characters*, that he which runs may read: But here some may say, what a *short Account* must that be, and how *tedious* will the *Work* go on? The Answer is easily made. It is the *Business of the Son of God*, and
that

that must not be *trifled* o're as an *Idle Story*, or vain *Romance* ; but be carefully done, and to *the Life*, because the *Matter* is real and true : Nay, it was always laid down, as a *Maxim* among the *Ingenious*, and worthy *Authors* of every *Age*, that a Page or two well fill'd with sound *Arguments*, and irrefragable *Reasons*, is more to be look'd upon, than *many Sheets* scribbled over they *know not how* ; so that I shall *engrave a Letter*, and rest a while ; *finish a Word*, and consider a time ; end a *Sentence*, and muse a little ; compleat a *Versè*, and practise for Life ; and then *lay down my Graver*, and so have done. Lord ! what *Dreams* are these that make my *Fancy* rove, and put me thus *out of Tune* ? Why talk I of *drawing* to a Close, before I have well *begun*, or speak of shutting up so *Copious a Head* in so *narrow a Compass*, since a *large Volume* is scarce sufficient to contain such a *large Subject*, tho' done by a *Messenger of Heaven* inspir'd from above ? Then, Lord ! what ail my *Thoughts* ? What uncorrected *Passions* are these, that thus put me *out of Frame*, and disturb my *Inward Man* ? What is become of all my former *Sagacity*, and my lively *Ideas* of Things, since there was a time when I could *command my Self* without control, and argue with *Discretion* ? What sudden *Storm* is this, that hath risen from the *Western Pole*, and drove me on the *Eastern Shore* before I am aware, and occasion'd all this *ruffling of Spirit* ? I verily perceive, by the *presage* of my *anxious Spirit*, that I must be arriv'd

riv'd near the *Mount of Olives*, where a *God made Man*, is all of a *Crimson Sweat*: for (methinks) I see a *Mist* be-clouding my *amazed Sight*; and am of the *Opinion*, that all this *Confusion* and *Shivering* can't proceed from nothing, but that there is some *strange Scene* or other near at hand, as evidently appears by the *gathering Clouds of Melancholy*, that arise from every Part of my *sad Soul*: O when shall I know the worst, and find out the *occasion* of my *sudden Pains*, and *inward Gripes*, that I may cease to perplex my self and others with such strange *Ravings*? For I feel my self so sore oppress'd, that unless I speedily know the *Reason of this Disorder*, or am supported by an *over-ruling Power*, I cannot long *Express my self* in Words, but must beg my *Reader's Pardon*, and sit me down and say no more; for what *Advantage* will it be to any, supposing I should struggle so far with *Nature*, as to mutter out a few *broken Words*, and stammering *Speeches* in the Ears of my *beloved Friends*, as I lye *Throbbing, Fainting, and Dying*? No; all that I could do at such a time, to make my self be understood, were, to let my last *Breath* be-mist the *Face* of some *Crytal Looking-Glass*, that thereon I might trace out my *Saviour's Passion* with the *Tip of my Finger*, whilst some more *tranquil*, but *affectionate Soul* expounds my *Characters* to a ready *Scribe*, by whose *nimble Pen* they may be carefully *transmitted* to the succeeding *Posterity*, that so every *Person* professing *Christianity*, may *Peruse* and *Practise*, when I lie sleeping

in

in the *Tomb of Oblivion*, with this *Epitaph* on the *Marble Table*, that will then cover my *consuming Bones*: Come all ye that would see a Man which so lov'd his *Christ*, as to render up the *Ghost*, by treating too *passionately* on his *bloody Sweat*; Peep down into this *Vault* where his *Ashes* lie, and pay some kind of *Veneration* to his *Eternal Memory*: for this is he that not long ago *pin'd away* with *Grief*, when he saw his *Jesus* sweating huge *drops of Blood*: If your *Faith* is not so strong as to believe *there was such a Man*, turn up his *Stone*, and there you'll find *lying under his Head* a *Manuscript* of his own *Composing*, written just before he had a *Naughty World* adieu; you will find *pourtrayed* on the out-side thereof, which serves as a *Title*, *Christ sweating Blood*: are ye *Illiterate* and cannot read? hand it here, and sit ye down on his *cold Earth*, and hear it read with a *serious Attention*; for tho' I am a *Stone*, I'll seem to *speak* for once, and *repeat* it over every Word for Word. Marvel not now at my *Miraculous Speech*: so *Important* is the *Occasion*, and so *Necessary* the *Discourse*, that even the *Pile of Bricks* that bears me up from the *Ground*, must needs be the *Interpreter* if I remained *Dumb*. Therefore hearken, for I now begin, Awake my *Fancy*, come delude no more; tell the *efficient Cause* of all thy *Trouble*, and this thy *sudden Death*.

As I was walking all alone, upon a *Certain Day*, not far from the *City of Jerusalem*, I lost
my

my *intended Way*, and travell'd towards the *Mount of Olives*, where to my astonishment I beheld the *Son of God* kneeling upon his *bended Knees*, and his *Disciples fast asleep* about a *Stone* cast from him; which caus'd me to *make a Stop*, and *retreat Back* to awake his *Followers*, and demand the *Reason* why the *Lord* was *all alone*, and their *Spirits* so overwhelm'd with *drowsiness*, as to suffer themselves to *doze*? For shame, said I, awake and attend your *Saviour* in his *Earnest Prayer*: but receiving no *Reply*, I fear'd some *Tragedy* was then acting, *or near to be perform'd*, so that I *took Spirit*, and advanced something nearer to his *sacred Person*, than before, where I thought I *beheld Him* all of a *gore Blood*; but not daring to *proceed so nigh* as to know the truth, I perswaded my self, that it was *only a vain Imagination*, and a *Delusion of the Wicked One*, in order to discompose my *Inward Peace*, and put me out of a *suitable Frame*; nay, at last I was so *confidently assur'd*, that I said, it is only from a few *usurping Thoughts*, that usually reign in a *troubled Mind*: for if it were otherwise, surely his *Apostles* would not be *slumbering* thus, but be either *washing* his *besmeared Cheeks* with *Rivers of briny Tears*, or crying out with *hideous Moans*, loud *Skrieks*, and unheard of *Lamentations*.

Then I consider'd further, and *argued* thus with my *own Soul*: Why standest thou thus *amusing thy self* between *Hope* and *Doubt*? what ever it *cost thee*, tho' it be *Life it self*, run instant-

ly up to the *very place*, and see whether it be *so or not*, surely the *Lord* will not be angry: which accordingly *I did*, and to my great *Astonishment* I found it to be *really so*; at which *terrible sight* I shrieked out, and said, O my *Saviour* and my *God*, what aileth thee, that such *dewings of Blood* drop down from thy *Sacred Forehead*; if the *showers* thou'd continue or encrease, thou wilt soon be *moted round* with *Streams of Blood*? O my *Lord*, and my *Redeemer*, I know *Thou art he* that but a while ago *Reign'd* in the *Orbs* above, as an *Imperial Sovereign*, and wert equally *Concern'd* with thy *Father* in *making Man*: O then let me know the *Meaning*, why thou art thus dy'd all o're with a *Scarlet Red*, since I thought that the *Second Person* in the ever *Blessed Trinity* could not *have Bled*, as doth a *mortal Man*? O view thy self, and see how thy *Vesture* is variegated with streaks of *Ruddy Blood*: Certainly never *any God* but thou was thus affected with such a *violent Agony*, as to open every *Vein*, and let *Blood* distil through all the *Parts* of thy *Skin*? But now, O my *amazed Soul*! thou may'st call *one thing* to mind, and know the *First Cause* of this his *bitter Agony*; it is for the *horrid Crimes* of degenerate *Man*: O then what a *Mighty Condescension* is this in Thee my *Saviour*! to leave thy *Father's House*, and put thy self into *such a Fit*, for worthless and polluted *Sinners*.

O my *Jesus*, was ever *love* like to *this of thine*! if not, where will all those *Offenders* one day appear,

appear, who refuse to *Sweat and Bleed* with thee for all their *past Transgressions*, and who will not resolve to *offend no more*, tho' tempted unto it with an *Imperial Crown*, bestudded with *Diamonds* and other *Precious Stones*?

Lord! with thy *permission*, I'll here take leave to speak to such, be they *who they will*; O obstinate and perverse Men, what do ye mean by these your *preposterous proceedings*, thus to cause your *Saviour to Bleed*, not only for your *Original*, but daily *actual Sins*? Be it known to you, O you *obdurate Wretches* that live in any *wilful Sin*, or in the omission of any *single Duty*, that thou shalt ere long be *corrected* for the same: wherefore be *well advised*, and learn to know, before it be *too late*, that whosoever *continues* thus to cause the *Son of God* to Sweat as it were *large drops* of extravasated *Blood*, must and will be flung into *hot Flames of Fire*, I mean the *boiling Furnaces* of *God's Wrath*, and bear the stings of a *wounded Conscience* to perpetuity. Therefore give ear to *instruction* before it be *too late*, and haste to that *Mount* where your *blessed Saviour* is sweating great *drops of Blood*: Slight not this *Invitation*, lest *Death* call, and *Judgment* comes, when it will be *too late* to make a journey thither; seek for real *Conversion*, and pay *Tribute* to the *Immaculate Lamb*.

O! then *come away* without delay or vain *Excuse*, and I'll learn you that *noble* and *enriching Commerce* with *Heaven*, of *serious Devotion*, and tell you, what *Godly sincerity* means. Did you

never yet affect such a *Melancholy*, as distracts not the *Thoughts*, but perfectly becalmes the *hurried Mind*: Speed here, and you'll soon become devout as an *Anchoret*, consecrated to Heaven in a *lonely Desert*; for the very *Sight* of *Jesus* his *Agony* will cause you to *Consider*, *Weep*, and *Moan*, whether you will or not; since no *Tragedy* was ever like to this: Come, tho' it be but for a while, and strenuously fix your *Eyes* on the *Effects* of this his *bitter Passion*; and my Soul for yours, all your *Joys* will soon abate, and your love to *Sin* be allay'd: for never was any tender *Affection*, or any, even the *bitterest Suffering*, like to this of your dear *Redeemer*. I have heard of a *Man*, that bore so real an *Affection* to his Friend, that when *News* was brought him that he was lost in a *Storm*, he rav'd out as a Person bereav'd of *Reason*, and hastily said, Why survive I the *Funeral* of my dear *Companion* and *trusty Brother*? O that I had died for him, or that we had gone down to the *Deep* together. But I never read of any that so admir'd their *Adversaries*, as to plunge themselves in *Misery* for their *Redemption*: No, that as yet was never done by any mortal *Man*. But here is a *God* come down from his everlasting *Throne*, who having laid aside his *Scepter* of *Sovereign Power*, and covered his *Divine Form* with that of a mortal *Man*, has willingly undergone the greatest *Sufferings* that ever that *Nature* was capable of; and all this for such as are his *Foes*, bleeding in an unheard of *Manner* for *Transgressors*, and yet himself is

no Sinner, but is *very God*, as touching his *God-head*. O profound *Mystery*, and unparallel'd *Zeal*, not to be Explain'd by the *Draughts* of a *Pen*, or the quaint *Expressions* of the most *Learned Tongue*. But here perhaps some may say, If so, why stay I not *my Quill*, and cease to attempt that which can never be accomplish'd. I answer, no: Proceed I will, tho' the *Work* be never so imperfectly done; and why, because I'll shew the *reality* of my good *Intentions* to the *World's Great Saviour*: Nay, Supposing I knew that this *my Essay* would be as much ridicul'd by conceited *Wits*, as the poor *Peasant's Relation* was by the great and haughty *States-Men*, when he entred his *Queen's Presence*, to tell Her how Nobly and Valiantly *his Lord the King* fought in defence of his *Ancient Kingdoms*, and the *Liberties* of his *People*, and that he was so Wounded in the *Field of Battel*, that Blood ran trickling down thro' the *Latchets* of his *Shoes*, and yet he would not desist from *Fighting*: Admit this *Message* was not deliver'd in so fine an *Harangue*, as a *fawning Courtier*, or a *proud Prelate* might have done, yet it serv'd to inform the *Publick* of their *Emperor's* great *Exploits*, and shew'd the *poor Man's* good *Will*, as much as if he had express'd himself with all the *Flowers of Rhetorick*, in highest *Strains of Eloquence*. Even so I, to the utmost of my *weak Abilities*, will set forth the *loving kindness of Christ*, notwithstanding some *proud Pharisee*, or *Spiteful Levite* may deride me for it, and say, It's meanly done, and ought never to have seen the *Light*, unless mended by a more In-

genious Hand: I say, be my *Style* never so mean,
 I matter not; proceed *I must* and *Will*, in *Defiance*
 of them all: for behold *my Heart* is as it
 were stuck so full with *Arrows of Grief*, that each
Wound seems to be mortal; but *pull them out*
 I will in *Spite of Pain*, and throw them all away,
 and when I have said so much of the *Passions* of
 my beloved *Jesus*, that I can no longer speak,
 I'll suffer my self to dye with a *single Dart*: But
 till then, I'll strive to *relinquish Sin*, and scorn
 all *vain Opposers*, by venting the *streams of Grief*
 that lay floating in my *throbbing breast*: Nay,
 tho' *Princes* should *disswade* me to proceed, yet it
 would not in the *least avail*, for go on I must,
 or else my *Heart will Break*. But it may be some
 more *perverse* than others, may here seem to *inter-*
rupt, and say, I am long ere I come to be-
 gin; I say, *object* what they will, I'll hear *Rea-*
son call, and regard them not, since I must take
 time to *raise the Sorrows* of my Heart in imita-
 tion of the *bubbling Springs*, that send up their
Waters by degrees, and continue in a *steady Motion*,
 and not be as the *broken Cistern*, that floods it
 out at once, and so *becometh dry*: But now I'll
 mount the *Earth's Great Scaffold*, that every one
 of its *Inhabitants* may hear, and attend to this
sad Lamentation of mine: for behold, the *sight*
 of *Jesus* now diversified with *Blood*, begins to
 work up *Tears* in great abundance, and all my
Joys seem to cease: behold *that Sun*, whose *Face*
 was *bright and clear*, is now shaded o're with a
Cloud of Blood: O then! whither shall I retreat
 till

till the day *dawns* again, if not behind the dark *Curtains* of *Dismal Despair*? But why speak I of *another dawn*, when my repeated *Omissions* have *Eclips'd* that *influence*, which should have been as a *Lamp* in *my passage* to a more *happy State*: Be not deceiv'd, O then my *Soul*! for should God *deal with thee* answerably to *thy Deserts*, his *Son's Countenance* will be *shaded* from thee for Ever.

Then how canst *thou hope* to find a *Luminary*, who hast by *Iniquity* destroy'd thy self, and occasion'd this *Vail* to be drawn over its *shining Body*; wherefore *Excuse not* thy self, O my *Dove*! but acknowledge, that thou art one of those *unhappy Spirits*, that assisted in hiding that *serene Star* under *God's Displeasure*; which should have directed thy *wandering Bark*, now *tossed up and down*, into the *Haven of Peace*: O then hide thy self, O my *Jewel*! and mourn in that thou hast *spurn'd* against thy *Saviour*, and stain'd thy self *with Vice*, the malignity of which hath *thus besmeared* thy *Jesus* his *Face* with *Red Speckles* of *Blood*. Enter into *Secret*, and consider, O my *Soul*! what *Destruction* thy *Sins* have brought on thy *blessed Redeemer*, and consider that *Ruin* threatens, and the *World* is fill'd with *hideous Ecchoes*, occasion'd by the *many Transgressions* that have been committed ever since the *Creation*, and are still *Delighted* in. O my *Soul*! hearken: I now hear the *Voice* of *God's wrathful Indignation* beating with its *furious Blasts* on the *Person* of his *only Son*, all

which plainly demonstrates, that the *Almighty* can by no means *away with Sin*, or behold *Iniquity* with the *least approbation*. Wherefore I must here seem to make a *Digression*, by asking my Self and others, If it can *hail* in great abundance, which shews the *Power of God*, and yet the *Icy Stones* not fall down to the *Earth*? Can *Rocks* split, and *Mountains* shake, which betokens that the *Lord Jehovah is Angry*, and yet the little *Hills* not so much *as tremble*? Can *Winds* blow, and *Clouds* gather, which foretel mighty *Rains*, and neither the *Sun*, *Moon*, or *Stars* be hid? Can it *Thunder* with *ratling Peals*, and *Lighten* with *Blazing Flasbes*, which certainly shews *Heaven's Displeasure*, and yet the *guilty* not be amaz'd, and the *Atheist* quake? Can *Nations* fall, and *Kings* dye, which make a sad *Confusion*, and yet shall a *Righteous Man* not be afflicted, or the *Offender* punish'd? Can *state-ly Palaces* be consum'd, and *populous Cities* be swallow'd up quick, which is a *Judgment* to any *People*, and shall not a *Lamentation* and *Mourning* be heard amongst its *escaped Inhabitants*? Can a tedious *Famine* be in a *Country*, and an outrageous *Plague* in a *Kingdom*, which is a *terrible sight* to behold, and not one be *starv'd* with *Hunger*, or *Sick* unto *Death*? Can *Day Break*, which is foretold by the *Cock-Crow*, and accompany'd with the sweet *Singings* of the *Lark*, and not any *Glimerings of Light* be seen to peep over the *Eastern Hills*? Can *Massacres* be concerted, which *endanger* many *lives*, and

not

not a *Villain* be concern'd in the *Combination*? Can good *Men* faint, and go down to the *Grave*, which *Presages* a *sudden Alteration*, and none lay it to *Heart*? Then surely no Person that *believes* in an *Holy God*, or bows at the Name of a *meek Jesus*, can be so wean'd from *Virtue*, and intangled in *Vice*, as not to relent, and burst forth into *Rivers of Tears*, to see an *Ocean of Blood* run down the *Skirts* of him, that came to redeem them from *eternal Death*. O then awake ye *drouzy Sinners*, and behold *Christ* in this his *Bloody Conflict*. Rouse up ye *stupid Offenders*, and vouchsafe him your presence with a *Tear of Blood*, ready to be discharg'd from *each of your Eyes*, and another from *your Heart*: For could I command my *Affections* according to my *Wishes*, *Rivers of Blood* should distil from me instead of *little Pearls of Saltish Water*. Could I have my *Will* obey'd, there is not a *Leaf* hanging on *any Tree*, but should open its *Veins*, and curious *Fibres*, and bleed a drop of *Blood*. Could I attain my *Desire*, there is not a *Pillar of Marble* in any *Cathedral Church*, or *Abbey*, but should sweat out *Blood* instead of a watry *Dew*. Could I force all *Turks* to obey my *Will*, they should *abjure their Mahomet*, and be oblig'd to fall down and *Worship Christ*, by bleeding *Caldrons of Blood* for their gross *Infidelity*, and this his *Cruel Agony*. Could I at a beck cite the *Emperors*, *Kings*, and *Princes* of every *Nation* to obey my *Directions*; there is not one of that *Honourable Rank* now alive, but should d'off their *Crowns*,
 throw

throw down their *Scepters*, and march as *Pilgrims* to this Mount of *Olives*, where their Lord is now *immers'd in Blood*, to wipe away the stain thereof from his *sacred Brow*, and make a Vow to rule *their Subjects* in his fear. Could I gain the *Affections* of all that bear the *Image* of a *pure God*, and manage 'em as I list, they should be as *passionately in Love* with this sweet *Jesus*, as I am now at the *Composing* of this *Essay*.

Could I guide every *Hand* that is capable of *Writing a Line* in *Prose*, their *Pencils* should run as fast as mine in *drawing out a Volume* in memory of *Christ's sweating Blood* for their flagrant sins. Could I make *Infants* speak, as soon as they peep out of the *dark Dungeon* of their *Mother's Womb*, they should tell the good *Women* that attend at *their Birth*, that once nothing but *Blood* strain'd thro' every *Pore* in the *afflicted Body* of the Son of Heaven, when on the Mount of *Olives*. Could I by a *despotick Power* have all the *Fathers and Teachers* of *Christ's Church Militant* here on Earth, to *Preach* as I would, this should be the *main of their Discourse* on the *first Sunday* of every *Month*, that the *Communicants* might be remembred, that *Christ* did not only dye on the *Cursed Tree* without the *Gates* of *Jerusalem* for *their Offences*; but even before that, endur'd such *greivous Pains*, as forc'd the *Blood* to spout out from every *Vein* in great abundance, when he was *kneeling alone* on the Mount of *Olives*. Could I but affect the *Heart* of every *hardned Sinner* in such a manner that
their

their Eyes might flow down in Rivers of briny Tears, they should even weep a Deluge to see the Blessed Jesus bathed in a Crimson Sweat. Could I by a word dress all Mankind according to my Fashion, they should be vail'd in Black, and go mourning all the days of their Pilgrimage about the Streets; not for the Death of a Poor vanishing Mortal Prince, but for Christ the Eternal King of Heaven, staining his white Garments with gore Blood, for their Fore-fathers Transgressions and their own Offences. Could I be obey'd in every thing, there is not an Entry-Door into any Church or Tabernacle, but these Lines should be pencil'd out in Golden Characters on the outside thereof; If thou art not for a Sanctified life, enter not this Holy Place, nor presume to name Jesus in thy Prayers, on pain of being Damn'd for Ever. For whosoever will be sav'd, it is necessary before all things, that he should muse a while on the exquisite Pains that Christ endured as a Man, when Blood trickled down, as it were in great Drops, from every single Hair of his sacred Head. Could whatever I say be done, all People throughout the World should be oblig'd to call on the most High, Morning, Noon, and at Night, if not Seven times a Day, and use these Sentences in every Prayer. O my Christ and dear Redeemer, may I and all the Race of Adam abhor that which first occasion'd thee to leave thy Father's House, and live to outward appearance a mean and contemptible Life, who just before thou wast Betrayed, lest the Conversati-

on

on of thy Apostles, and ascended a Mount, where no *Mortal Eye* was then gazing, and cry'd out in the *Passion* of thy Soul, *Father if thou be willing remove this Cup from me: nevertheless, not my Will, but thine be done: For now is my Soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father save me from this Hour; during which fervent Prayer thou wert all the while sweating Blood.* Then *Lord Jesus*, what great need have I to *Bleed for Sin*, and promise, that if one wound will not cause me so to do, another shall; and why, *Blessed Christ!* because thou bled'st once for me? Had I the *Power* to frame a *Law*, I would enact it for a *perpetual Statute*, That one Day in every Year should be observ'd over all the World, and solemnly Sanctify'd in commemoration of this, that *Jesus* was willing to *Kneel, Pray, and Bleed*, and all this in order to make *Attonement* for the Sins of Man, and satisfy his *Father's Justice*. But since what I would cannot be attain'd, I'll rest contented to center my *Love* on my *Lord Jesus Christ*, and to let my courteous Reader know, that I feign not these *Excellent Arguments*, only to swell up my *Volume* to its intended Bulk, but even to win him over to consider, what *Christ* did and suffer'd for him, when he was bedew'd all o're with a *sweaty Blood*.

Do any imagine I have now done with this Head, and am now become *Barren* for lack of new *Expressions* to fill up other *Sentences*? I scarcely know what Answer to return, since I am empty, and yet I am full; for I could proceed, but that

that I fear I shall not *improve* ; I could *have done*, but that I am in hopes to *amend*, and treat in some higher and more *prevailing Strains* : for rather than *fail herein*, I would adventure to leave the Subject thus *indifferently done*, hoping that the candid *Reader* will look more on my *pious Intentions*, than *mean Performances*. O! why do I thus again begin to *wander*, or why do I think of *shutting up* this Chapter so soon, since by no means it may be? For behold I find my Soul so *full of matter*, that I must go on, tho' I should *marr that* which is already *finish'd*, which I fear by the *sudden Kindlings* I find in my *Passions*; for my *Thoughts* are roving as in a *Desart*, and seem to *range about* I know not where; so that I doubt I shall not place my *words aright*, or set them in their *due Order*, which is my great *Ambition*, as knowing, that if I *fail therein*, this *Traët* will not be look'd upon by the *Ingenious*, or Charm the *lend Imbracers* out of the lap of their *lascivious Dalila's*; not, but that I know, tho' I should write *never so fine*, and deliver an *Allegory* at the close of every Page, suitable to the *Doctrine* or *Subject* under consideration, I shall not be able to *Perswade* all : And why? because those *Arguments* which may be *convincing* to some, may not at all appear of *any Force* to others; especially such as affect a quite *different Stile*, as either not suiting their *Genius*, or pleasing their *angry Spirits* : for I knew a *Clergyman* not long since, that was so full of *Envious Spite*, that as he was reading the *Works* of a

late

late Author, could not forbear falling out with the *Language*, and as it were abusing the Man for striving, by *winning Perswasions*, to convert the *stubborn*, and force the *Rebellious* to be Religious, even *against their Wills*; but he would fain have Perswaded him not to treat in so *high a Strain*: and why, because it run-counter to his *dull and dronish Style*, which God knows seldom raises the *Spirits* of the *Auditory* above the airy *Phantoms* of *sensual Pleasures*, but rather serves to lull their Senses *fast asleep*. But to leave such poor *malicious Animals*, who (I fear) Preach more for *interest*, than for *Christ*, more for their *own Ease*, than for the *conversion* of others; I shall now return to the Mount, and weep afresh over the *Second Person* of the ever blessed *Trinity*, that is now performing *Wonders* for me and every *Sinner*; so that my Eyes shall become as a *running Fountain* on the top of that Mount, and pour down such overflowing *Streams* of Grief, that in some measure may allay the *Heat* of my *Saviour's Passion*, and assuage his *Pain*: for how much rather had I *Sacrifice my Life*, and all that is *precious* to me, than thus to behold the *Darling* of the World, the *Desire* of all *Nations*, the *Redeemer* of Man, and the *Judge* of the whole Earth, all over of a *gore-Blood* for the *Offences* of his People: O my Lord, and my *Christ*, I am now purposely resolv'd, to spend my Mornings in *Thoughts*, my Evenings in *Sighs*, my Nights in *Watchings*, and even to do nothing but *think of thee*, O my
bleeding

bleeding Jesus! For how much better is it for me
 entirely to *wean my Affections* from the *Vanities* of
 a *Perishing World*, and be rather thought
worthy by thee to undergo *Mockings, Scourgings,*
 and *Railings*, than to be carried away by the
over-flowing Waters of *Deism*, and be *unhappy* for
 Ever. O my *Redeemer*, and my *God*, may
 I for the future be so *Enamour'd* of *Thee*,
 and in love with *true Religion*, as joyfully to
 suffer the *flouts* of the *Lewd*, to the loss of *my*
Name, and the spoiling of *my Goods*; nay, may
 I be so *join'd* to *Thee*, in a fixt *Resolution* of un-
 dergoing *Abstinence*, and *Mortification*, that if
 thou *seest it meet* for the subduing of any *Corrup-*
tions or inordinate *Affections*, I may freely endure
Want, Pain, and Contempt, without a *shrinking*
back, or saying, It is more than I am *willing* to
bear, since it will be more to *my Gain* to *Mourn*
 a while, than cry for ever. O my *Messias*, and
 my *Jesus*, I can't but grieve in secret, and sigh
 in silence, when I think, what an *unhappy hour*
 that was, when *Sin* first forc'd it's *Viperous Sting*
 thro' the *Fancies* of a *Woman*, and gain'd admit-
 tance in the *Affections* of a *Man*, and thus
 caus'd thee to bleed, as it were great *Drops* of
Blood. O blessed they, and all their *after-Race*,
 had they in that day either been *annihila-*
ted, or *rejected* the *Tempter* with that *Magna-*
nimity, as it is recorded a *Christian Martyr* once
 did, who when offer'd *Life* and *Honours*, if
 he would deny his *Christ*, and turn *Idolater*.
 'Alas! (said he) have you nothing more to
'tempt

'tempt me with, but a short *Reprieve*, and a
 'puff of empty *Vanity*? Drive on *Executioner*,
 'drive on apace, I have much *nobler Offers* made
 'to me by a God that cannot lie. Possibly you
 'think *Death is a terrible thing*, and to be *flea'd*
 'alive is what I would *fain Escape*: I tell
 'you, nay, it is neither *Ghastly*, nor *Amazing*
 'to me; for I know I was *born a Mortal* to
 'dye, and *baptiz'd a Christian* to suffer; so that I
 'long as much to be in a *Grave*, as any *Mariner*
 'in a *Storm* ever desir'd to be *at rest*; and am
 'as ambitious to *undergo* what God calls me to,
 'as a *Vain-glorious Spirit* is for outward *applause*:
 'and indeed it was ever *my Thought*, that I
 'could not be sufficiently *ripen'd for Heaven*,
 'until I had been *try'd*, and had *overcome*. And
 'to let you *my Murderer* know, that I am no
 'Heretick, or *Dissenter* as you alledge I am,
 'but a *Christian* and a *Protestant*, you shall hear
 'me sing the *Praises of my God*, all the time you
 'are *stripping my tender Skin* from off my *Flesh*
 'and *Bones*: For when you have done that, I
 'shall resemble *my blessed Jesus*, who was *Dyed*
 'all o're in *Blood*, on the *Mount of Olives* for
 'me.

Was this the Language of a *martyr'd Saint* in
 his Travels to *Execution*, and was his *Constancy*
 so firm to the last, as to *draw Tears* from the
 Eyes of his *Judges*, and cause some of them to
 suffer the same with little less *Courage*, and *Bra-*
very of Mind than he did; Then henceforth I'll
 learn to be out of humour with *worldly Grandure*,
 and

and *empty Titles*, and of being a *member* of such or such a *Church*; but learn to be a *self-denying Christian*, and a *Disciple* of *Christ's Universal Church*, by retiring to *yonder Mount*, and there *bleed* for Sin, while vain *Offenders* are falling out about *Opinions*, and basking themselves in the *Sunshine of Mirth*, living as if all the *Passions* of *Christ* were a meer *Fable* invented by some *Melancholy Author*, that delighted to defie the *World*, and retreat from *Conversation*: But may I speak a word to such *Licentious Wretches*, by telling them that the *Agonies* of my *bleeding Jesus*, which they now *despise* by a *careless Life*, and an *unchristian Carriage* towards their *Protestant Brethren*, will be fragrant in the *Nostrils* of the *Righteous*, when they lye *forgotten* in an heap of *Clay*, and *hidden* in the *Womb* of *Oblivion*. Did I hastily say, they should be *out of Memory*? I recall *my Words* again, and am sorry for *what I said*, since I know their *Crimes* will live, tho' their *Bones* moulder away to dust, and their *Adamantine Hearts* be *dissolv'd* to *Ashes*, who when *living* would not vouchsafe to *part* with one *Drop* of their *Blood* for the sake of a *dying Saviour*, who upon their Account had *emptied all his Veins*. But, hark! *Misfortune* rings dreadful *Knells* in their *Ears*, even on *this side Eternity*! How much more terrible then will be the sound to their *Souls*, when they come to *launch out* into the *Red Sea* of bloody *Despair*, when the *Imps* in *Hell* will treat 'em, as the *worst of Tyrants*, for suffering the most *Holy Jesus* to lye wal-

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lowing

lowing in *Puddles of Blood*, without any remorse of Spirit, or grief of Soul! O how are all my *Passions rais'd* even beyond conception, to see such Persons *hypocritically* owning *Jesus* to be the Son of God, and confessing, that he roll'd in Blood for *their Offences*, when on the Mount, and not to let one tear fall in reading this Melancholy Lesson, which one would think should affect an *hardned Turk*, and make him cry out, 'What alarm is this, that beateth in my Ears, and what meaneth such a *Tragical Discourse* of Blood? 'Sure, there is a God come down from above, 'and has dipt his Spirit in the Blood of Mortals, 'since all these *lively Representations* of a God 'made Man, and his sweating Blood for Man, cannot be a meer Chymera or a noisy Notion; neither could the Author carry his Affections to such an Extasy of Grief, as even thus to swim in floods of his own Tears, unless he knew the Truth of the Relation to be out of question: But, admitting there was no Truth in this Subject, yet the discourse is so affecting, and the Expressions so pathetick, that I can't but now and then let fall a briny Tear, and affect a serious Deportment of Mind. 'Were such a Relation as this compos'd in Memory of my Mahomet, I should soon bid a farewell to Joy, and ascend that Hill where such a Tragedy was perform'd, and shew the love I bore to so kind a Benefactor, and loving Saviour. Is it so, that some Heathens may be thought to have a higher Veneration for the Sufferings of Jesus, only by the reading this doleful Account, (tho' they never receiv'd

ceiv'd him as *their Redeemer*) than many *Lukewarm Christians*, who own him for *their Christ*? Henceforth I'll *strive to weep* to such a strain, as to *deluge the World*, by sending out an *overflowing Ocean* of Tears, and cry to the *Great Messias*, O Thou *lover of Truth and sincerity*, I saw so much *Form* and so little *Practice* in the *English Nation*, even among the *Teachers and Professors*, that I have fled before those *swelling Waves of Practical Atheism* that overflow'd my *Native Soil*, as a mighty *Torrent*, to attend thee here in thy *bleeding Agony* on the Mount. I entreated my *loving Country-Men* to embark with me: but they feign'd *Excuses*, and slighted my *Invitations*, so that I am *here arriv'd* alone. Lord, the intentions of my *floating hither* on this sure *Plank of Faith*, are such as were those of *Mary Magdalen*, who was suffer'd to *wash thy feet with Tears*, and *wipe 'em with the Hair of her Head*; and she is recorded in the *Kalendar of sacred Writ*, and mention'd in the *Annals* of everlasting Fame. Say thou the word, and I'll *anoint thee* with the *precious Oyl* of true Belief, and then *my Name* shall be registred in the *Book of Life*, and I shall live, when *Sinners dye*.

O my ever *blessed Jesu*! thy *refulgent Head* is flowing down with *Springs of Crimson Blood*. What means such an *Inundation*! Is it for the *Fall of Adam*? O *astonishing*? to behold thy *sacred Brow* bleeding in great abundance, and those for *whom it bleeds*, not shrieking out, and saying, O *my Lord*, and *my God*! I'll bleed as well as Thou: O *amazing Love*! never to be sufficiently

ciently comprehended and admired by *Angels*, nor acknowledged by *Men*, for whose *obstinate Enmity* thou didst thus suffer. O admirable *Condescension* in thee, never to be sufficiently acknowledged! for this very *Brow of thine*, that is now incircled round with *streaks of Blood*, wears at this instant, as to *thy Godhead* in the *Kingdom of Glory*, a sparkling *Diadem*, that ever *glisters*, and will never cease to *shine*; not such a *Crown* as *Moses* and *Aaron* will receive in honour of their *God-like Vertues*, but such an one as *Father* and *Spirit* is reigning with. Then, why is my *Soul* so heavy, and my *Heart* so sad? Because *Sin* brought down the *second Person* in the ever-blessed *Trinity*, to *sweat Blood* as to his *Manhood*, in as real a manner as if he was no more than *mere Man*, and not any wise related to the *Sovereign Creator*, as to his infinite *Power*, *Perfection*, and *Being*; for this my *Soul* must *Languish*, and *Mourn* without ceasing, and strive as it were by *Mortification*, and an *Austere life*, to stop the *Wounds*, from whence the *Blood Issues*, and heal them up with those *noble Antidotes*. O my Saviour! thy *Eyes* are gushing out with *Tears of Blood*, as a mighty *Shower*; what is the *Efficient Cause* of such *overflowings* of *Blood*? Is it for the *Sins* of the *World*? O astonishing *Sight*! to see thee *crying with Tears of Blood*, as an *Infant* weepeth forth those of *Water*! O amazing *Wonder*! not to be comprehended by *material* or *immaterial* Beings! Strange *Humility*, never to be parallel'd! For these *very Eyes*

of

of thine, that are now raining with *Showrs of Blood*, sparkle above the yonder *Sky*, and are peeping thro' the *Clouds* to behold the *ways of Man*; not such Eyes as *Abraham* and the *Prophets* will behold the *Glorious Face* of the *Almighty* with at the *Great Audit*; but such as the *Great Lord Jehovah*, and the *Divine Spirit*, are now viewing their *own Excellence* withall. Then what aileth thee, O my Soul! to be so *afflicted*, and thus *cast down*? Is it not because my *Transgressions* oblige *Christ* to leave his *Father's House*, and weep Seas of *Blood* in as real a manner, as if he were *not equal* with *God*? Wherefore I must *sigh* and *throb* even to the last breath of life, and ever be learning the *Noble Science* of *virtuous living*, and *holy dying*, that thereby I may *stanch the Blood* that trickles down from the Eyes of *Jesus*: O my *Christ*, thy Face is besmear'd with *bleeding Sweats*, and Eclips'd with *Clouds of Blood*. Why this on thee, O *Holy Jesus*? Is it for the *Crimes* of the *World*? O wonderful, to view thy *Physiognomy* vail'd o're with a *Masque of Blood*. A *Profound Mystery*, not to be discerned by the *Eye of Reason*, or comprehended by any, tho' never so *refin'd*: Unheard of matter of *amazement*, never to be equaliz'd in any *Kingdom*, or *State*! And yet these very *Features* of thine, that are now disfigur'd with *Blood*, are at this time in the upper *Quire of Heaven* darting out their kind Influences, with *brighter Shinings*, than the dazzling Rays of an *Eastern Sun*; not such a *Light* as the *Saints* of

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God

God will glister with, when the *Trumpet Blows* and calls the dead to rise: but such *Rays*, as God the *Father*, and God the *Holy Ghost*, is now in-lightning the *Habitations of Glory* withall: Then why *Mortify* I my Members, and thus *increase* my Fears? Is it not because the *Iniquities of many* made the *Darling of Sion* step down from *Heaven*, and sullied o're his *Lineaments* with *Blood*, in such manner, as if he had not *sate in Council* when the *Worlds* were made: Wherefore, it is expedient, that *Lamentations* and *Tears* be still my daily *Repast*, that therewith I may in some measure *dispel* the mist of *Blood*, that thus overshadows the *lustre* of my *Saviour*. O thou bright *Morning Star*! thy Arms are all over of a bath, and are running down with *Floods of Blood*: Why bleedest thou, as never *Man bled*? Is it for the *vile Hypocrisy* of many? O admirable to *behold* thy Wrists, as if they were *boil'd in Blood*! O Stupendious enigmatical *Event*, not to be *unravel'd* by any, tho' never so *divinely inspir'd*; for these very *Hands* of thine that I now see all of a *Purple Gore*, are fill'd with *glorious Sceptres* of Majesty: not such as the *Evangelists*, and *Apostles* will tway, when they shall encompass the *Judge* of all upon his *Azure Throne* of Judicature; but such as God the *Creator*, and God the *Sanctifier*, now rules with in the *yonder Heaven*. Then why sit I so *disconsolate*, and appear so *Melancholy*? 'Tis because the *Original Sins* of Man occasion'd an *Eternal Being* to leave the *Kingdom of Glory*, and
 dip

dip his Fingers in *Blood*, as if he had touched their *Manhood*, and to *bleed* as if he had not been an *uncreated God*. Therefore I must *mourn* as a *Dove*, and cry as a *Babe*, during the scene of life, that if by any means I *may allay* this his *violent Sweat*: O thou dear *Jesu*, thy *Breast*, thy *Feet*, and thy whole *Body* is as if thou hadst been *plung'd in Blood*, and all for the *flagrant Sins* of Man: O Astonishing, Amazing, Wonderful, and Miraculous *Condescension*! A *Mystery* that puzzles both *Worlds* to unriddle: For *Angels* dare not Enquire into it, nor *Men* ask the *Reason*, why it is not *explain'd*: No, none knows it, but an *infinite God*, and he will not reveal it to *any Power*, whether in Heaven, or Earth. Have I now done with this *sad Tragedy* of *Christ's sweating Blood*, and am I going to let the *Curtain drop*, in order to *change the Scene*, and present my *Reader* with some *new Subject*? No; I find new *Ideas* entering my *amazed Thoughts*, and crowding in upon me, whether I will or not: But alas! they are all, as *Job's Messengers*, full of *evil Tidings*, and attended with nothing but *Jesus* his *Kneeling*, *Praying*, *Sweating*, and *Bleeding*.

O! happy me, and all the rest of Men, if that *Day* had never dawn'd, when *Satan* tempted *Eve*, for then the *sacred Head* of our *Saviour* had never run down with *Crimson Blood*; O ten thousand times *blessed* all, if Man had never cast a glance on *Womankind*, or been decoy'd with her *alluring Charms*: For if so, the *Son of God* would never have descended from the *blissful Regions*,

and have weeped Blood here on Earth: O that a dark Cloud had shaded that fatal Hour, when our first Father Adam Espy'd an Apple handed out unto him, and heard a Female Voice bidding him, *Take, and Eat*, then my Lord had never sweated Rivers of Blood; O that that Moment had been dash'd out of time, when a Male saw himself first naked, and wanted Leaves to hide his shame: Then I am sure the Word *Messias* had never been spoken of, or mentioned in the Prophets, nor had the Prince of Glory been involv'd in Blood. O Adam, and Eve, how well would it have been for you, and all your Posterity, if ye had fate you down before the Fall, under some shady Bower in your delightful Garden of Eden, and conferr'd about the Matter thus together, between your selves.

Adam, as speaking to Eve.

Eve, the Wisdom of a great God has here incircled thee and me with varieties of Delights, and the whole Creation seems to conspire together to the making us truly happy, if we are but willing our selves to be so. For behold the Sun is in its highest meridian Exaltation, sending down its brighter Rays to enlighten our goings, and cheer our Spirits: the Heavens are serene and clear, and never covered over by any hovering Clouds, or rising Mists: the Air is free from nauseous Vapours, and unwholsom Fogs; the Trees are tall and straight, and hung so thick with
Fruit,

Fruit, that they seem even to dance under their *stately Burthens*, whilst the winged *Quiristers* of the *Air*, that are *perching* amongst the *labouring Branches*, afford the *sprightly Musick* to their joyful motions: The *Hedges* are all most curiously diversifi'd with *gorgeous Blossoms*, and blowing *Budds*, the *Rivers* ebb and flow, and water the *Earth* with their *swelling Tides*: The *Springs* are bubbling up their *christalline Humidity*, whilst the *purling rills* are gliding down apace towards the *neighbouring Brooks*; the *Banks* are all plentifully beset with *odoriferous Flowers*, whereon are scattered the *Pearly Drops* of the *refreshing Dews*, sparkling with a *Luster* not inferior to the radiancy of *oriental Gems*; the numerous flights of the *feather'd Inhabitants* of the *Air*, are delightfully warbling out their *melodious Tunes*, and chearfully sending up their *ravishing Notes* on high, whilst we are all *intranc'd in Charms* by listening to their *Musical Strains*; the *Winds* are sending out their *cooling Breaths*, perfum'd with the *fragrant smells*, that exhale from the *Clefts* of the *ruddy Roses*, as they are opening their *scolop't hoods*, and displaying their *lovely Colours*; the *Days* are long, the *Nights* short, and the *Evenings* sweet, the *Climate* temperate, the *Way* level, and the *Path* straight; so that here is nothing wanting to compleat our *Joys*, and crown our *Wishes*.

Eve's

Eve's Answer to Adam.

Adam, thy lofty style, and eloquently fluent Language wings me even beyond my self, and serves to trebble all my Joys. O happy we! that can entertain each other with a familiar Converse, and spend every day in beholding, in this our Habitation, the stupendious Works of Providence: our seat is near the Borders of Bliss, and we live not far from the Confines of Glory; praised be the name of him that planted us here, and allows us not only time and leisure to bath our selves in Fountains of ravishing Pleasures, but to be conversant with Heaven, and in friendship with God. O noble Entertainment, and unconceivable Satisfaction! to contemplate a Divine Power, and an infinite Being; O happy we! that are undefil'd, and in Purity are little inferiour to the Angels themselves! We shall either spend an Eternity here in this little Heaven of ours, where we shall reign as petty Gods, or after a certain Tract of years, be gather'd up into the vast Regions of Glory, where we shall have sparkling Diadems to adorn our heads, and victorious Palms put into our hands, and where we shall govern, tho' not rule as Supream: So that we shall always be chanting forth the Praises of the most high, either in that Quire above, or in this Paradise below: Be warn'd, then, O my dear Adam, and abstain from the one only thing forbidden; for in the very hour thou shalt infringe that sovereign Command of God, all is forfeited, and we perish:

Therefore

Therefore be advis'd, and make a *covenant with thine Eyes*, that thou look not near the place where *death's Apples* grow, nor fancy that they are *more mellow* to the tast, than others *not forbidden*. Have no Jealousy of me, my dear *Companion*, for I have this day made a *Vow*, that I'll neither *touch, handle, nor tast*, but be for ever *delighted with Thee*, and what a wise God says, I may *lawfully enjoy* without a *check* from my self, or a *frown* from him.

Adam's reply to Eve.

Eve, thy Advice is grounded on *Reason*, founded on *Wisdom*, and centres in *Knowledge*, so that I am forcibly won over to *adhere* to thy *Instructions*, and listen to thy *Counsels*, resolving for the future, not so much as to *shake a twigg*, or go near the spot where my *Vertue* may meet with the *least Temptation*.

Eve's answer to Adam.

O! delightful *stream of time*, that we are to spend in this little *Empire* of ours; for here we shall *walk hand in hand* together, thou my *Adam*, and I, and not *wrangle*, or *fall out* by the way; for to my joy be it spoken to thee, that here are no *fatiguing Labours* to weary our *Royal Limbs*, nor *carking Cares* to disturb our *secured peace*; no *intoxicating Liquors* to rob us of our *solid Reason*, or *clogging Jellies* to surfeit our *temperate*

rate *Nature*; no swelling *Floods* to deluge our pleasant *Land*, nor any parching *Droughts* to wither up the delightful *Greens* of *Nature's* curious *Carpet*: No jarring noise to disturb our solaced *Ears*, nor any clamorous *Speeches* to ruffle our becalmed *Passions*; no steep rising *Hills*, in travelling over which we may weary our *Sweating Limbs*, neither any lofty *Mountains* to Climb; no mournful accents to make our *Eyes* distill with briny *Tears*, nor poynant *griefs* to oppress our exalted *Spirits*; no dismal *sighings* to sadden our joyful *Hearts*, or sorrowful *meanings* to afflict our gladsome *Souls*; no Cessation of solacing *Love*, or any absence of thee, the darling *Object* thereof; no morose humours to disturb our well settled *peace*, nor any ill-natur'd clamours to cross our regular *desires*: No foolish conceits to unman our Princely persons; nor any peevish actions to discompose our profound rest: No dejected *Poor* to envy our blest *Estate*, nor any prosperous *Rich* to flatter us in our emulated *glory*: No impure *Lust* to amuse, or deceitful *Snares* to decoy: No reproachful *Slanderers* to defame, or calumnious *Liars* to reproach; in fine, here is the absence of all that is evil, and the more immediate presence of all that is good. I say, had *Adam* and *Eve* been so wise and sagacious, as to have been thus employ'd, instead of listening to the *Tempter*, and seeking to gratifie an idle longing, they had been as happy, as I have here represented, and *Christ* had never
been

been drench'd in *Crimson Gore*; but they un-
 happily *Eat that* which was deny'd, and *Abstain'd*
 from that which was allow'd, for which they
 are *lost*; and therefore my Soul is *griev'd*, and
 I am forc'd to cry out, "O my Lord, and my
 'Jesus, how amazing is it to behold Thee, the
 'Prince of the Morning, Kneeling, Praying,
 'Sweating, and Bleeding for the *fall of them*,
 'who wilfully *destroy'd* themselves. O asto-
 'nishing *Mystery!* that a God should be *distilling*
 'blood for their Iniquities, *issuing out blood too*
 'for my Vanities; *dropping blood* for their Fall,
 'venting out blood for my Ignorance; *streaming*
 'out blood for their Transgressions, *trickling down*
 'blood for my Offences; *drizzling out blood* for
 'their Wandrings, *sluicing out blood* for my
 'Negligence; *showering down blood* for their Long-
 'ings, *hailing down blood* for my Declensions;
 'pouring out blood for their Pollutions, *veining*
 'out blood for my Irregularities; *spending his pre-*
 'cious blood for their Malignities, *spouting out*
 'blood for my Misdemeanors; *springing out blood*
 'for their yieldings to the Prince of the Power
 'of the Air, *foaming out blood* for my original
 'Crimes; *boiling out blood* for their Inadverten-
 'cies, *gliding forth blood* for the Surfeits of my
 'Soul; falling down drops of blood for their Re-
 'bellion, *running out blood* for my Back-slidings;
 'flooding out blood for their Desertions, *snowing*
 'down flakes of blood for the Inveteracies of my
 'Spirit; *working out blood* for their Nakedness,
 'forcing out blood for my being a Rebel; bub-
 bling

'bling out blood for their Excesses, exporating
'blood for my hardness of heart; bathing out blood
'for my Unmercifulness, frothing out blood for
'their Intemperance; crying out blood for my
'Abuses, ingrain'd in blood for their Darknes;
'dy'd in blood for my reaking Sores, tiding out
'of blood for their Giddiness; inscarleted with
'blood for my Imperfections, piercing out blood
'for their Trespasses; fountaining of blood for my
'Luciferian Pride, steep'd in blood for their wi-
'therings; roll'd in blood for my Wastings; be-
'mir'd in blood for the satisfying their Lusts,
'involv'd in blood for my Exorbitancies; weltring
'in blood for their Rashness, wading through
'blood for my unruly Passions; curdled with blood
'for their impure Mixtures, imbroil'd in blood
'for my Provocations; Baptized in blood for their
'Apostasie, inflam'd with blood for my
'Lukewarmness; blushing in blood for their
'Mistakes, hid in blood for my Covetousness;
'darkned with blood for their Errors, bedew'd with
'blood for my Unfruitfulness; stain'd with blood
'for their breach of Covenant, deluging out
'blood for my mistrust of Providence; En-
'camp'd in blood for their Vileness, inthrall'd in
'blood for my Triflings; intomb'd in blood for
'their Idolatry, imbalin'd in blood for my Corrup-
'tions; eclyps'd in blood for their non-performance
'of what is enjoin'd, mantled in blood to soften my
'stony Affections; over-heated in blood for their
'cold Stupidity, bewildred in blood for my lack of
'Faith; ingrail'd in blood for their not keeping
'up

'up to the Command, *enamel'd in blood* for my
 'Cruelty; *over-whelm'd in blood* for their Disho-
 'nourings, *over-charg'd with blood* for my love to
 'Sense; *impuddled in blood* for their being decoy'd,
 'over-burden'd with *blood* for my lack of Righte-
 'ousness; *over-prest with blood* for their shame-
 'lessness, *implung'd in blood* for my Relinquishings;
 'bestorm'd with *blood* for their non-compliance,
 'exulted in *blood* for my impenitency; *invested in*
 '*blood* for their non-abstinence, *intoxicated with*
 '*blood* for my Aversion; *disfigured with blood* for
 'their defilements, *swill'd with blood* for my Re-
 'bellions; *leaking out blood* for their loss of friend-
 'ship, *bemoated with blood* for my unwatchful-
 'ness; *entrench'd in blood* for their falling down
 'to Satan, *invested in blood* for my carnal Con-
 'cupiscence; *swimming in blood* for their first bea-
 'ring Sin, *fenced in with blood* for my retaining
 'of vicious Habits; *involv'd in blood* for the sa-
 'tisfying their sensual Appetites, *imbru'd in blood*
 'for my being not Regenerate.

O talk no more of *blood*, lest I faint, fall
 down, and dye! for behold *I bleed*, as well as
Christ, tho' not in such *mighty Floods*, or to out-
 ward appearance; for do but take a survey of
 what is *within me*, and you'll see my *Soul bleed-*
ing for my *Jesus*; my *Spirit* all over of *blood*
 for my Redeemer; my *heart bloody* for my Lord
Christ; nay, I have so real a love for him that
 so entirely lov'd me, that I could freely open
 every *Vein* and *Pore* of my Body, that I might
 gush out with *streams of blood*. O commiserate me,
 ye

ye that admire a *blood-sweating Jesus*, for I am over-charg'd with *sorrow*, when ever I take a prospect of my *God's bleeding* on the Mount of *Olives*: Pity me, ye that have not *heard of Christ*, and know not his *Name*, for there is no *Agony equal* to this of mine, excepting that of the *Lamb*, which is *Sweating Blood* in the *Anxiety* of his *Care*, whereby he would *gather you, me, and all to his fold*: Bemoan my *sad Estate*, and your own *Mischance*, for you may see my *grief* is not *feign'd*, by *Counterfeiting the Passions* of my *Soul*, and *Expressions* of my *Tongue*: For do but *reason the case* with your selves, ye that *Read this Essay of Christ's Sweating blood*; If a *Man* can write a *deserved Panegyrick* of a *Generous Prince*, and not hold for *Sacred* his *Memory*, or be *affected* to his *Person*; then certainly I can't transmit the *bleeding of Jesus* to after-Ages in such a *Language*, and in a much more *lively strain* than ever any did, and not *own* him for my *Redeemer*, and live agreeable to what *he suffer'd* for me: No, I hope, none will *degenerate so far*, as to believe there ever *was, is, or will be* any such. Can a *Turkish Emperor, or Heathen King*, behold any of their loving *Subjects engor'd with blood* for the *Vindication* of their *Rights*, and the *Establishment* of their *Throne* in *Peace*, but they would *sympathise* with, and bear a *good will* to such *faithful Friends*, and *Loyal Persons*, if not vouchsafe to *drop a Tear* over their *bleeding Bodies*, and wipe the blood away with a *compassionate*

passionate wish? much less, then, is it reasonable to think, that a poor *slave to sin*, can behold the *Son of God* Kneeling, Praying, Sweating, and Bleeding, in order to *redeem his Soul* from Death, and not fetch a Volly of Sighs over his *Sacred Body*. May no *such thoughts* enter the Mind of a *Christian Man*, since I would fain be so Charitable, as to believe there is no *Professor*, within the pale of *Christ's Church*, so fear'd in *sin*, and harden'd in *iniquity*, as to turn over these *Tragical Leaves*, that treat of *Christ's Sweating Blood*, and not bedew the Pages with *heat-drops of Penitent Tears*; if not be forc'd to cry out with me, If my Heart was a *Fountain*, and my Head a *Cistern of Blood*, I would weep them dry over this *God that became a Man*, and *bled* for me, and all that *bear his Image*: for my *Soul's* bechill'd to see the *Lamb of Glory* diving into an *Ocean of blood* for the *Miscarriages* of my first Parents: O then, let me *kneel* down at the *Throne of Grace* for him, *pray* to the *Father of Mercies* for him, *sweat* on the *Mount* for him, and *bleed* drops of *blood* for him, and *entreat Heaven* with all the *passions* of my *Soul*, that he may be no longer *wearied out* with *Kneeling*, tir'd with *Praying*, exhausted with *Sweating*, or faint with *Bleeding*. O how do my *Affections* bleed, to see the *Son of the Most High*, wallowing in *blood* for the *Offences* of the *Children of Men*; and I could even swim through the *streams* of his *bleeding*, to hale him safe unto the shore of *Sion-Hill*, where he

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may

may *Kneel* no more for Sinners, nor *Pray* any more for me on Earth: *Sweat* no more for the lewdness of others, nor *bleed* any more for my Back-slidings: But how must this *great Work* be accomplish'd, O my Soul! but by their *dying to Sin*, and my *living to Faith*; by their *Tears*, and my *Contrition*; which Heaven grant for the love of *Jesus*. And so ends the Chapter of *Christ's Sweating Blood* on the Mount of *Olives*.

C H A P. XV.

Christ Crucify'd.

Matth. 27. 26. *Then Pilate released Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus, he deliver'd him to be crucify'd.*

WHat meaneth this *dark Cloud* of *Melancholy*, that still lies hovering over my heart, and oppressing my *Spirits*! and what noise is it I hear in the *Eastern parts* of the World, of the *rattling together* of *Staves*, and the *clashing* of *Spears*? Sure, the Earth is *out of Frame*, or a God is *going to suffer* as a Man; I'll run to see what all this *Tumult* means, and ask the *Pilates* of the Age, why the Heavens are so
lowring,

lowring, and the *Air* fill'd with such mighty *shoutings* of *Crucify him, Crucify him?* Now behold, I know the occasion of all; for I hear they are going to set up a *Cross* without the *Gates* of *Jerusalem*, and the *Lord of Life* is to dye thereon for the *flagrant sins* of *Man*. But what are the *Villains* the *Jews* doing yonder with *Jesus*? Why, they are *leading him* with a *Band* of *Soldiers* into the *Common Hall*, to *strip him* of his *Rayment*, and put on him a *Scarlet Robe*; not in *Honour* of his *Name*, but in *Derision* of his *Person*: for behold they are *plaiting* a *Crown of Thorns* to put on his *Head*, and preparing a *Reed* which they may *put in his hand*; not in token of his *swaying* a *Sceptre* over the whole *Earth*; but for a *Staff* to bruise him withal: for they *bow the knee* before him, and, *mocking him*, say, *Hail King of the Jews*, and spit upon him, and take the *Reed* and *smite him* on the head. But how are the *cruel Barbarians* now serving *Christ*? Why, they are taking the *Robe* from off him, and putting on his *own Rayment* again, in order to his *Crucifixion*; as also compelling a *Man* of *Cyrene*, *Simon* by Name, whom they spy'd as they were *coming out* of the *Hall*, to *bear his Cross*: But what are the *barbarous Wretches* now doing with the *Messias* at *Golgotha*? Why, they are giving him *Vinegar* mingled with *Gall*, which he *only tasted* and would not drink. But what are the *stony hearts* now doing with the *Saviour of the World*, without the *Gates* of the *City*? Why, they are

crucifying him, and casting Lots for his Garments : Not for the Value thereof, as not being wrought with the finest Needles of Egypt, or embroider'd with Gold; but because Heaven will'd it so, that the Prophecies of the Prophets might be fulfill'd, which said, that they parted his garments amongst them, and upon his Vesture they did cast Lots. But what are the Rebels now doing to the Immaculate Lamb on the Cross? Why, they are sitting down, and watching him as he hangs thereon, with wounds in his feet and hands, and have set over his head his Accusation written, This is Jesus the King of the Jews : not that they own'd him so to be, but that they may vilify him, as a Person not worthy of such a Name: and to make him more odious in the sight of the People, they are Crucifying with him two Thieves, one on the Right Hand, and the other on the Left ; that they that pass by may revile him, by wagging their heads, and jeastingly say, Thou that destroyest the Temple, and buildest it in Three days, save thy self, if thou be the Son of God, and come down from the Cross. But what are the Priests, Scribes, and Elders, now saying to him? Why, they are crying out with one consent, He saved others, himself he cannot save : If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the Cross, and we'll believe him : He trusted in God, let him deliver him now, if he will have him; for he said, I am the Son of God. But what said the Thieves that were Crucified with him? Why, they cast the same in his teeth. But what now is the matter that it is so gloomy,
even

even at *Noon-day*? Why, since the *Sixth hour* there has been *darkness* over the Land; and, now the *Clock* has struck the *ninth hour*, *Jesus* is crying with a loud voice, saying, *Eli, Eli, lamaſa-baſthani*, (i. e.) *my God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* But what ſay his *Murderers* to this? Why, they ſay, he call'd for *Elias*, and one of them is running for a *Sponge* dipped in *Vinegar*, to put it on a *Reed* and to give him to drink; while others ſay unto him, *Let us ſee, if Elias will come to ſave him.* But what ſtrange noiſe is this I now hear in my Ears, as if an *Almighty Being* was fall'n a Victim to his finite Creatures? Why, 'tis *Jeſus* crying out again, and yielding up the *Ghost*. But what is that, that *Thunders* in ſo terrible a manner, and cauſes me thus to quiver? Why, the *Vail of the Temple* is rent in twain, from the top to the bottom, and the *Earth* quakes, and the *Rocks* are rent, and the *Graves* are opening their *Cavern-doors*, and many *Bodies of Saints*, that lay ſleeping therein, are ariſing and coming out of their *Tombs*. O amazing ſight, and aſtoniſhing to behold the ſtrange *Convulſions* of *Nature* at the *Exit* of a *Creator* made a *Redeemer*! O ſtay me not, for go I will to the *Croſs of Chriſt*, and loudly ſay, O ye bloody *Jews*, why Crucifie ye the *Lord of life*? What hath he done, that ye put him to death? O ye perfidious *Jews*, do ye know what ye have been doing? O ye *People unwiſe*! why have ye ſlain my *Jeſus* and your *God*, my *Saviour* and your *Jehovah*?

Think ye, what ye have done, O ye giddy Tribe, and unruly Folk ? Why, ye have us'd the Judge of all the Earth with *unheard-of barbarity*; for which *inhuman Act* your City shall become *desolate*, and your Temple be *destroy'd*, and both ye and your *Posterity* shall wander up and down the Earth, as a People *deserted* by the Almighty, *mark'd* by Devils, and *abhorr'd* by Men. O ye *Jews*, with adamantine Hearts ! ye shall never *inherit*, to the end of the World, so much as *one Rood* of Land, or truly say, *this foot or clod of Earth* is of my own purchasing. But why spend I my precious time in *cursing* you, O ye already *cursed Jews* ! and not rather instantly ascend the Cross, to *imbrace* the *lifeless Body* of the Lord *Jesus Christ*, as he hangs thereon, and say, " O thou *wounded Saviour*, O thou " *murder'd Lamb*, O thou *crucified Messias*, I " am come from far to *ingrasp* thee round within " my folded arms, and to *kiss* thee with the tender affections of my *languid Soul*, in order to " weep my *Springs* dry over thy *out-stretched* " Limbs. Lord, it was said by some, that lov'd not me, that I was a person which bare no good will to thee, only because I compos'd a *deserv'd Harrangue* in memory of thy *Servant*, and my *Sovereign*, *William the Third*, who fought like a *Champion* and a *Christian*, for thee and thy *Interests*, in many a bloody *Rencounter*, and even run the risk of *losing his All*, to save thy *chosen ones* from the hands of *Roman Cruelty*, and persecuting *Spirits*. Lord, they whisper'd it forth,

forth, that I *worship'd* him as a God, and could not treat of *thy Life and Death*, in a style more full of *veneration* than I did of his: Lord, all their *Calumnies* are groundd on nothing else, but an *ill-will* against that generous Prince, and those of a *tender Conscience*; for thou knowest it well, that I had rather undergo the *Tortures of Persecution*, or the *Cruelties* of out-ragious *Fiends*, than so much as either in thought, word, or deed, to compare a *mortal King* with thee the *Immortal God*: No, far be that from me, I only *admir'd* him as a Protestant, a Soldier, and a Deliverer, *ordain'd by thee* to rescue my dear Religion, Laws, and Liberties, when just *snatch'd by violence* out of the hands of my *native Country*, by a *Popish King* and a *Jesuit Council*, assisted by the false Doctrine of *Non-Resistance*, and *Passive Obedience*, and in as much as he strove to be of *thy temper*, which is to love the *faithful*, be their Opinion what it will, as to some *indifferent Ways*, and Modes of Worship. But Lord, I freely forgive them their *unjust Charge*, and pray thee to sign *their Pardon* with thine own hand, for sure they'l *blush* and be *asham'd*, when they come to compare this *Essay* of thy Life and Death with that of my late *British King*. Excuse this Digression, O my *crucifi'd Jesus*, if thou sayest it is one, and I will learn to do so no more, but augment my *sorrows*, and increase my *grief* even beyond conception, in *beholding thee fastned* on the Tree. O be not angry, and I will cling fast to *thy Cross*, and will

not let thee go, tho' stiff-necked *Jews*, and inveterate *Devils* should strive to unloose my hold; nay, tho' thou should'st seem to *frown* for a moment, as if I *press thee* too hard, yet I will not unclasp my *clutched hand*, but be carried with thy *dead Body* to the Sepulchre, where I'll lye and *bedew* thy out-stretched *Body* with *Sighs* and *Tears*, till the Morn of thy *Resurrection*, when I will joyfully let thee go out of those *dark Prisons*, Hell and the Grave, and contentedly stay me a while longer on Earth to *Contemplate thy Ascension*, and Victory over the World. O my *Jesu*, O mortified *Jesu*, I own thee to be *God* as well as *Man*, and believe that thou art the only *Creator* of this *Universal All*; notwithstanding thou art, as to thy human Nature, *nailed to a Cross*, in such manner as are the Thieves and Robbers. O my *Saviour*! O my derided *Jesus*! my Faith is, that thou art partaker of the *God-head* of the *Father*, tho' thou endurest a *temporal Death*, as relating to thy *Manhood*; for I know such as the *Father is*, thou art, and such as the *Spirit is*, such art thou: Doth thy Head bleed with a *Crown of Thorns*? thy God-head bleeds not: Do thy Hands bleed, as being *bored thro' with great Nails*? yet that Arm of thine which stretched out the *Heavens as a Curtain*, was never pierced or distill'd one drop of Blood: Do thy Feet run down with a bloody gore, because they are *lanced through with Spikes*? yet those Feet of thine that trod down the
proud

proud Angels, are no wise stain'd with Blood. Doth thy Tongue look bemangled with the very *gnawing of thy Teeth*, when thou foundest thy self *deserted by Heaven* for a while? yet that Tongue of thine which spoke to *Moses* in the Bush, was never *bruised*, or was ever seen to be *besmear'd* with Blood. Is thy face become *pale with Death*? yet that Countenance of thine, which *shin'd in Glory* from Eternity, never *changeth*, or was, or ever shall be, *besmear'd* with a clammy Sweat. O my *Christ*! O my *bemangled Christ*! how unacceptable is this way of *discoursing* of thy *Eternity*, as a *God*, and thy *Sufferings* as a *Man*, to those that *know not* thee, and *call not* upon thy Name; but how eligible is it to such as are desirous to *know thy ways*, and be instructed in the *sound Principles* of true Religion. O my *Jesu*! O my now *dead Jesu*! O my *God*, O my now *living God*, for ever furnish me and thy Elect with a *steadfast Belief*. O Faith, Faith; O my now *dead Saviour*! O Faith, Faith, O my now *living Father*! for without Faith there is no true *Enjoyment* of thee. O Faith, Faith, O my now *dead Christ*! O Faith, Faith, O my now *living Saviour*! O give me Faith, before I let thee go out of my *close Embraces*: O Faith, Faith, my now *living Maker*, refuse me not Faith; or if thou says me nay, I *drop* from thee, and *perish* for ever. O thou *my God*, that now hangs upon the Cross as a *Man*! give me Faith: O thou *Lamb of the Father*,
that

that now bleedest on the Cross as a Mortal ! supply me with Faith : O thou Son of Man, that *diedst on the Cross* for Transgressors ! enrich *my Soul* with Faith : O give me Faith, tho' it be but as a *grain of Mustard-Seed*, and then I'll do the work of my *Salvation* : O my *Messias*, O my crucified *Messias* ! give me leave to contemplate a while on the *stupendous Mystery* of thy being both *God and Man* : Most strange was it to behold thee, my *Sovereign Creator* ! *betray'd* as a Man, by a Man ; and *sold* for thirty pieces of Silver, by one that *feign'd* himself a Disciple of thine : Astonishing was it to see thee, *my God*, carried away to *Caiphas*, and there examin'd by *Pontius Pilate*, and the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, as if thou wert a Murderer, or an Enemy to the Laws of *Cesar* : Amazing was it to see the Learned *Rabbies* of the *Jewish Nation*, seeking false Witnesses to put thee the *Lord of Life* to Death ; and startling to hear the *Russians* swear, That thou, the Saviour of the World, should say, the *Temple* should be *destroy'd*, and built again in three days : Strange it was to behold thee, the *Eternal Being*, charg'd with *Blasphemy* in a publick Court of Judicature, and be thought *worthy of death* by a *sinful Judge* : Wonderful ! to see thee an *All-powerful Essence*, to become a *bodily Substance*, and that same Substance to be *buffeted*, and *smote* with the Palms of *those Hands*, which receiv'd their *motion* from thee, and whose Power could have caus'd them to have *withered away*. Wonderful !

derful! to behold thee, that liv'd *from Eternity* in the lofty *Sphere* above, hearing with meekness a parcel of *perfidious Wretches* saying unto thee, *Propheſie unto us, O Chriſt, who it is that ſmote thee*; and thou not exerting thy Authority, and *ſtriking them dumb*. Miraculous was it to view thee, my Saviour, brought bound before a Governour of the *Jews*, and whip'd as a *ſantring Vagrant*, that uſually loiters about from one City to another: Aſtoniſhing to behold thee, the *Son of the Father*, put on Rayment as a Man, and ſtrip'd thereof by thoſe of thy own *Creating*, and yet the Heavens not to ſhoot them dead with thy terrible *Thunderbolts*: Admirable was it to ſee thee, that once caus'd the *Sun* to riſe out of the Eaſt, and ſhew its *unſpotted face* to *Adam* and *Eve*, as a *Virgin* chait and undefil'd, wearing a *Crown of Thorns* on thy brow as a Man, when thou with a call might'ſt have had a *Diademe of Glory* from above, and have ſhin'd with the *ſame glitterings* here on Earth, as thou didſt in Heaven. Wonderful to ſee thee, that haſt doubtleſs left ſuch a *deep Abyſs* under the Foundation of this *thy Universe*, that were a *Brass Ball* of Ten Tun weight, or any other *ponderous Body*, to be thrown down therein, it would never come at the *Ground* or find a *Bottom*, but be ever falling *lower and lower*, with a ſwift motion, to the *longeſt Ages* of never ending *Eternity*; which in my opinion is to ſhew to Man, that thou haſt *ſtill room enough*
to

to create *Ten Thousand Worlds underneath this* thou hast already finish'd. I say admirable it is, *that thou* should'st the very morning before *thy suffering in the flesh*, permit thy self to be floutingly call'd a *King*, by a *tumultuous Rabble*; as if thou wert a deformed Object, only to be *ridicul'd* for thy *preciseness* and *formalities*, and not cause that every such *vile Wretch* should immediately be reduc'd to their *primitive nothing* by the breath of thy fury: Miraculous it is to behold thee, who stay'st the *mighty Fabricks* of the Worlds by thine *own hand*, and has without doubt reserv'd such a *Vacuum* to thy self, above the *highest Spheres* of those boundless *bounds of Joy*, that if a *Sky-light* could be made out of the *Roof of thy Heavens*, and a *Phoenix* let through one of the *Panes* thereof, which were to fly directly a *Hundred Leagues* in every hour, and renew her self out of her *own Ashes*, so as never to dye, or cease from *soaring higher*, she would never find a *Respite*, or be stay'd in her Journey by *any Matter or Substance* whatsoever; whereby it appears, that if thou wilt, thou canst make *Ten Hundred Thousand Worlds* more above those *Heavens*: I say, my *Jesu!* 'tis beyond all *conceptions* to behold thee, that art so *wonderful in thy Works*, become a *perfect Man*, be spit upon, *beaten*, and drest in a *Red-robe*, that thou mightest be gaz'd upon, as a meer *Empiric, Fool, or Actor*, in a *Common Hall*: Confounding is it to view Thee the

Transcendent

Transcendent God, who incircles thy *Workmanship* in thine own outstretched arms, *surrounding* them as it were with a Line of *circumvallation*, and without all dispute has still retain'd such an *infinite empty Space* on the East, West, North, and South of this thy *fixt Creation*, that if a Casement were opened into any of those *Four Regions*, and a Case-hardned Dart shot out of a *Steel-Bow*, and to seek its fortune in posting *directly forward*, with a most *rapid Motion*, it would never find a *Mark* to stick its *keen point* in, but *still be flying on* so long as the damn'd are in Hell, which will be to the *longest limits* of Evermore; which palpably shews, that it would not in the *least be hard* for thee to say, be there *Ten hundred Thousand Millions* of Worlds more *around this*, than I have already made: Confounding is it, I say, to see thee, who art an *Immense Being*, and *infinite* in all respects, *thirsting*, and having a *bitter draught* offered thee to drink, by those who *receive their life and being* from thee, and yet they not *instantly consum'd* with flames from above: Amazing it is, that thou the *Messias* should be *hung on a Tree*, which thy self hast made to grow, between *Two Criminals*, with a Bill of *Crimes* over thy head, as if thou hadst been a *Confederate* in their *Villanies*, *Robberies*, and *Rapines*, and yet those vain *Mortals*, who put those *Indignities* upon thee, not to be *swallow'd up* alive by the *gaping Earth*, and hurried down *quick* to Hell. Strange
to

to view thee my God *chastis'd*, as a Man, *wounded* as a Sinner, and *bruised* as an Offender! Surprizing it is, that *thy stripes* should heal my Soul, thine *Oppressions* atone for mine Iniquities, and thy *Afflictions* expiate for my Transgressions: Stupendous, that thou *my Jesus* should be *bound* as a Sheep, *slain* as a Lamb, and appear *dumb*, as one that could not utter an *articulate Sound*. Admirable it is, that thou who art *Heir apparent* to Glory, should be taken from thy *Followers*, from *Prison*, and from *Judgment*, and none to *declare* thy Generation, or *vindicate* thy Prerogative! Astonishing that thou shouldst be *stricken* with Reeds, *bor'd thorrow* with Nails, and *cut off* from the Land of the living, and no Guard of Angels *descend* from above to *rescue Thee*, as the *High Priest* of that Angelical Quire. Most unaccountable that thou, an *infinite Being*, shouldst be put to *Grief*, *Shame*, and *Contempt*, and none to offer up their Lives, as a *Sacrifice* for thee, or *draw a Weapon* in defence of thy Prerogatives; but only one of thy *Followers*, and he to be *chid*, as one that had *done amiss*, and *infringed* thy righteous Laws: Profound Wonder, to hear thee, *my Almighty*, crying out in despair, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* and not see the Heavens *bow themselves*, and *take thee* from off the Cross. Miraculous to see thee *yielding up the Ghost*, as a frail Man. Ineffably astonishing, to behold thee a *Transcendent God*, yield-
ing

ing up the Ghost, as a *dying Man*! Tremendous, that the Temple should *rent*, the Earth *tremble*, and the Rocks *split*, the Graves *open*, the dead *arise*, and yet thy *Murderers* not cry out, Verily this *is God*, as well as Man. O my *Jesu*! these are astonishing *Thoughts*, and surprising to *flesh and blood*: Nay, even to thy *Saints* above, and will be *accounted so* as long as thou art *God*, and *Eternity* lasts: and yet this their *admiration* is no offence to thee, but rather serves to *exalt thee* more and more in thy *infinite Perfections*, and *mysterious Attributes*. But, Lord! I fear, there are some, that *know not* what I mean, and think that what I have *here discours'd* concerning thee, conduces rather to *stagger their Faith*, than any wise to augment their *Belief*: for perhaps they'll say, that 'tis *even impossible* for any to *believe*, without some *waverings*, that thou should'st *suffer death* as the Son of a Woman, and yet be *real God*. O my crucify'd *Jesu*! with thy *permission*, I'll set all to rights again, and *Establish them* more than ever in their *Christian Profession*, and *Orthodox Creed*, by reciting these *unparallel'd Sentences*: Miraculous it is to behold a God *born of a Woman*, but not strange to see a Man-child *brought forth*: Then where is the *Mystery*, since he that now hangs on the Cross, onely *brake through* the strong Barrs of a *Virgin's Womb*, as a *Male-infant*, not as an *Almighty Power*? For the one *reign'd* as Superior above,

bove, when the other *liv'd* as a little Babe here below. Then still *pray without ceasing* for a true Conversion, and a stedfast Faith, by deluging out an Ocean of *brackish Tears* over this *immaculate Lamb*, that is now *slain* for you, me, and all. Astonishing, to behold a God *laid in a Manger*, but not surprizing to see the Son of a Carpenter *sleeping in a Stable*: Then where is the Miracle, when he that is now *nail'd* to the *accursed Tree*, lodg'd there but as a *Male-Infant*, not as the *Creator* of the World? For the one *ru'd* as the Lord *Jehovah*, higher than the *yonder Skies*, when the other *lay* under the Roof of an *Hay-loft*: Continue then to *supplicate* for a sincere *Repentance*, and a firm *Belief*, fetching a Volly of *sighs* over this *Jesus* that *dy'd* for you, me, and all. Amazing, to behold a God roll'd up in *swadling cloaths*! but not startling to see the *First born* of a Woman bound round with a *Rowler*: Where then is the *Mystery*, when he that *suffer'd on the Cross* was dandled in his Parents Laps as a *finite Creature*, not as an *infinite Creator*? For the one *shone with Glory* in the Seat of Bliss, when the other was *eclips'd with Poverty* in a Sublunary World: Wherefore *vehemently petition* for *Regeneration*, and a lively *Hope*, mourning over this *Christ* that *fainted away* to save you, me, and all. Wonderful, to behold a God *circumcised* after the manner of the *Jews*! but not amazing to see the *Fore-skin* of a *Male-infant* cut after the manner of that Nation: Then where
is

is the Mystery, since he that is now *fastned* to the *infamous Tree*, conform'd himself to *their Laws*, as one that had *Flesh, Blood, and Bones*, not as the *Founder* of the Universe? For the one was *essentially happy* in the Enjoyment of himself, when the other was *truly miserable*: Therefore *intercede* for a true *Contrition*, and a sted-fast *Faith*, crying over the *lifeless Body* of this Saviour, that *expir'd* to preserve *you, me, and all*. Ineffably strange to behold *Three Princes* offering to a God *Gifts*, as if he had the *Indigence* of a Man! but not so stupendous to see so many *making a Present*, to one that was born *King of the Jews*: Then where is the Prodigy, when he that is now *spik'd to the Cross* receiv'd *Gold, Frankincense, Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia*, as a *created Being*, not as an *uncreated Essence*? For that one had liv'd *God from Eternity*, when the other had been *Man but a few years*: Pray therefore without ceasing for a sincere *Repentance* and a firm *Belief*, exercising your *throbbing Breast* over this *Redeemer*, that *fell a Victim* to rescue *you, me, and all*. O admirable to behold a God forc'd to *fly by Night* for fear of a *Tyrant*! but not so wonderful to see an *Infant* with his *Parents* banish'd their native soil: Where then is the Wonder, since he that is *stretched out* on the *fatal Tree*, retreated towards the Land of *Egypt* as an *abdicated Monarch*, not as the *King of Glory*? For the one was an *immaterial Spirit*, when the other was a *material Substance*: Wherefore make incessant *Sup-*

plications for Regeneration and a lively Hope, with loud *Lamentations* over this *Immaculate Lamb*, that was slain to take away the sins of the World. Miraculous it is, that *Herod the King* should issue out a Declaration, in hopes to *slay the God* which fram'd him in the Womb ! but not strange that he should seek the *life of a Man-child*, who he fancy'd might bereave him of his Crown : Then where is the Wonder, when he that is now *extended* on the *Cross*, was pursu'd as an *Earthly Prince*, not as the *Sovereign Lord* of Heaven ? For the one was *unchangeable* in all his *Attributes*, when the other was subject to *vicissitudes* in every thing relating to *human Nature* : Wherefore *earnestly petition* for Mortification and Perseverance, by *groaning* over this crucifi'd *Jesus*, that deliver'd *you, me, and all*. Mysterious it is to behold a God *disputing* with the Doctors at *Jerusalem* in a *bodily shape* ! but not so surprizing to see a Youth *asking them Questions* : Where then is the Riddle, when he that now bleeds on the execrable *Tree* convers'd with those *Rabbi's* as a *finite Creature*, not as the *Architect* of the Universal Frame ? For the one was *seated upon a Throne*, where Angels sang *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, when the other sat in the *House of Prayer* amidst the *Scholastick Tribe* : Humbly therefore *implore* the *Almighty Donor* of all for a fervency of *Devotion* and divine *Vigilancy*, *streaming out rivers of Tears* over him that *fainted away* to gain a Pardon for *you, me, and all*. Amazing

zing it is to behold a *God baptiz'd* by a *Man* ! but not startling to see a *Man* of *Thirty Years* old *descend into Water* to be washed : Then where is the *Mystery*, since he that is now *fixt to the Cross*, was *Baptized* as a *Member* of the *Universal Church* here on *Earth*, not as the *Builder* of the *Church Triumphant* in *Heaven* ? For the one *govern'd in Glory* with an infinite *Power*, when the other was *subject to Misery* and *Want* : Therefore defer not to *pray* for *Regeneration* and a lively *Hope*, fetching a *Volly of sighs* over this *Christ*, that *laid down his life* to redeem *you, me, and all*. Astonishing it were to behold a *God* have *no where to lay his head*, when the *Foxes have holes*, and the *Birds of the Air have nests* ! but not amazing to see a *destitute Man* have *no place* of abode : Then where is the *Mystery*, since he that is now *nail'd to the disgraceful Tree* wandred up and down the *Earth* as a *person of no Repute*, not as one that could *speak* and *have* ? For the one was *guarded* by *Legions of Angels* in *Mount Sion*, when the other was only *attended* by a few *poor Fishermen* near *Bethlehem* : Desist not then from *Praying* for a true *Conversion* and a *stedfast Faith*, *lamenting* over this *Saviour*, this *Saviour* that *expir'd* to ease *you, me, and all*. Most strange it were to behold a *God* *tempted* by a *Devil* ! but not so surprising to see a *Man* *assaulted* by *Satan* : Then where is the *Miracle*, since he that is *bound to the Cross* was offered the *Kingdoms of the World*, as a *Created*

ted Being, not as an uncreated Essence? For the one inhabited beyond the reach of Injury, when the other was expos'd to fury on the pinnacle of the Temple: Supplicate therefore for a sincere Repentance and a firm Belief, crying mightily over this Redeemer, that fell a Victim to rescue you, me, and all. Transcendent wonder, to behold a God talking on the Mount as a Man! but not so stupendous to see a Prophet in Exile, instructing his Followers on a rising ground near the Groves of Olives: Where then is the Wonder, since he that suffer'd on the doleful Tree, preach'd to his Disciples as a mortal Man, not as an Immortal Jehovah? For the one was incircled round with Glory in his own Heavenly Temple, when the other was expos'd to all weathers, on an Earthly Mountain that he could not call his home: Wherefore fervently petition for Regeneration, and a lively Hope, condoling over the Messiah that yielded up the Ghost to relieve you, me, and all. Astonishing to behold a God riding on an Ass! but not strange to see a Man travelling on a Beast: Then where is the Wonder, since he that is now tied to the Cross, was thus us'd as a Mortal, but not as the ever-living God? For the one was exalted on high, when the other was despis'd below: Then cry without ceasing for a true Conversion and a stedfast Faith, pouring out loud exclamations over this Immaculate Lamb, that was slain to redeem the World. Mysterious to behold a God anointed by the hands of a Woman! but

not

not astonishing to see a Woman *pouring out a precious Oyntment* on the head of a Man : Then where is the Miracle, since he that *bleeds on the Tree* had the Balsam bestow'd upon him as he was a *Man*, not as he was the *Grand Composer* of the Universe? For the one was *Invisible* to the Eyes of the Woman, when that great work was perform'd, the other *visible* in all his parts : Then *cease not* to seek for a *serious Repentance*, and a *firm assurance* of Mercy, showing streams of *penitential Tears* over this crucifi'd Jesus, that sav'd *you, me, and all*. Amazing to behold a God *eating Bread*, and *drinking Wine* ! but not startling to see a Priest offering the *sacred Viands* to those that believe : Then, where is the Wonder, since he that *hangs on the Cross* took and gave that Sacrament as a *Prophet*, not as the *Rector* of all ? For the one was distributing *his Favours* to Saints, Angels, and Seraphic Spirits, when the other was *feeding* a treacherous, perfidious, and false-hearted Judas : Then, *pray*, and *faint not*, for Regeneration and a lively Hope, *deluging out a Sea of Tears* over this Christ, that *dy'd away* to redeem Man. Tremendous to behold a God *discovering himself* to a Woman of Samaria in the appearance of a Man ! but not so astonishing to see a mortal Man *revealing himself* to a Woman that he lov'd : Then where is the Mystery, since he that is now *affixt to the Cross*, made himself *known* as one that *bare our Nature*, not as a *transcendent Being* ? For the one

was *visible* to all the Host of Heaven, when the other *appear'd* but to a few on Earth: Vehemently therefore *petition* for a true *Conversion*, and a stedfast *Faith*, uttering *mournful accents* over the Saviour that was *Sacrific'd* for *you, me, and all*. Admirable it is to behold a God *going throughout* all *Galilee*, and teaching in the Synagogues! but not so strange to see a *Bishop taking a Progress* round his Diocess, visiting, and confirming every Church therein: Then, where is the *Mystery*, since he that is now *nail'd to the Cross* went about *instructing*, as a *diligent Pastor*, not as an *Immortal Jehovah*? For the one was hearing all *Praises warbled out* in Honour of his holy Name, by one and every one, when the other had but a few to sing his *melancholick Hymns* in his Exile of an unfortunate life: Then implore *Divine Aid* for a sincere Repentance, and a firm Belief, by *moans* that can't be uttered, over this *inoffensive Lamb*, that *sigh'd* and *dy'd* to defend *you, me, and all*. Marvellous to behold a God *paying Tribute* to an Earthly Prince! but not so unaccountable to see a Man *yielding obedience* to the Laws of the King: Then where is the Marvel, since he that is now *display'd* on the *Cross* gave *Cesar* his due, as a *Subject*, not as the *high and lofty One* that inhabits Eternity? For the one was no wise bound thereunto, when the other was *oblig'd* as a Native: *Supplicate* then without ceasing for Regeneration, and a lively Hope, *weeping mightily*.

tily over this *Messias*, that gave up the Ghost to shelter you, me, and all. Wonderful Prodigy, to behold a God crying! but not for a Man to weep: Mysterious to see a God lash Offenders with a scourge of small Cords! but not for a Man to beat a rude herd of sinners out of the House of Prayer: Astonishing to behold a God serve Wine to a Virgin-Bride! but not for a Man to wait on Guests, when they are making merry, because a Man has chosen a Woman to be his dear delight, 'till death them do part. Wonder not then, when he, that was hang'd on the Cross, wept over Jerusalem as a Man, whipt the Thieves and Robbers out of the Temple, attended at the Marriage at Cana as a Man; tho' as to the Miracle, a God; and was drest like unto us, altho' he never died his Garments in the poysonous floods of sin: Then continue to cry over this wounded Jesus, for he was a Man to be slain, but a God to save: Stupendous it is to behold a God Pray, but not for a Man to Petition to an infinite Being, that lives for ever; to behold a God pursu'd as a Man, but not for Russians to seek after the life of a Man: Admirable to behold a God leaving Angels to converse with men! but not for a Man to make choice of Men to do his will: Strange not then, since he that is now fastned to the uneasy Tree, pray'd as a Man, was sought by the Jews to be kill'd as a Man, and named

twelve Apostles as a Man: O then reform, and stream out Rivers of Tears over this your be-mangled Christ, and with loud accents of grief, since he was a Man to know sorrow, but a God to redeem. Amazing to see a God wiping the feet of Men, but not for one Man to serve another in that humble Office. Surprising to behold a God trapan'd, but not for a Man to be betray'd and sold. Stupendous to see a God seiz'd as a Transgressor, but not for a Man to be led as a Malefactor. Then marvel not, since he that is now bound to the bitter Cross, wash'd his Disciples feet as a Man: was betray'd as a Man, hal'd to Prison as a surety for Man, Repent therefore, and let the World Eccho with your grievous Sounds, over this your pierced Saviour; for he was a Man to die, and to intercede, but a God to conquer over Death, and prevail in his Intercession: And now he'll be betray'd no more as a Man, but rever'd as a God; live no more as a Man, but reign as a God; be crucifi'd no more as a Man, but rule in Glory as a God, beyond the end of Time: And as he was infinite in his God-head from Eternity, so henceforth he'll be Almighty in Power, ever, ever, ever, and for evermore, for evermore, for evermore. Amen, Amen, Amen.

C H A P. XVI.

Matth. 27. 59, 60. *And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrap'd it in a clean linnen cloth, and laid it in his own new Tomb, which he had hewed out of the Rock; and he roll'd a great stone to the Door of the Sepulchre, and departed.*

O Thou Blessed Jesu, who was slain for me! tho' thou lye'st in thy Grave, as to thy Manhood, I still engrasp thy Body within my rounding Arms, and will not let thee go, till I feel thee begin to rise out of this thy gloomy Sepulchre, when I shall rouse up, and sing of thy glorious Ascension in the highest strains of mirth, and tell the wretched World, that thou art risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that sleep: but during the time of thy sleeping here, I'll do nothing but sigh, sob, and cry, which indeed are melancholy exercises, but such as my Soul delighteth in, since thou my Saviour didst dye for me. O then how much more desirable is it to my Soul, to dwell here with my crucified Saviour for three days, and two nights, and meditate on Man's Mortality, than to abide in the Courts of Jollity, and never think that I must e're long be wrap'd in a mournful shroud,
and

and laid in Earth's *cold Tomb*. Lord thou know'st, if it had not been for my *attending thee* from the *Manger* to the *Sepulchre*, I had long ago been irreversibly *confin'd* to the *Habitation* of the *Shades below*, for not having sufficiently consider'd that I was *born to die*. Let my Reader *receive* it how he will, were I to *compose* as many *score* of Volumes, as I have already *written Tracts*, which counts four, I would annex to each of them a *short Essay of death*, but in a diverse manner of treating; tho' perhaps none so *gaining on the affections*, as this drawn over the *lifeless Body* of my *Crucify'd out-stretched Jesus*, and yet from everlasting to everlasting *reigning God*: Attend therefore, ye that *seldom think* on a *Grave* with a *Reverend Awe*, and I'll shew you the *Charnel-house* of *Death*, where Men and Women lye *vail'd in darkness*; and forgotten, as I fear this my *very Jesus* is by many *Lukewarm Professors*, and cool *Christians*. The word *Sepulchre*, *Tomb*, or *Grave*, seems but to denote, even in its *largest extent*, a *Cave*, or *Vault* of a few *Fathom deep*, *Yards long*, and *Feet over*: But, alas! this is a very *palpable error*, for its *Cabbin* or *Chamber* is of an infinitely more *vast extent*, and larger *Circumference*, having already received many *Generations* within its narrow *Door*, every one whereof has found a *Bed*, and there are yet remaining *Lodging Rooms* enough for *Ten Thousand* times as many more within: Shall I make
out

out my *Affertion* plain, even to the meanest person? Why? All the Bowels of the *Earth*, and the watry *Elements* are, as it were, but one *Tomb* to lodge our *Carcasses* in, when our *Souls* have bid our *Bodies* good-night. This *Womb* is of such an *unmeasurable* extent, and swallowing nature, that it thinks it has never *Children* of *Mortality* enough tumbled into its big *Belly*, altho' it's evident, there is not a *Year* in an *Age*, or a *Month* in that *Year*, or a *Week* in that *Month*, or a *Day* in that *Week*, or an *Hour* in that *Day*, or a *Minute* in that *Hour*, or a *Moment* in that *Minute*, but some or other are flung into her cold *Cabin*, and still she cries out, *Give me more*, for I have still *stowage* left. Nay, even this was her *Language*, when she had all that died in the sweeping *Sickness* at *Paris*, the *destroying Plague* at *London*, and the *consuming Pestilence* at *Constantinople*; as also them that were slain at the long *Siege* of *Vienna*, the bloody *Battel* at *Celantmont*, and at the *tremblings* of the *Mountains* in *Sicily*, with them that fell as *Victims* by the hands of the *barbarous Papists*, in the dreadful *Irish* and *Parisian Massacres*, and the *Sicilian Vespers*; add to them those that were *butcher'd* in *Heathen Countries* for the *Testimony* of *Jesus*, after diverse ways and strange manners. I say, all these *Multitudes* of *dead Bodies* could never make, or bid death stay her hand, and sythe down no more 'till she had *gather'd these* into her *Granary*, that
lay

lay on her *Meads* ready mow'd: No; ever since she became a *store-house* for the *Almighty's Images*, she was always ready to entertain every *dead Messenger*, come they never so fast, without having any *respect* of Persons, or making *distinction* of Qualities: For she as courteously receives *working Peasants*, as *Crowned Heads*; *sinful Men*, as *praying Women*; *humble St. Matthews*, as *proud Prelates*; *Penitent Publicans*, as *haughty Pharisees*; *lean Skeletons*, as *fat Carcasses*; *Crooked Bodies*, as *straight Shapes*; *tawny Complexions*, as *fair Skins*; *young Infants*, as *old Men*; *illiterate Persons*, as *learned Scholars*; *Fools*, as *Wise*; *Morose Tempers*, as *good Natures*; *Covetous Usurers*, as *liberal Givers*; *poor Clients*, as *rich Counsellors*; *dispirited Prisoners*, as *corrupted Judges*; *waiting Servitors*, as *attended Masters*; *lustful Satyrs*, as *chast Amianthus's*; *guilty Judasses*, as *innocent Nathaniels*; *drivers of Mules*, as *Riders in Sedans*; *Slaves in Gallies*, as *free-born Denizens*; *Common Sailers*, as *great Admirals*; *private Soldiers*, as *Commanding Generals*; In a word, one, and all, be the *Title, Age, or Sex*, what it will: but ere long she'll *fall into travel*, and *deliver all* at a birth, since he that *lays her* will see, that there is not a *Male*, or *Female* left in any part of her *vast Bowels*, or corner of her *hollow Clefts*: Then every one of us all will be *new-born* either to *Eternal Joys*, or *Endless Pains*: For my Opinion is, that they will be *proclaim'd* by God,
and

and all the Heavenly Host, *Heirs* to a blest inheritance, who dwelt in the perpetual consideration of *Death*, and buried their *Affections* in the Tomb of *Jesus*, while living in a *bad World*; and they shall be cry'd down, as *Shichemites* with a mighty shout, that thought *this Chapter*, or any other *Lesson*, which treateth on the *fleeting Moments* of Man's life, too *melancholy* a Subject to be recited in their *tattering Tents* of Clay. But why appear I *so dull*, and raise not my *Muse* to an *higher Pitch*, by breaking out into some more *winning Expressions* on the Dissolution of Man, and his short time of *sojourning here* on Earth, even by dwelling a while on the *transitory Nature* of this Creation, whereon I now *Live, Move*, and have my *Being*; and apply it, as a *Demonstration* of the necessity of my own *speedy departure* hence? Is that great *Luminary*, which I now see *shining* in the yonder *Orbs* above, to be ere long *eclips'd*, and totally turn'd into a *Mass of Darkness*, so as never to *shine again* on the surface of *this Earth*, or any other *Climate* whatsoever? Then what a folly may be laid to *my charge*, who am to *dye* in a while, if I neglect to *ruminate* on my *own Mortality*, and think not on my *last Exit*? No, No: what ever *scorn*, or *contempt* I may meet with in my *travels* to the *Grave*, I shall never be *so unwise*, as to be found *loitering* in a *Duty*, that even fixes a *becoming Air* of decent gravity in every feature, and as it were *setts off* my *Lineaments* with a lovely *Luster* to every gazing *Eye*,

Eye, and makes me look like *something more*
 than a Man, nay, I had even said *like an An-*
gel of Light, newly come down *from above*, to
 shew what *composure* there is in such a *Spirit*.
 Are these *Glorious Stars*, that now bespangle
 the *lofty Sky* with their *sparkling Luster*, to
 drop as an *hasty shower* of Hail, and never more
 to impart their *gentle Splendour* to the silent
 Nights; but to *dissolve* into Air? Then how
imprudently shall I act in the view of *God* and
good Men, if I meditate not, that when a *few*
Weeks, Months, or Years have insensibly gli-
 ded away, this delicate *Frame*, and *Model* of
 the Almighty *Artificer*, I mean *my Body*, that
 is now all *vigour and life*, will lye as a *senseless*
Image, destitute of *Motion, Life, and Reason*,
 and even be inferior to a living *Worm* in
 strength, policy, and swiftness; for when that
crawling Animal is making its approaches to
 my *Castle the Coffin*, it will be as a *Solomon*
 to me in all the *subtle Arts* of War; for behold
 he'll be *preparing* for a *Siege*, as a *Cunning Poli-*
tician, when I apprehend nothing of the
Design; he'll be *marching* out of his *Camp*, as
 a *Soldier* *flesh'd with Victory*, when I lye *shut up*
 in my *Den*, as a *Coward* that dares not shew
 his face; he'll be *marking* out his *Lines* of *Cir-*
cumvallation, as an *Expert General*, when I
 lye without all *action or design*, or any thoughts
 of *defence*; he'll be drawing *nearer and nearer*,
 in order to make a formal *Attacque*, as a brave
Commander, that can look *Death* in the face
 with

with a *bold Countenance*, when I proceed not *one step*, but lye *hid* in a hole, as a *Deserter* running from his Colours; he'll be casting up his *Trenches*, as a diligent *Workman*, that strives to *save himself*, because he lyes expos'd to *every Sally*, when I lye sleeping, as if it were *my fate* to be *destroyed* in my *Tent*; he is making a *Breach* in the Wall, as a *skilful Engineer*, when I am *lockt up* under ground, as one that is *afraid* to *peep out*, lest the Shell of a *Bomb* should burst, and *tear him* to pieces; he is scaling the Ramparts, as one of the bravest of a *chosen Battalion*, when I look with a *Pale Face*, as one that is *struck dead* with fear; he enters the *Hold*, and seizes on the *Stores* of Provision, as an *hungry Trooper*, when I lye as one that *conceals himself* among the *slain*, in hopes to be *undiscover'd*. In fine, when he seizes upon *my Carcass*, as a *Lyon* on his *Prey*, I can't resist or prevent his *destroying Jaws*, neither can I *unloose* his *worrying Teeth* from my *Flesh*; but in spite of *my Power* he will gnaw and feed, fill and rest, till *he* and his *younglings* can truly say, they have *devour'd a Man*. Is the *azure Firmament*, which I now see so often streakt with a *Marble Colour*, to be melted with *fervent heat*, and gather'd together as a *mighty Scroll*, and so to leave the World, or Worlds without a *Canopy*, never to be spread over them again, either by *God's Decree*, or *natural Causes*; and shall not I think of *removing hence*, whose whole life is wrapt up in the small *Boundaries* of *Ninety Years*,

Years, or not have *that day* in mine Eyes, when it will be *said* of me, as I have *reported* of others; *He is dead*, and gone down to the *Shades below*, where they that *knew him well*, will *converse* with him no more; because he is *departed* into the Land of *Oblivion*: Then I shall *truly be* to this World, as if I had *never yet been*; for the Ears, that now do hear *my Voice*, will then hear me speak *no more*; the Paper, whereon I *now write*, will be plowed with my *Pen*, and water'd with my *Tears* no more: Those *Volumes* of other Mens labours, that I *read now*, I shall *turn over* their sheets *no more*, or *fully* their *Title Pages* to know the Author's Name *no more*, or see how many vain *empty Titles* he's pleas'd to give himself, to shew the *more Judicious*, that at the best he is but a *vain Man*, and fond of being *counted Great* in a little World, or *elevated* to somewhat an *higher Sphere*, than the *Common sort* of Mankind. Is that *Moon* I now see beginning to shew his newly sharpened *Horns*, which every *Month* are joyned into a perfect *Orb*, diminishing again in the same space of *time*, till she altogether *disappears* in *obscurity*; reiterating next *Month* all the former *vicissitudes*; is this *Moon*. I say, to lose ere long its *Silver Light*, which in some measure dispels the silent *darkness* of the *Night*, where it is not excluded by intervening Objects, and for ever to *hide her face*, in like manner as a beautiful *Damsel* taken in the snares of *Love*, veils her *Face*, and
Dyes;

dyes, because he, whom she chuses modestly to smile upon with many a becoming blush, is consuming to nothing, and cannot be a Substance to receive her faint glances any more? Then shall not I, that am of a much more short duration than that *Night-Lamp*, be taken up with this mighty *Consideration*, That when this *Body*, I mean the *Moon*, has chang'd her dress, and adorn'd and un-rigg'd her self for a few times more, I shall feel a *qualm* as it were arising over my Stomach, as a *Cloud* that appears in the *South*, which will gather and gather, 'till it has darken'd all the parts of a *lightsome Constitution*, and I faintingly say to my Friends, this *Sun* of my Life is now going down in a *Night-Fog*, lay me on my *Couch*; that I may fetch a few *restless tumbles* more before I dye; and call me hither those that I love, and them that hate me, that I may shew how the *Servant of a Crucify'd Jesus* ought to conclude his days. Draw near, then, and hear me my *wedded Bride*; thou art she that I admir'd when a *Maid*, she that I lov'd when my *Wife*, and she that I'll First address my self to, now that I lye gasping on a dying Bed, and am to live no more; and in such Expressions, as may in some measure answer to my Affections. You see now, O! thou desire of my Eyes, that I am just entring the dark Passage, that lyes open and leads to *Eternity*. O pray that my precious Soul may be convey'd by Legions of happy Spirits into that blessed State, where God lives, and his Christ will immedi-

ately ascend. Sorrow not because *I weep*, but cry because *you have offended*: Think not your self e're the more an *unfortunate Woman*, because I can't bequeath unto you stately Piles of lofty Buildings, whereby my Name might be perpetuated, and large tracts of *Champaign Land*, with mounted heaps of white and yellow *Dross*, or Cabinets well stor'd with glittering *Jewels*, and Pale Necklaces of *oriental Pearls*; but rather thank kind *Heaven* that I have left you nothing to tempt your *Virtue*, when my Soul is soar'd up aloft. Be not, as many *Women* are in this *immodest Age*, so affected as to cast a wanton glance thorow the thin depending Hoods of your *mourning Weeds*! let your *Dress* and *Heart* suit together, and be a *Widow* indeed; join not your self to them that greatly affect to discourse much of *Love*, *Beauty*, and *Riches* with such an *Air*, and in such expressions, as some foolish *Maids* call an *Angelick Style*: For, alas! all this is nothing else but *Dissimulation*, *Cant*, and *Lies*, and only proceeds from an heart fill'd with *air*, *fumes*, and *vapours*: Believe me in all the *Observations* I ever made of such Persons, I never met with one, that truly answered the *End* of a *married State*, or acted as a *prudent Man*; nay, they are so full of *froth*, and *vanity*, that they are altogether incapable of maintaining any *Argument* on the *Trinity*, the *Creation*, or the *Immensity* of *God*; and even altogether unfit for managing the *art of Trade*: For all they have in them is either stol'n out of *vain Romances*, or learnt in *Idle Conversation*:
But

But I'll counsel you, whom you *shall* adhere unto, such whose life is *blameless* and free from *Error*, and can talk of the accomplishments of *Vertue*, the peace of a good *Christian*, and the *Sufferings of Jesus* in an exalted strain. For the higher his *Passions* are rais'd that way, the more his *Soul* resembles his *Maker*, and is wean'd from *Sense*: For as a *florid Speech* in commendation of *Vice*, insensibly gains on the *Affections* of the *lewd* and *careless*, to delight in the *surfeting pleasures* of sin; so *Divine flights* rap up the *Spirits* of the *Righteous*, even beyond themselves, and *turn their Minds* Heaven-wards. Pencil down *these Lines* on the *Table of your hearts*, and read them often over, so as to *practise them*, and then doubt not but if you *Marry*, your life will be a *state of Peace* and *Quietness*; your *Death* in *Faith* and *Assurance*, and your *Being* in the next world, *Glory*, and *Blessedness*; and as we came together by *joyning Hand in Hand*, so let us part in *Embracing* each other *Arm in Arm*; and since you are the *longest liver*, give my cold Lips a *farewell kiss*, and bedew my pale *Cheeks* with a *few drops* of pearly *Tears*, and then we'll bid each other a *long Adieu*, till we meet again on the high *Plains of Sion-Hill*, where we shall never part more, or bid *God b'you* again. Come now, my *Children*, that us'd to *surround my Table* as so many new *ingrafted Plants*, and I will learn you the *noble Science* of *living well*, which you may put in *Practice* when my *Body* is *sown in the Earth*, in order to *spring up* again

unto a blest Eternity. It is but, as it were yesterday, that I was a *stripling in Tears*, as you now are, and it will be but as to morrow that you must be *struggling* with the *night agonies* of death, as I now do. O be not fond of the *World*, or enamour'd with its deceitfully *fawning Caresses*, lest you insensibly *doze to sleep*, as it were, upon the traiterous Lap of a *treacherous Parent*, that entertains a design to *cut you off* before you awake, or can say, *Lord forgive me* my great misdeeds. Obey the lawful *Commands* of her that *bare you*, before you *liv'd*, and travel'd in *pains*. when you were *born*: Love each other, and *fall not out* for trifles, as is the manner of some *formal Professors* in this airy Age, who *wrangle* with their *fellow-Travellers* in Religion, for they know not what, but like so many *besotted Fools* quarrel for the *Bark*, but dispute not for the *Tree*; fight for the *Shell*, but strive not for the *Kernel*; run for a *Counter*, but stir not for a *Crown*: but do you earnestly *contend* for the *Truth*, and admire them most that *serve God* best; and wherever you find a Man that is *Orthodox* in his Doctrines, *sanctify'd* in his Life, *awakening* in his Lectures, and *moderate* in his Spirit towards all *Opinions*, ask not, whether he is a *Divine* of the *Church of England*, a *Minister* of the *Presbyterians*, or a *Pastor* of the *Independents*; but sit under his Teaching, and imitate him in those God-like Virtues: but as for such Men as live the Reverse of their Doctrine,

avoid

avoid them, never heeding the old *Proverb*, Do as they *learn* you, not as they *live*; I say, hear not such men, since that will prove a means to *imbolden* them in their Vices, and *strengthen* them in their Lewdness: For had they no *Auditors*, they could be no *Teachers*, as indeed it is fit they should not: Bind these Precepts about your *Neck*, and write them on the *Palms* of your *hands*, that they may not slip out of your *Memories*, nor depart from your *Minds*; so that for the future you may rather chuse to hear *ten words* concerning the *will* of *Jesus*, proceed out of the *illiterate Mouth* of a poor *Country-Peasant* that sincerely *fears* God, than *five discourses* of the Duty of Man from a *Learned*, but *Lewd Minister*, belong he to what *Church*, *Seēt*, or *Party* so ever he will: (For I go not about to favour any particular *Society* more than another;) and why, because the one *sincerely believes* what he says to be the *Word of Truth*, and hath no other *Design* in it, but the *setting forth* the *Honour* and *Glory* of God; whereas the other only *uses* the *Gospel*, as the Gardiner does *his Spade*, to get and keep a *Living*, and would otherwise soon *cease* the *work*, and suffer the *Lords Vineyard* to be overrun with *Brambles*, I mean, the *Vices* of the *Age*: neither doth in truth the *blessing* of God attend their *Labours*, so as to *Convert*, and make the *simple wise* unto *Salvation*. Be not affrighted, O ye my *little ones*! or think that this *Sentence* is *too severe*, since I have the

Almighty on *my side*, and his *Word* for the sustaining of my *Affertion*, *Isa. i. 13, 14, 15.* Bring no more vain Oblations; incense is an abomination to me; the new Moons and Sabbaths, the calling of Assemblies I cannot away with, it is iniquity, even the solemn Meetings: your new Moons and your appointed Feasts my Soul hateth: they are a trouble to me: I am weary to bear them. And when you spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when you make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Write these Texts of Scripture on your Study doors, and be spelling them over when you walk in the Fields, as you sit at home, when you lye down, and when you rise up, and they will be as Honey to your Mouth, and Marmalade to your Taste, especially when you find the strong Man begin to fail, and you are just going to take a step out of one World into another. But now I see my Glass is near run, and the time of my departure is at hand; therefore cease your mourning, and let me hear no more such sad accents, tolling their afflicting knells in my Ears; but cheer up your drooping Spirits with this mighty Consideration, that I only enter the shades of Death to sleep awhile, and after to awake to an happy Resurrection, when I shall doze no more. Be not in pangs because you see me all of a cold Sweat; but wipe my wet Forehead dry, and let me depart in peace: As you love me, restrain now in my presence your noisie grief,

left

lest I start up all in amaze, and live *hours longer* in misery, than otherwise I should have done. Come, take my last *Blessing*, and depart the Room, lest I hear your moanings again, and am *interrupted* in my remaining Duties: Adieu, adieu, my little *Generation*, I bid you now adieu, and leave you as Lambs among Wolves; but God *keep you* as his, and *gather you* at last as good *Wheat* into his Granary, and so my Sons and Daughters I wish you heartily farewell; farewell, farewell for ever. Now enter kind *Relations*, and loving *Friends*; my House is *set in order*, and I've nothing remaining to do on *this side* Eternity, but to discourse awhile with you, and *pray for mine Enemies*: I return you my thanks for all your *respect*, and *kindness* to me and mine, hoping, that when I am gone, you'll still continue to give *good advice* to my disconsolate Widow, and distressed Orphans; I've nothing to present you with, as a Pledge of my Sincerity, but my Prayers for you, that the Great God *Jehovah* would pour down the abundance of *his Blessings* on you here, and fit you for his *own Kingdom* in a better state hereafter: I need not tell you of the *frailty* of human Nature, or the *necessity* of being on your guard, since I am as a *Monitor* to you all, my self being instantly to *launch out* into the vast Ocean of *Eternity*: It was but a few days ago, I thought of *surviving* the term of as many Years as any of you; but now I must hence

in a *few hours*; so that none of you knows, but that e're I have lodg'd in my Tomb for some *few Months*, you may be beckened hence as well as I: O then think of that most important *Revolution*, which will most certainly come, whether you expect it or not. Alas! What is *my Age*, which now comes to be at a period, if compar'd with the *boundless Circles* of Eternity: It is not so much as a Nail's breadth to Ten Thousand Leagues, or as a sudden *flash of Fire* rushing out of the mouth of a Cannon, to the continual *burnings* of Mount *Ætna*; or, if you please to take it thus, as a Mote to the Universe: Then, O my Lord God, why is there such amighty stir made for these *worthless things*, since all the time of Enjoyment is *as nothing*, in comparison of the *everlasting Ages* to succeed? O then cry out with the same *passion* of Soul, as a *sinner* once did, after he had mus'd only for a small time on the disproportion there was between *his Age*, and an *Eternal Duration*: Said he to himself, Am I to die? Yes: In less than a hundred Years? Yes: Am I not sure to live a day? No. O *infatuated me*, what an infinite hazard have I run, of being damn'd for ever, by not considering these things before now. O give me but Bread and Water, and take me altogether, so that I may have but *these thoughts* always upon my Spirits, to keep me ever in mind of *Eternity*; and then I shall never *wilfully offend*: Be not angry if I tell you, that if
such

such expressions as these do not continually center in your Souls, and *affect* your life, so as to make you refrain from *evil Conversation*; there is a time at hand, when to your *amazement* you'll think on me, and be attack'd with some of these after describ'd *Convulsions*, and sad *Agonies* of Spirit: Your Joynts will tremble as an Aspen Leaf; your Cheeks turn as *pale* as an Orient Pearl; your Lips as *man* as a Corpse laid two days in the dust; the tip of your Nose as *cold* as the new fall'n Snow; your Hair as *wet* with a damp *clammy* Sweat, as one dipt in a running Stream; your *Breath* come as quick and short, as a Man gagg'd by a *night Robber*; your Heart aking, as one instantly to be thrown into a *Lyon's Den*; your *Groans* as loud, as a Prisoner whom they are *pressing* to death for not confessing in due time; your *Spirits* as low with grieving, as a Mother that hath lost her *Sucking Babe*, and knows not what to do for it; your *Mouth* as parch'd with heat, as a Man in a *Calenture*, that loudly calls for *cooling Draughts* to quench his excessive Thirst, but can't have a drop to cool his Tongue; your *Breast* panting with as swift a motion, as the clicking of a *Watch*, when its *Maker* is stretching its Springs, and causes it to double its Alarums, by striking *twice* for *once*, because it went amiss; your *Bowels* tumbling, as it were with a strange kind of *Convulsion* fit, as a Man that is horridly grip'd with Eating *sower Grapes*, and can find no ease tho'

he

he rolls o're and o're, from one side of the
 Room to the other ; your *Stomach* over-charg'd,
 as a *Glutton* that thought he should never have
 satisfy'd his *greedy Paunch*, with that which he
 would now very fain *Vomit up*, but cannot ; your
Blood as chilly, as that of a *Coward* going to
 be shot to death for running from his Colours,
 and not *fighting* under the Banner of his Ge-
 neral, tho' call'd to it by the *beating Drums*,
 and *sounding Trumpets* ; your *Pulses* as slow in
 their motion, as a *Fool* in going to be slash'd
 at the House of Correction, for *meddling* when
 forewarn'd, and *loitering* when call'd to dili-
 gence ; your *Fingers* catching at you know not
 what, as a *sinking Man* does at a swimming
 Reed, that avails him nothing when ingratp'd,
 but only serves to *disappoint* him of all his
 hopes, and prevents him from *padding* any more
 in pursuit of the *Plank* that was thrown out
 to *save* his life ; your *Feet* as stiff with death,
 as the Limbs of a *wearied Beast*, that has tra-
 vell'd thro' so much *dirt* and *mire*, and so long,
 that he is not able to stir *another step*, tho'
 spurr'd and wounded with many Cuts ; your
Throat stop'd with as thick Cakes of *clotted*
Phlegm, as he whole Entrails were *putrify'd*
 with over-satiating himself with *delicious Creams*,
 and *much sleeping* ; your *Teeth* set with a strange
 grinning, as a *revengeful Debtor*, who espies his
Creditor that is inflexibly resolv'd to *retain him*
in Gaol, till he has paid the *utmost farthing* ;
 your *Passions* rais'd to as high a fit of *madness*,
 as

as a mad *Bedlam* overladen with *Iron Chains*, to check his Frenzy, and prevent his *ill designs*; your *Eyes* fountaining out *Tears*, as one that has lost his *whole Adventure* in a *Storm*, without having one penny ensur'd for the *maintenance* of *himself* and *Family*; your *Hands* clutched, as a condemn'd Penitent going to suffer at the *Tree of Justice*, for many repeated Injuries done to *others*, as well as to his *own Soul*; your *Moanings* as lamentable, as the grievous accents of him that was *impal'd to death* for *murdering his Comrade*, who never did him wrong, or gave him provocation; your *craving for Mercy* at the *Throne of Grace*, with as little *reasonable hope* of success, as theirs who *Petition'd* for the *life of Charnock* at *Great William's Feet*, who said he should die for attempting to *stain his Soul with blood*, and vowing to *sheath his Weapon in the Blood of a King*; your *Hopes* vanishing to air, as was the mighty expectation of the *Spanish King*, when *News* came, that *Queen Elizabeth's Fleet* had destroy'd his *Invincible Armado*, and ruin'd his *Royal Army*; your *miseries* augmenting, as *Job's* were, when one *Messenger* told him, the *Oxen* were *ploughing*, and the *Asses* *feeding by them*, and the *Sabeans* *fell upon them and took them away*; another, that the *Chaldeans* *made out three bands*, and *fell upon the Camels and Herds*, and *carry'd them away*, and *slew the Serzvants with the Edge of the Sword*: and a third, that his *Sons*
and

and Daughters were eating, and drinking wine in their Elder Brothers house, and behold there came a great wind from the Wilderness, and smote the four corners of the House; and it fell on the young Men, and they are dead; your strugglings against the Power of Distempers with as little success, as his Efforts who thought he could beat seven armed Men, but was conquer'd by one of the number; your Strength failing you, as that of Seneca the Great Philosopher did, when blood issued out of his Veins in great abundance, and he yielded up his life with inward faintings; your Rest broken as his, who was prick'd with Spears, and burnt with Coals of Fire, when ever he clos'd his Eyes, or lean'd to sleep; your Temper, as peevish, as was the young Cripple's, who so fretted and chafed at the coming of every Pain, and the aking of his Sores, that he soon outspent his Spirits, and dy'd; your House as ruinous as his who had all his Furniture seiz'd, and himself going to be turn'd out for his Not-payment of his Ground Land-lord; your Wife sobbing by the side of your Bed, as she, who was forc'd, against her will, to sign to the selling of her Jointure; your Sons and Daughters shrinking back with horror from your Presence, as did the Children which Herod slew, when the Murderers came cruelly to tear them from the beloved Breasts of the affectionate Mothers that gave them suck: The Standers by staring on you with as little support to your
sinking

sinking Spirits, as they did who gaz'd on the miserable Wretch who was *hung up* on a Tree, and Sentenc'd by a Rule of Court to be *starv'd to death*; your Physician writing Bills, and consulting about the means of *your Recovery* with as *little success*, as his *Endeavours* had, who set his wits upon the rack to invent an Engine to preserve *Ships from sinking* at Sea, when a plank was torn from the bottom, but could not; your *Soul* in as great a *Consternation* and *Horror*, as the Emperor of *Constantinople* seem'd to be in, when he espy'd his Subjects coming to *strangle him* for his Mis-managment of the *Government*; and the more, because he had lately been *defiling* his lustful Body with his lascivious Concubines in his *Seraglio*; your *Minds* as replenish'd with *Confusion*, as his who was taken in the abominable act of *detestable Sodomy*, and tortur'd, till he surrendred his polluted Soul a Victim to his *filthy Lust*, and a perpetual warning to others; your *tormenting Conscience*, as much awaken'd as his, who cry'd out, O ease, ease me of my *inward griping*, for I endure the *pains of the damn'd* on this side Eternity; and your *Mind* as deplorable in its *splendid Estate*, as his who roaringly cry'd out, what a wretchedly *foolish Contract* have I made, to Exchange an Heaven of *everlasting Joys*, for a few *Moments of Sinning*, which are now expir'd and gone; your *Thoughts* as amaz'd, as his who was alarm'd with the *horrible out-cryes* of a *Mid-Night-Massacre*, when he had but just left
the

the honourable Bed of Marriage, and violated the *Nuptial Bonds*; and you as startled at the thoughts of a severe *after-reckoning*, as he who felt the *foundations* of the *Earth* shogging under him in that instant, when he was pleading against the Power of the *All-wise Framer* of this Universal Orb; your *Sins* flushing in your face, as hers who was espy'd by her *Father* giving her *Honour* to a tawny Moor; your *Bed* surrounded with near as many *Infernal Devils*, as was the Room, where the bloody *Jefferys* dy'd, who *massacred Protestants* by the Command of a *Popish King*, whilst some *counterfeited Protestants*, but rather to be thought *Papists* in Masquerade, still earnestly wish'd, that his pretended Son might sway the Sceptre, and wear the *Imperial Crown* of these Three Noble Kingdoms. In fine, you'll be as sensibly *affected* with the *loss of God* for ever, as a Mariner is with that of his Vessel, when he beholds it *foundring* far from any Land. Record these Sentences on the *Breast-plate* of your *Soul*, and Read them weekly over, and my Soul for yours, they'll make you despise the *empty Vanities* of this *perishing World*, and think much of the *intolerable Agonies* of a dying hour. So now, my Friends, stand ye by a while, and I'll speak but a few words to those, that once *spitefully us'd me*, when I gave 'em *no offence*, and then I'll take my *final leave* of you all together, for behold the minute of my *dissolution* is now near at hand, and I must be gone. Know
you

you my *Enemies*, that your *precious Souls* are as dear to me, as those of any of my near *Familiars*, and I as heartily wish your *welfare*, as that of mine own; and be it *whisper'd in your ears*, that I utterly forget all the wrongs you e're did to me, and wish with great fervency that God may do the same. Did you *hate me* because I shew'd my *moderation* towards all men? May the *Sovereign Creator* never be rigid to you for the sake of *Jesus*: Did you brand me with the title of an *Hypocrite*, because I was *Sincere*? May *Christ* the Saviour never mark you out for *sinners*: Did you *exclude me* your Society, as a Person void of *worldly cunning*? May Angels receive you into their Protection, and be ye all wise enough for Heaven: Did you *shut me out* of my place of Worship, because I cross'd your fancy, and would not altogether conform to your Customs in your *stately Cathedrals*, or *private Meeting Houses*? May *Glory* open her Gates wide for you, and may you enter in with Joy: Did you *Confiscate* my Goods, and cast my Body into *Prison* for the sake of a tender-Conscience? May he that *lives for ever* enrich you more and more with abundance of *this World's Goods*, and deliver you from entering into the *Prison of Hell* at last: Did you slight me because I was poor and meanly descended? May the *Great Jehovah* not reject you as *Indigent*, but account you as *Branches*
of

of his Royal Seed: Did you cruelly rob me of my good *Name* by false *Calumnies*, and fly *Reproaches*? May he that fashio'd me in the Womb, cause your Memory to send forth a sweet *smelling odour*; and your Character to sound great to the endless Ages of Eternity: Did you call me a *formal* and *illiterate* Fellow? May the Judge of all the Earth account you *serious enough* for Happiness, and sufficiently Learnt to Read and Practise *his Laws*. To end, Did you say all my *Devotions*, *Cries*, and *Tears*, were nothing but a *pretence* to veil o're my *cousenage*, *deceit* and *fraud* from the sight of men? I beseech him who is my *Record*, and at whose *private Bar* I must instantly appear, never to lay these *Falsities* at your Gates, when your dear *Souls* stand trembling on the *brink of Eternity*, and you would give your all, so that you had never cast a *slandrous Speech* towards the *dwellings* of the Righteous, or proclaim'd it abroad, that *Religion* was only a *Trick of State*, that *Knaves* may Rule, and *Fools* Obey. Consider seriously what has been said, and turn home to God, that he may of his infinite Goodness guide your goings thro' the dark Desert of this *mis-guided Age*, where *Virtue* is Pictur'd out in a *ridiculous Dress*, while *Vice* is array'd in a *fine* and *solemn fashion*; *Religion* made a *ludibrious game*, and *Immorality* counted *Quaintness of wit*: Good Men expos'd to *Contempt*, whilst the bad are in *highest esteem*:

esteem : *Uprightness* is forc'd to *sneak in Corners*, whereas *Deceit* is carry'd in *Triumph* : The moderate in Spirit are call'd *Trimmers in Religion* ; while those that are for *oppressions*, are call'd *genuine Sons* of a true Church : The *tender in Conscience* are condemned as *Schismatics* from Christ's Church, while *Ranting Tories* are counted Members of the *best Community* : Healers of our *Breaches* are stiled *Enemies to our Peace*, while those that would *destroy our Israel* with Civil Wars, are cry'd up for *Defenders of our Liberties* : The *best Subjects* are degraded, while they that exclaim against the *Establishment* are advanced : The *Act of Exclusion* is cry'd down as unjust, while the Bill for preventing *Occasional Conformity* is thought necessary by some to be *past into a Law* : But there is a time coming, and I know it can't be long, before those good *Bishops, Lords, and Commons*, that settled the *Succession* on the Princess *Sophia*, and shew'd so much of a *Christ-like Temper* in all their late *Counsels, and Debates*, will be valued and esteemed as they really are, *Enemies* to the Interest of *France*, *Lovers* to their *Sovereign Lady Queen Anne*, *Preservers* of their *Country*, *Friends* to the Church of *England*, and *Well-wishers* to all good *Christians*, of what *Opinion or Party* soever, which is all over the *temper* of the *Apostles* and the *Primitive Christians*, and abundantly shews, that they *belong to God*. Thus I have settled every *Affair*, which is the *bounden Duty* of every Christian to do, when they

come to dye, that they which know them may see *what Spirit* they are of, and to whom they *do belong*. And now, my Spectators, behold with delight the *sedateness* of my Mind, the *composure* of my Soul, and the Assurance I have of *Heaven*, by my saying to all despairing Thought, *be gone*; and with my last breath I bid you all *adieu* my farewell, farewell, farewell, till we meet again in the *Regions of Bliss*. I hope this *Portraiture* I have here drawn of the *last Sayings* and *Exit* of a *dying Christian*, will win every *Reader* over, (even whether he will or not) to *live so*, as to *dye such*; which is the sincere Prayer of him, that wishes the *salvation* of every Soul.

But to proceed in my first proposed Method: Is the *Earth* to be *burnt up* with fervent heat, and to be reduc'd into its *primitive Ashes*, as is the *Heifer* that is *consum'd* with *Flames*? And shall not I, who peep't out of my *Mother's Womb* near Seven Thousand Years after its foundation was laid, being moulded into a Globe by the wonderful *Power* and *Wisdom* of *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*, and am likely to crumble into dust *some Ages* before its *Dissolution*, muse on the *Vanity* of *Life*, by fancying I hear *this Voice* tinkling out its *loud Peals* in my Ears, every step I go, Every thought I think, and every breath I fetch, is part of a *Race* run towards my Journey's End, and perhaps the *next wind* I draw into my Nostrils, by
the

the heaving of my panting Breast, may be *my last*? Is every Pile of Buildings, from a Palace to a Cottage, to be *tumbled down* at one Jostle so as never to be rear'd again, just as a *drunken Man* that of a sudden falls down into the *cold Embraces* of Death? And shall not I, who can scarce remember the *first Erecting* of any one considerable City, nor am likely to see the *Funeral* of a thatch'd Village, think of the speedy *demolishing* of this *tottering Temple* of my Body? Are all the old *standing Oaks*, and every Tree, that is *now* growing on the surface of the whole Earth, to be *torn up* all of a sudden by the *Roots*, and never to *sprout, bud, or blow* any more, in like manner as a *Plant* that is *grubb'd* out of the ground, and devour'd by *wild Beasts*? And shall I not be considering, that *this stalk* of *my life* will be cut down by the *keen Hatchet* of some *Turbulent Disease* or other; I, who lay but as a *Seed* in my Mother's Belly some *scores of years* after *many of these Trees* were forcing their passage thro' the *frozen Clods*, in order to out-top the lower *Shrubs*, and to all outward appearance must be *laid level* with the Earth, before they begin to *fade*, or cease to *bear Leaves*? Are all the Rivers to be drain'd, and the Ocean left *dry*, so as never to ebb and flow again, as a broken Weather-glass, that ceases to *rise and fall* because its *Quick-silver* is spilt? Then what need have I always to dwell on this prudent Me-

ditation, that it can't be long before this Air
of *breath*, which now causes my Blood to *Cir-*
culate, my Feet to *walk*, and my Tongue to *speak*,
will be becalm'd by the *chilling Frosts* of death!
Are *Spring*, and *Autumn* to cease for ever?
Then, why think I not that I was created as
a Man by the *curious Finger* of God, for no
other End, Design, or Purpose, but to *Glorify*
his Name, till this Lamp of life be *blown out*
by death, in order to be new trim'd, that it
may *blaze for Ever* in a more Glorious State?
Are all the *Flowers* in every Field, Garden, or
Plat to *flourish, blow, and blossom* no more?
Then teach me, O my God! to know that I
was *sent naked* hither to be *adorn'd with Grace*
for another and better World, and to *contem-*
plate my latter End: And why, Lord! but that
my *nobler part*, the *Soul*, may *flourish to fade* no
more? Are all the *Airy Inhabitants* to clap
their Wings together, and *fly no more*? Then
'tis time for me to remind my self, that when
I have taken a *few turns* more upon this *Stage*,
and sung an *Hymn* or *two* in the great Con-
gregation of thy Saints here below, I must
drop my *arms down* by my side, and never
tune an Anthem more: And why? Because I was
only *nurs'd* in a *Woman's Arms*, to cry and
whimper a while in this *imperfect State*, and
then to escape by *winging aloft*, and to take
roost in the *Air of Bliss* for ever, ever, and for
evermore: Are all the *Springs* in the Wilder-
ness, on the Descent of Hills and Rocks, to
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Engine up *their Streams* no more, as so many Pumps that have lost their Suckers, and are emptied dry? And shall not I lay *this to Heart*, who was only rock'd in a *Cradle*, and fed with a *Spoon*, in order to gather a little strength, that I might Toil, Sweat, and Expire? And why? Because this *Body of Matter* must *sleep* a while in a *Tomb*, and be *renew'd* again as an Eagle, to *enjoy its God* for ever? Are all the *haughty Swans*, that now take their daily Pastime in *Swimming* near the Green Banks, under a *pleasant Shore*, to be strip'd of their fine white *Feathers*, and cease their *Songs* for-ever? And shall I not spare a minute in every day to drop a *Tear* or *two*, and rehearse over this short Prayer?

‘O thou mighty *Emperor* of the *Superior Orbs!* that was carving me out after thine *own Image*, when I lay hid even as nothing in the *dark Work-house* of Obscurity; to what end or purpose was a *Soul* infus'd into this *Delicate Fabrick* of my *Body*? Was it with an intent that I should wallow in the *muddy Puddles* of Lust, as a Swine in a stie? Or boyl in *Seas of Passion*, as water in a Furnace? No: Was it to call *thy Being* in question, as the *Atheist*, or to deny the *Divinity* of *thy Son*, as the *Deist*? No: O then, my *Infinite Sovereign!* tell me what thou *designedst* me for, when thou first castedst me into this *exact Mold*? Sure, Lord, it was to *Fast*, *Pray*, and *Weep* for a while, and then fetch a stretch, or two,

‘and dye? And what then, O my Soul! to
 ‘warble forth *Hallelujah*, *Glory*, and *Power* for
 ‘evermore? *Amen, Amen, Amen.*

Are all the *Fishes* in the Seas, Rivers, and Brooks to swim up and down no more? And shall I not fore-cast my *Affairs* so, as to ask my self these *following Questions* seven times a Week. What came I into the World *to do*? Was it to eat, drink, and laugh? No: What Errand was I sent about, to *dissemble*, *cheat*, and *lie*? No: To what End was then this *life of Reason* given me for? To be in thought of *Death*, *Judgment*, and *Eternity*. O then *foolish me*, that have spent the *best part* of my life in weaving out a *Web*, that has neither *warmth*, *strength*, or *security* in any part of it; but may fitly be compar’d to that of a *Spider*, hung under the Roof of a Loft; come but a *blast of Wind*, or any other *small Accident*, it falls, and entrangles its *Industrious Weaver* in its curious *Mesbes*, where, ten to one, he is *slain* and *trod* to dirt, before he can cut thorow his *own twisted Threads*, or have a *fair run* for his life. Is this a pertinent *Similitude*? why then call I my self a Man, since my *Actions* bespeak me more *unwise* than this *silly Animal*? And why? Because I plunge my self in the tempestuous Floods of *Trouble*, *Sorrow*, and *Misery* by my own free consent, and choice. But, behold I’ll now learn to be *wise*, and instantly disengage my *Fancy* from roving in chace of *Shadows*, and running after *empty Nothings*, by *Mortification*,

tification, Self-denial, and a thoughtful *Preparation* for that fatal Minute, when mine Eyes must be closed upon all the *desirable things* of this World, by the long lasting *Sleep of Death*. Is my Life then thus *precarious*? Why then break I not out into *loftier* strains of *Language*, and *higher* flights of *Speech*, on the miserable *Vanity of life*, and say, ‘O my God, now I see I shall only stay to *prattle out* a few *impertinent Stories*, and give *my Judgment* in matters I know but little of, and then *go down to the Dust*, and be as if I had never been? Why then do I thus trouble my self with *State Affairs*, or seem to envy the *pompous Grandure* of the *Magnificent*? Is it so, that my life is but as a *puff of Air*, and my days as a *fleeting Shadow*; and do I not know, but that the very *next step* I take may trip me down into the dark *Mansions of Death*? Know I not, but my next *undertaking* may be my last? Why then stand I *gazing* with so much *Admiration*, on the three *Gaudy Pictures of Riches, Honour, and Beauty*, which in very deed have no real Existence in them, but are all as a *Shew*, and even as a *Dream* of an hour long, which when one awakes is altogether gone? And why? Because a *storm of Wind*, a *flame of Fire*, or a *shock of the Earth*, may in a moment make a wealthy Person a poor Man; an *Humour*, a *Frown*, or a *Word* of a Prince, may in an instant *degrade a Court-Favourite* from all his puffed-up *Vanity*; a *Fit of an Apoplexy*, a *prick with a Sword*, or a *blow*

with an *Ax* may in the twinkle of an *Eye* turn the *Handsomness* of a *Face* into *Gastlines*. If this be true, as it really is, what is all I see, if *duly weigh'd* in the *Balance* of *Reason*, but a *Cheat*, a *Deceit*, and a meer piece of *empty* and *unperforming Vanity*? Why then resolve I not, even from this point of time, *not to envy* such as are flush'd with the *seeming Nothings* of an empty life, and are pleas'd with its *Phantastical Toys*, but even resolve to depaint the *World* in its *natural Dress*, *Form*, and *Fashion*, without prevarication, or partiality, that the *more Religious* may furnish their *Studies* with such curious *Draughts*? Shall I not then design two such *Draughts*, and ask the more *Ingenious* in that *noble Science*, which is the most exactly and most finely done?

First Then, I *delineate the World* in likeness of a *Man* presenting us with a *theatrical Performance*, whose *Scenes* are pictur'd all o're with *variety of Objects*; a *Stage* crowded with a great number of *Actors* of every *Age*, *Sex*, and *Constitution*; some rigg'd in a *gaudy Attire*, others in a *plain Garb*; some *sighing*, *kneeling*, *mourning*, and *crying*, without so much as looking on any of those *Figures*; others *gazing*, *disputing*, *striving*, and *fighting*, for some *Fancy* or other they espy drawn out in the *Scenes*. In the midst of all this comes a *person* creeping under the *Stage*, and unbarrs a *trap-door*: Immediately one drops in, as he is going to his

his *Devotion* ; another *steps down*, as he is grappling with his Comrade about a *painted Butter-fly* ; the third *falls in*, as he is reaching out his hand for a *Wafer* ; a fourth *enters* the Precipice, as he is going to give an *Alms* to a poor Man ; a fifth *tumbles down*, in his going to engrasp a *Shadow*, which he fancy'd to have been a *Substance* ; a sixth was *push'd down*, as he was lugging along a Bag of *yellow Dust* ; a seventh is *cast in*, as he is moderating a *difference* betwixt two disputing persons, that fell out about a *trifle in Opinions*, but never contended for the Truth ; an eighth *roll'd in*, as he was *wantoning* with an Harlot ; a ninth meets with the *same fate*, as he is defiling himself with *unseemly glances* : Thus they continu'd to *sink in* one after another, till there was *not one left* upon the Stage. But, behold immediately it fill'd again, and *every thing* was repeated as before, with *very little* alteration or distinction ; and so it was *emptied* and *fill'd* several times, till at last their *Mutinies* were so loud and daring, that the *Master of the Scenes* came in a rage, and *beckon'd out* a few, whom he entirely lov'd, and cast the *others* into a Dungeon, commanding the House to be set all over in *flames*, and the Scenes to be *burnt up*, and behold the Act is done.

Secondly, I picture out the World in *Re-semblance* to a Prince, that furnishes an *Hall* with an Hundred *Representations of things* of different

different Sizes, Fashions, and Makes, and calls in a Thousand Spectators to see *his Rarities*; who no sooner enter in, but the *greatest part* are climbing, and reaching up at the forsaide Images, 'till they are *all pull'd down*, tho' of no avail for the *real Satisfaction* of any: for they who had gain'd a prize, were in *perpetual apprehensions* of being *attack'd* by those that had not, and so to be *bereav'd* of their new purchas'd *Booty*; the other *tear* their Hair, *bite* their Lips, and *grind* with their Teeth, because they were not so fortunate as to get a part equal with the rest. In the interim came in a *Grim Person* with a flaming *Sword* in his hand, while another without any *Weapon sits him down* at the Door, with the *Key* thereof *hanging by his Side*: On a sudden a *Cry was heard*, as at *Midnight*, that a *Messenger* of the King had entered the *Gates*, and was *hewing down* his bidden *Guests* without *Mercy*, or *Respect* of *Persons*, whilst a *Porter* at the door *lets others in*; which adds to the *Confusion*, since the *new Comers* begin in a while to scramble with the *old Standers* for the *Purchases* that the dead *Persons* left; when many score *thousands* had been thus *slain*, and others let in, and the *Heats*, *Feuds*, and *Animosities* were such as to be altogether intolerable, an *Order* comes from *Court* to save some, being the *most wise* and *serious*, and *banish* the others into *Slavery*, as also to blow the *Fabrick* up, and to destroy the *Images*, and so behold all the *noisy*

sy Clamours were immediately hush'd, and still'd. Are these the true Idea's, and lively Representations of a Transitory World, and the Generations that inhabit therein? Then sure it is time for all professing the *Knowledge* of, and *Obedience* unto a *sacred* and *adorable Trinity*, to act the serious part, and be in earnest with *Christ's Religion*, by bidding an *Eternal Adieu* to the *perishing, empty, and deluding Vanities*, with the *vain Appearances* and *airy Fancies* of a momentany life, and most willingly rather *chuse*, wisely to *retire* to some more *private corner* of the Earth, there in earnest to repent, grieve, and sorrow for all the *malignant Crimes* of an Evil life, than *wilfully* to *offend* against the *Sovereign Commands* of a most *wise* and *bountiful* Creator. For how much more happy a Man, was that *lowly Peasant* who liv'd in a *thatch'd Cottage*, and continually pray'd to his bountiful God; than he, that dwelt near by in a *stately Mansion-House*, and scarce ever look'd up to the *sublime Heavens* with a *serious Thought*, till Death came, and then cry'd in the *agony of his Soul*, O that I had liv'd but half so *innocently* as my poor Tenant, then I might now *have hopes* in my death. Or as another exprest himself in the *passion* of his Soul, O that I had ever wandred in a *lonely desert*, or liv'd in some *despicable Hut*, so that I had never offended *Father, Son, or Spirit*, or call'd their *Being* and *Unity* into question! For now what availeth my daring *Atheism*, and
swelling

swelling heaps of *yellow Treasure*, since they cannot assuage a *Painful Ach*, or ease a *tormenting Gripe*: A whole World I'd give to live my life *over again*, yea even *my all* for a Month's Respite. Shall I produce one *Instance* more, of a Person whom I *visited* in his *last Sickness*? I offend not against the Truth, if I say, he was one of the *most Accomplish'd* Men then living, as to his *natural Endowments*; and who, I really believe, doubted not but that he should *leave the World* with as much *Courage* and *Bravery* of Mind, as the rest of the *Wits of the Age* think they shall do, who *defy God* and *Religion* to the last: but he found his *Mistake*; and I think I may justly say, never Man was in greater *Consternation* of Spirit, and *Amazement* of Soul, than He. For his *Cries* were like the *roarings* of a Man boyling in Oyl; his *Shrieks* as a Woman enduring the *excessive pains* of Child-birth: for he knew not *what to do* with himself, or *where to turn* for Rest; but after many cogent Arguments us'd, he grew *more Compos'd*, and brake out into a stream of Tears, discoursing so divinely of an *Infinite Being*, that I think I never heard the like proceeding from any mouth whatsoever, and had he not *despair'd of Mercy*, I should have thought his Soul in a most safe condition. And why? Because his *Contrition* was so exceeding great, and his *promises of Amendment* seem'd to be so real: for said he, if God *thinks fit* to restore so vile a *Sinner*,

ner, as I am, my life shall be as it were a *Scene of devotion*, and I'll Weekly fast, and Monthly receive the *Supper of the Lord*. I have quoted these three *surprising* Instances, to see if I could by any means timouſly awaken *ſleepy Sinners* out of their *carnal Security* before it be too late, and e're they come to lye *groaning* out their laſt *Complaints* on a *dying Pillow*, when I fear it will be too late to *sorrow*, too late to *pray*, and too late to *weep* for paſt Offences. And now, are there any who account this Subject to be *too plain* and *familiar* a Diſcourſe, to take with the more *Learned* and *Politick* ſort of Men? Let me tell them, whoever they be, that were I to come and *turn their Curtain* aſide, when they ſhall lye *ſtruggling* with the *King of Terrours*, and ſay, Sir, I am He that wrote that *practical Diſcourſe* on Mortality, which you did *ſlightingly throw* from you with a *diſdainful Scorn*, as not worthy of your peruſal; pardon me now I am at *this time* come, as an hearty Friend to your moſt *precious Soul*, to give you my *beſt Advice* in this your greateſt *Extremity*: I can't but fancy, you would then moſt *willingly accept* of my Counſel and Prayer, tho' extended to the full ſpace of an hour; and rather hear me diſcourſe of *Death*, *Eternity*, and the preſent *loving kindneſs* of our gracious Lord to *repenting* and *returning Sinners*, than dwell one Minute upon the formerly *moſt pleaſing Subjects*, or the moſt *ſublime Philoſophical* and *Learned Controverſies*: Lay up there-fore

fore, these Considerations in your Minds, and remember me, that I say you *must dye*, and how soon, the wisest of you all knows not: Then be prevail'd upon to make Death the *familiar Entertainment* of your Mind, and live in *thought of Eternity*, that when it comes you may with a *becoming Gallantry* of Spirit, and an *undaunted Bravery* of Mind say to God, my dear Lord, this thy most welcome Call is no *affrighting surprise* to me; I have impatiently *waited* for it, with longing *Expectations*, and most earnest *Wishes*: Receive now my *expecting Soul*, as thy own; for unto thee, my God, I recommend my *exulting Spirit*, as unto the *kind Embraces* of a dear *Father*, and a loving *Redeemer*. Thou knowest my Faith is fixt, and my Hope is certain, that I shall one day *joyfully peep* out of the darksome *Caverns* of *this despicable Earth*, as a gorgeous *Flower* newly-blown, and behold my *gracious Saviour* coming with ten hundred thousand *Legions* of *glorify'd Saints*, all shining as so many new rising *Morning Suns* in the bright Clouds of Heaven, when I shall join that *Seraphick Quire*, and see the *Wicked condemn'd* to endless pains. I hope my candid Reader will not *think it amiss*, if I ask these following, tho' surprizing Questions: Can I by all my *might* and *power*, *ingenuity* and *skill*, tear the Sun out of the Firmament, or pull the Stars down to the Ground? Can I lave the *Ocean dry* with the Palm of my hand, or cause the *Moon* to be ever in its full?

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Can I turn *Day* into *Night*, or *Man* into a *Woman*? Can I say to a *Rose*, be thou a *Nettle*, so that it shall be so; or to a *Lyon* be thou a *Lamb*, and it shall be so? Can I weigh the weighty *Globe* of the *Earth* between my *Fingers*, and measure its *Circumference* with my *Nails*? I know for certain *your Answer* will be *No*; and you will *think strange* to hear me talk at such a rate: Why? No more can a *Man* reasonably expect to *win Salvation*, that forgets *death* in the time of *health*, and carries any one *Dalila* sin in his *Bosom* to his *sick Bed*, or (if you please) to the *brink* of *Eternity*. No: No: I am sure, a few faint sayings of *Lord have mercy upon me* at last, will not atone for a life *run out* in folly, or *open Heaven's Gate*: For, how can I be said to be *born again*, or be as a person after *God's own heart*, who was never regenerated, or liv'd a *Christian-like* life? No: Nothing will or can *cheer* a *Man's fainting Spirits*, when he is panting out his few last *short breaths*, or wing his *Soul* to the *sublime Mansions* of *Glory*, but an *holy life* succeeding a *new birth*.

But now for the *Conclusion* of this *Essay* on *Mortality*, I shall shew you the *Vanity* of all *Sublunary Enjoyments*, by citing these *two* notable *Examples*. 'Tis recorded of one *Richard Swisser*, who liv'd about three hundred years since, and for his *manner of writing* by *Demonstrations*, was called the *Calculator*; that

that being grown old, he often wept, because he was not able to understand the Books he had written in his younger days: This Person was of so profound a Learning and Subtilty, that Scaliger says of him, that his Abilities were almost above Human Reach: Cardan and he do also both agree in this, that he is to be ranked among the *First Ten* of the greatest Wits, that ever were. A *second Instance*, is the renowned Salahoddin, who dyed *An. Dom. 1194.* before his Death he commanded the *Standard Bearer* of his Army, to walk at the Head of the *Funeral Pomp*, with a *Napkin* on the point of his *Lance*, and to say aloud, that *Salahoddin* out of so many Conquer'd *Kingdoms*, out of so many *Victories* gain'd by him, has carry'd along with him only a *Winding Sheet* to his Grave.

Thus it was I spent my *Moments* during the three days I lay intomb'd with Jesus in the *Sepulchre*, waiting for his glorious *Resurrection from the dead*, which is now accomplish'd, and for which I will rise and sing his *Praises* in the most lofty *Style*, whilst I treat of this his most powerful and admirable *Resurrection*.

C H A P. XVII.

i Cor. 15. 20. *But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first Fruits of them that slept.*

ARe any *pensive* and *sad* with the melancholic Considerations of Death? Let them approach here, and I will cause *their Souls* to rejoice, and sing with exulting voices of *divine Mirth*. And why? Because the Lord of *life*, and *glory* is now *risen*, and *ascended* up on high: Delay not, then, ye *righteous Souls*, but gather together, and sing all Praises to him who first laid the Foundations of the Earth, and created a Man out of its Dust; and in process of time became miraculously the Son of a Woman, that the after-Generations of that first Man might be forever glorify'd Saints in the borders of Paradise. Did I formerly summon all the Hosts and Powers of Heaven and Earth to come and be astonish'd at the wonderful Birth of a God made Man? Even so I call them now together again, to declare with a mighty Veneration, and most joyful Acclamation, his compleat Victory over Death, Hell, and the Grave. Come forth ye numerous millions, yea millions of millions of happy Spirits, that waited on the glorious Trinity, before it was said a Woman beguiled a Man, and proclaim out aloud the good and acceptable News that He

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who *was a God did become a Man*, and he that was a *Man* is now a *God*, and Reigns in *Glory* with *Trains of Royal Dignity*. Come forth ye innumerable *Companies of shining Ones*, that attend on the *Gates of Sion*, to welcome those *Files of Soldiers* in, who with a *spotless Soul* and undaunted *Courage* fac'd the *Tyrant's Troops* in the *Severnes*, and reapt them down as *Sheafs of Tares* in a naughty *Soil*, in defiance of ill *Men*, that call it *Rebellion* to fight in defence of the *Primitive Truth*; and found out the *glad Tidings*, that *Jesus* is *ascended* far beyond the *Regions of the Air*, to reward all faithful ones. Appear ye *glorious Cherubims*, whose *Office* it is to see the *best Crowns* placed on the *Heads* of those who love all *sincere Professors*, belong they to what *Party* or *Community* they will: But take pleasure to make to cease the *noisy Clamours* of those, who only make their *Addreses* in a *Form of Devotion*; and Eccho out the *harmonious Noise*, that *Christ* has *conquer'd all*, and is now intreating his *Father* to entertain *returning Sinners*. Come forth ye *flaming Seraphims*, who officiate when the *victorious Palms* of *Glory* are given into the hands of those, which were *lifted up* for the *pulling down* the *strong holds* of *Sin*, and laying *severe Penalties* on *lewd Offenders*, but never sign'd for the *demolishing* places of *Divine Worship*, or casting the *Disciples of Jesus* into *Prison*, because they either *refus'd* to pull off a *Canonical Gown*, and ceas'd

to read a most *Excellent Form* of Prayer, or put on a *Surplice*, and left off *petitioning* to Heaven as the *Spirit indites*, and proclaim aloud the *mighty Tidings*, that the Blessed Jesus has gain'd the *Victory* over the dark Territories of the Earth; and now *shines above* as a *blazing Luminary* of light. Appear ye *Moses* and *Aaron*, who are ever present, when the white *Vestures of Righteousness* are put on the Spiritual Bodies, of those that stand up for the *good Cause* of God and Religion, in the most *Profane* and *Licentious* Times, and resound the *glad Tidings*, that he who was laid in a Sepulchre, is now *mounted up*; and reigns as a King on the *enamel'd Plains* of *Sion-Hill*. Come forth ye *glorify'd Patriarchs*, that joyn the Quire to bid them *welcome in*, who counted it as a *pleasure* of Soul to expose those to *shame*, who call all *Schismaticks*, that refuse to yield *Obedience* to the Commands of Men, when God and their own *Consciences* say, No, but *applaud* such, as true Sons of the *best of Churches*, whose lives and actions bear no *Obedience* to the Precepts of *Jesus*, and ring out the loud peals of *Mirth*, that he, who was *watch'd* by a Band of *Jewish Soldiers*, when he lay conceal'd in the dark *Recesses* of Death, is now in the *upper Regions*, where all obey his Will with an *alacrity* of mind. Appear ye *Shadrach*, *Mesbakh*, and *Abednego*, who were flung into the midst of a burning *fiery Furnace*, and are now seated near the

Throne of Martyrs, and are ready to bear them Company, who *preach up a sanctified life*, demeaning themselves accordingly; and never *revile* the Person of any, because they will not *pray and bow* with that reverence of Body, as some *Religious Votaries* do; and trumpet out the *sound*, that he which never saw *Corruption*, is now floating in the *Streams* of endless joys. Come forth ye *Armies of blessed Ones*, that fell Victims to *Herod's Cruelty*, and who now attend the *beck of Jesus*, to harp out new *Tunes of Praise*, when any of those *dear Souls* enter in, who were made the *Scoffs* of the proud, and the *Scorns* of the base, because they would not sing *Te Deum* in the *Nurseries* of Vice, when *Virtue* was *debased*, and *Wickedness* commended; and warble forth the *happy Tiaings*, that He, of whom the *Jews* reported his *Disciples came by Night*, when the *Soldiers slept*, and *stole* his Body away, is now *triumphing* on the Mount of Bliss. Come forth, ye *sacred Souls*, that attended the Saviour of the World in his *Sufferings* here on Earth, and are now ready to *imbrace* those that stand up in the *Defence* of a Deity, and a *Second* and a *Third* Person in the *Blessed Trinity*, to the utter confounding of the *pernicious Opinions* of Atheism, and Deism; and boldly tell it every where, that he, who lay *three days* in the bowels of the Earth, is now *equal* with his Father in Power, Might, and Glory. Come forth, ye *Primitive Fathers*, that are never wanting to
proclaim

proclaim it through the *Regions of Heaven*, when any one of *those Spirits* enter in, who without a *repining Murmur*, or *fretful Frown* spend an Age in *Weeping, Fasting, and Praying* for the *black Sins* of an offending World; and never cease to *declare* that he, who had a Stone roll'd over his Tomb, to *secure him* in the *Regions of oblivion*, as the *Jews* thought, is now *winging it up* higher and higher in the *firmament of Happiness*. Come forth ye that *expir'd* in the *scarlet Bed of Flames*, and are now *shewing the Rivers of Pleasures* to them that have swimm'd thro' the *turbulent Seas* of *Ignominy and Reproach*, and declare it to every Nation professing a *God-head*, that he who was *interr'd*, soon after *Crucifixion* without the *Gates of Jerusalem* between two *Thieves*, is now *ruling as Judge* on the *Royal Seat* of *Judicature*. Lord! what makes my *Spirits* thus to *flag*, and my *Soul* appear so *dull of Apprehension*, that I raise not up my *flights of rejoicing* to an higher rapture, and say with a *freedom of Mind*, May I behold that *Luminary*, (which I now see *shining* in the yonder *Skies*,) with *astonishment of Soul*, to leap out of his *Orb*, and *dance for Joy*; because He, that *gilded out* its curious *Lineaments* in so beautiful a manner, is now *reviv'd* from the dead, and will dye no more. May the numerous *Host of Stars* I now behold in a bright *Winter Night*, and those I cannot yet see with any *new-made Instrument*, leap out of their *Spheres*, *skipping* as so many *nimble Roes*, on

the green Dales of a *wide Forest* in a clear day; because He that first made them *shine out of Darknefs*, in the Morn of his Creation, and causes them now to *twinkle*, is *awak'd* out of the Dust, and will *sleep no more*. May that *Night-Lamp* remove, which I so often *peep at* with amazement, and keep in his Full for a Year; because He that cast up the *Mountains of Earth* within its Borders, which are so visible to every *piercing Eye*, is now *ascended*, and will be call'd a *Carpenter's Son* no more. May the *Waters* that now lye *treasur'd up* in the Air above the tops of any Hills, and cause me so much to *admire* the workings of the *most High*, again rain down *Manna* for once to feed the Poor, for joy that he who bears up the Floods with the *palm of his hand*, has *conquer'd* all, and will be wrapt in *swadling Cloaths* no more. May the *showry Dews*, that fall early in a Summer's Morn, which are only the humid Vapours of the Air, elevated by the *Diurnal Heats* of the *glorious Lamp* of Heaven, and by the *nightly Colds* again congeal'd into drops of insipid Water, beipangle the Meads with *real Drops* of Gold on the *first day* of every Week; because he who causes their *refreshing drops* to descend, has gain'd a *Victory* over Hell, and will lodge in a *Manger* no more. May two of the *longest Nights*, in every Jubilee Age, be turn'd into *shining Days*, in that *Month* of the Year, and that *Week* in the Month, and on those *Nights* in the Week, when the Lord
Jesus

Jesus *slept in the Sepulchre*; because he that measur'd out the *Divisions of Time*, when he said, *Let the Evening and the Morning be the first day*, is now surrounded with Guards of Angels, and will be *Circumcised* after the manner of the *Jewish Nation* no more. May one *Minute* upon every *Sunday*, throughout the Ages of the World, *shine out* early in the Morn, as bright as any Angels Face; because he that with a *Word* of his Mouth produc'd the *light*, is now mounted on the *Sphere of Happiness*, and will be presented no more with *Gold, Frankincense, Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia* by the three Eastern Kings. May the *Flakes of Snow* that fall on the *Anniversary* of the Resurrection, be a Sovereign Antidote to extinguish the *Flames of a Calenture*; because he that congeal'd the Waters in the Air, is now ador'd by all the *Righteous Host*, and will retreat no more by Night into the *Egyptian Land*, to shun the *fury* of a bloody *Herod*. May the *hoary Mist* that freezes on the day of the *Lord's Ascension*, in whatever Climate, serve to heal all that are afflicted with the *painful Strangury*; because he that Iced over their Jewel-like drops with a cold Northern blast, is now requiting those faithful Ones that were sincere to the end of their *Christian Race*, and will return no more to *Nazareth* out of a foreign Countrey, upon arrival of the News that the *Tyrant King* is dead. May every *Hill* that surrounds the Sepulcher where the Lord lay, *dance*

for Joy ; because he that bears up their massy weight, is now *recompensing* those that chose rather to starve than sin, and will *dispute no more* with the Learned Doctors in the Temple at *Jerusalem*. May those *Springs*, that are near the Field where the Son of God lay once *intomb'd*, boil up nothing but such Streams as will in an instant allay the *torturous pangs* of a tormenting Stone ; because he that is the great *Engineer* to raise up the Waters from the *hollow Caverns* of the Earth, is now beyond the reach of *Infernal Fiends*, and will be *baptized* no more by *John the Baptist*. May two of every Kind of the *airy Inhabitants*, wing it away to the very place where *Mary Magdalen* peep'd in, when the Angel of God told her, *the Lord was not there, but risen* ; and sing out these pretty Notes, at the *breaking* of every day, *Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, Christ is ascended ; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, Jesus is gone to Glory ; *Hallelujah, Hallelujah*, the Redeemer of the World is awak'd, and gone to Joy ; and we'll warble out, we'll warble it out with a most *sweet melodious* and *ravishing* variety of Notes, that the *God-Man*, which was *buried here*, is now above, and will be led up by the *Spirit* into the Wilderness no more. May *three Lambs* in every Score, bay it out to the rest of their *Flocks*, that the *Paschal Lamb*, which was *innocent* in Life, *meek* in Suffering, and *calm* at Death, is now telling all the Created Beings, in the Mansions of Bliss, that he was *very God*,

as well as *very Man*, and will go to *Cana* no more, to turn Water into Wine. May two *pleasant Roes* out of every ten, assert it to the rest of their *nimble Tribe*, that he who is the *efficient Cause* of their skipping on the Mountains, once himself *travel'd* over Hills to avoid the *fury* of enraged Men, but is now *mounting it higher* than the farthestmost Stars, and will *sojourn on Earth* in the form of a Servant no more. May there be delineated in small Characters on the *top-Leaves* of every Tree these Comprehensive Words, '*Amazing that* 'Man who bears the *resemblance of the Deity*, 'should lye groveling in the lower *Regions* of 'folly, when his Master *Jesus*, who hath suffer'd 'such *wrongs* for him, is now gone up with the '*noise of Triumph*, and will never cease to be 'Almighty in *Excellency, Wisdom, and Goodness*. May the noble and tall *Sun Flowers*, that grow in the delightful Gardens, shew their *beautiful Faces* to the Moon and Stars, and not as usually, *tye up* their slip'd hoods, and *veil over* their curious Lineaments, when the great *Luminary of Heaven* withdraws his Beams, hiding himself in the obscurity of Night; because the *Son of Righteousness* that painted out their *Golden Features*, is *mounted up*, and will endure *cold* and *want* for Man no more. May the blushing *Pæonies* in every Soil, whose ruddy Leaves wear the *Crimson Livery* of a dying Saviour, never *fade*, but *perpetually spring*, even then when the *chilling Winter* sends forth his stormy Blasts; because
 he

he that dy'd their Sattins with such a *lovely*
Scarlet grain, is now in the *upper Regions*, and
 will bear no more *flouts* nor *scoffs* for sinners.
 May every *Seed* that now lies buried in the
 Ground, *bring forth* a thousand-fold encrease
 for the use of Man; because he that gives their
slender Blades strength to force their way thro'
 the *harden'd Earth*, is now *seated in glory*, and
 will *remove* from City to City no more, to
 shun the *Slanders* and *Persecutions* of the Pro-
 phane. May there be figur'd out on the Ta-
 ble of every Man's Hand these Lines, *be asto-*
nish'd and sin not; because Jesus, who seem'd
to be dead, when he lodg'd in silence, is *now*
living, and ready to entertain those that con-
 spir'd twelve Minutes in every day to creep
into secret, where none sees but the *All-seeing Eye*
 of God, and first drop'd a *few Tears* for the Er-
 rors of life, and then said, *flight up* my Soul on
 the Eagle wings of Faith, and be *rap'd up* into
 the highest *Pinacles of Joy*, for behold he that
lov'd thee well, is now hearing many a *ravish-*
ing Song of praise in the Almighty *Jehovah's*
 Tent, and will be *oppress'd* for *fall'n Man* no
 more. May there be noted at the beginning
 of every Title-Page, whose Subject owns a *Tri-*
nity, these Divine Raptures of true comfort; *Be*
ye elevated even into an Extasie of Mirth, O ye
Daughters of Sion, and *Sons of Men*: and for
ever chaunt it out in most melodious strains, be-
 cause the glad tidings are tuned out thro' every
Nation professing holiness, that that God which liv'd
 for

for a while as a Man, has now taken away the sting of Death, so that whoever practises Virtue, and loves Righteousness, need not be abash'd, when their Spirits are taking an ultimate farewell of a vanishing and deluding World, since such a dissolution will be an eternal gain, and usher them into the Presence-Chamber of the Immortal King. May there be Printed a Volume in neat Letters of Gold, with this Title, **God is Ascended**, full of such Sentences as this following, *That God, who took upon him Human Nature, and was once laid in a Cabin under a sheet of condensed Earth, is now incircled in radiant glory, with a numberless number. of Angels, Saints, and good Men made perfect.* Wherefore it is necessary that all that design to be sav'd, every one in particular, cry out with me, Holy, Holy Jesus; Holy, Holy Jesu, to thee I'll pray; Holy, Holy God, to thee I'll yield Obedience; great Saviour and mighty Lord, unto thee all Praise, unto thee all Power shall for ever be attributed; every member I have shall publish forth thy immortal Renown: And why, Lord? Because thou so makest my Spirit, and causest my Soul to sing; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, be every day the Entertainment of my best desires; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I'll raise my best Affections even to this Mount of Glory; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, after I have hymn'd out a few more Hallelujahs, Hallelujahs, here on Earth, my Voice will then joyn all the Multitude

titude above, and I shall utter forth Ten Thousand times, Ten Hundred Thousand times over *far nobler strains*, being rap'd up into higher *Extasies* than ever, even such as will cause the unlimited *bounds of Bliss* to Echo in so melodious a manner, that were it possible, the living *Inhabitants* of this World, or any other Earth whatever (if any) might hear but *one sound* of its tuneful harmony: Sure I am, the lewdest *lustful Embracer* that is now breathing, would soon *leap out* of the Lap of his *Wanton*, and declare, that he was taken into the Enjoyment of *better pleasures*, and cannot any more love the *smiles* of an *Harlot*. Again, sure I am, the most *plodding Miser* would throw his heaps of *droffy Oar* away, and wonder what ail'd his Fancy to admire a few *Wedges of weighty Dirt*, at a time when the *Foundations of Bliss* are pealing out their never ceasing *Hallelujahs*, to their *new risen Lord*. Sure I am, *Emperors, Kings, Empreesses and Queens*, would lay their heavy *Scepters* down, and say, how jarring is the noise of all the *chiming Bells*, piping *Organs*, and sounding *Harps*, that we have heard, when compar'd to the *Ringings* that are now peal'd out in the glorious *Fabrick* of God's *everlasting Rest*, on account of his Son's *Ascension*, and that he'll be drest in the *fashion of a Man* no more. Sure I am, the *Couragious Generals* of every Army, would soon *desert* their *Commanding Post*, and be attentive to hear the *shoutings of Victory*, many Regions above the yonder
Air.

Air : Sure I am, the *Lord Admirals* of any *Royal Navy*, would drop their *bloody Flags*, order their Helm on Port, and out on Deck to listen to the *Heavenly Sound*. Sure I am the *poor trudging Peasant*, would soon *abandon* his Labour, and stand as a Man *enchanted*, if not break out into words, and say, *Lord ! what meaneth this ?* Sure I am the *Atheist* would suddenly desert his *unreasonable Notions*, turn *Believer*, and call himself an unhappy Man, for not yielding his Assent to the *Being of a God*, until all the Powers of *his Creation* were awakened at the *Wonderful Resurrection* of one equal with himself, in infinite Wrath, and Clemency. Sure I am, the *Prophane Blasphemer*, that is uttering forth his *horrid Imprecations*, would run for *Mercy* to that *Throne*, which he before slighted with an Excess of *Contempt*. Sure I am, every *Sot* would be surprised, and throw down his *beloved Bottle*, reeling to and fro to ask he knows not what. Sure I am, every *lewd Offender* would be so charm'd with such a *sweet Melody*, as immediately to bid adieu to every *airy Phantom*, and even raise his *Contemplations* to that Heaven, where the Son of a *Pure God* is now sitting ; neither would he any more admire the *Gaudy Pageantry* of this Earth, than that Person did, who when solicited to offend his God again by Proffers of *great gain* ; *Alas !* said he, *the Rewards you proffer me are so little worth, and life it self is of so short a duration,*

tion, that they will in no wise answer my stooping for them, admitting God would pardon; but since he will in no-wise forgive yielding Transgressors, and I have a better Prize in sight, which is Jesus sitting at the Right Hand of Majesty, I will not give way to folly for a World, but instantly rise from the death of Sin to the life of Righteousness. These were noble Resolves indeed, and argu'd a brave Magnanimity in that Heroick Soul, especially considering, that the blood ran warm in his Veins, and that his Spirits were elevated with the Prospect of a long life, as being in perfect health, and vigour of Body. O then how happy shall I account my self, if I could but by any means win my Christian Reader to be of such an excellent frame, as to bid defiance to every Temptation, and to say, when entic'd by the Ensnarer of Souls, I am of an higher Extraction, and better educated in the School of Virtue, than to reach out my hand for a trifle, or stain my Soul for I know not what: tell me of no such mean Enjoyments, who am born an Heir to Glory, and Co-heir with Christ. Take the Husks you so much admir'd, and strew them among your Swine, I mean the Children of this World, who aim at nothing but perishing Vanities here, and will at length come to a Dungeon of darkness in a worse state hereafter; the Rings of Pleasure you offer me, and value at so high a rate, I bid you put them into their Nostrils, since they'l become
them

them best: For sure it is, an *Iron Chain* is more ornamental about the Neck of a Fool, or Slave, than a Bracelet of Pearls: Even so do these *short-liv'd Delights* sit best on dark-sighted Sinners, who can see no farther than the *present Scene* of things, and think there is no other *Reward* than what they have already in possession: Then it is evident, that a *Locket of Jewels* is more seemly on the *Breast* of an *Empress*, than a Row of *wire Pins*; so doth *Grace* and *Heavenly Promises* suit a *Saint of Glory* ten thousand times better than *Pride*, and momentany *Enjoyments*: So that sin, tho' with never so *specious an Appearance*, shall never become any part of my *Garniture*, who am on my way to the *Mountain of Sion*, and the new *City of Jerusalem*, into which *Jesus* my Redeemer is before entred. Be gone then ye *Tempters*, since all your *Baits* shall shock my *Resolutions* no more than the fall of a small *Marble Stone* doth shake the *Foundations* of the mighty *Fabrick* of a *Magnificent Cathedral*: For behold, my *Jesus* is *Ascended*, and he is the *Object* of my *desires*. Be gone from me, ye *Fair Bathsheba's*, since your *faint Smiles* no more raise my *Desire* to *Lust*, than a *Fly* doth that of an *Elephant*; and why? Because *Christ* is *mounted up*, and he is the *Object* that I adore. Be gone you vain *enticing Honours*, that have no more *Power* of *winning me over* to receive your *Favours*, than an empty *Cock-boat* just sinking can move a *careful Pilot* to leave his

Line

Line and Plummēt, when he is in Charge of a *Vessel of War* in an *outrageous Storm*, amidst Rocks and Sands: For behold my Redeemer is *yonder above*, and his Presence is all the *Preferment* I am ambitious of. Be gone from me, ye *gawdy Shews*, I'll be no more stay'd in my passage to the new *Jerusalem*, to look on your Fopperies, than a *flying Arrow* waits in its Journey towards its Mark, when it meets with a Mote in its way: And why? Because the *new risen Messias* is the *Real Substance* I am gazing at. Be gone from me, ye *fawning Caresses*, I'll no more give ear to your *Flatteries* of deceit, than a *Plenipotentiary* doth to the *tattling words* of a Fool, when he is *negotiating* a Peace for his *Great Master* the King: For behold, the Lord of life is *gone up* on high, and they are *his Speeches* I listen unto, and no other whatsoever. In fine, I say be gone every *vain Fancy*, and *idle Imagination*, for you are no more able to decoy me out of the Arms of my *new-risen Christ*, than a *Butter-fly* can draw a *Physician* from his *Patient*, when he is *receiving* his Fee. No: No: my Life shall be as a *Scene of Virtue*, and my Death, as a *Coronation*. Which *Resolution* shall serve to close my whole Discourse of the *Birth, Life, Sufferings, Death, and Resurrection* of a *God made Man*.

I shall now, for the Information of my Courteous Reader, here draw and present the World with a little History, or Abstract of many of the

the Lives of the most considerable Persons, and the most remarkable Occurrences that have happen'd in several Ages and Places of the World, which I doubt not, will be very acceptable to the more refin'd and ingenious; especially such as have neither time nor patience to run over Larger Volumes, in seeking out Narrations of things, express'd with many superfluous words, the full Sence and Meaning whereof may be as well explain'd and understood in a few Lines, and even more to the Profit, Benefit, and Memory of the Reader: After which, I shall again entertain him with what is more immediately of my own invention.

Zopyrus, one that had great skill in Physiognomy, was laugh'd at by all because he said according to his Rules, *Socrates* was a debauched Person: but *Socrates* himself said he was in the right, and that he had very vicious inclinations, which he only surmounted by the help of Philosophy.

There is a place of Mount *Taurus* near *Mesopotamia*, call'd *Zoroanda*, where the River *Tygris* runs under ground, appearing afterwards some Leagues from thence.

There is, a ridge of Mountains in the Southern parts of the Kingdom of *Fez* in *Africa*, nam'd *Ziz*, where amidst Ice and Snow, the Inhabitants go bare-headed. Here there are vast quantities of Adders and Snakes, that come and take from the People when at Dinner, what they cast to them, with-

out any harm, if they be not provoked to anger.

Zeno, a Philosopher of *Elis*, a City in *Greece*, was the inventor of *Logick*; he held, There were several Worlds, and that the Soul was Mortal: he was convicted of a Conspiracy against the Tyrant *Nearchus*, who put him to the Torture: in the midst of his Torments he told the Tyrant, He would tell in his Ear his Accomplices; but instead of making a true discovery, he bit off *Nearchus's* Ear, and spit his own Tongue in the Tyrant's Face, to put him out of all hopes of knowing any thing from him.

Zenobia, Queen of the *Palmyrenians*, and Wife of *Odenatus*, was a most couragious Lady, who often marched on Foot at the head of the Army, and made her Husband Lord of the East. After her Husband's death, she conquered *Ægypt*, but was at last taken Prisoner by the Roman Emperor *Aurelian* in 273, and carried to *Rome* by him in Triumph. She was Beautiful, Chast and Learned, well skilled in the *Greek*, *Ægyptian*, and *Latin* Tongues. She taught her own Sons her self, and wore her Armour even at her Devotions.

Van, anciently call'd *Arcissa*, is a great Lake of *Armenia*, whose Waters are Salt; of which it's said, That nothing sinks in it, the heaviest Bodies swimming a top.

Tullia, Daughter of *Servius Tullius*, Sixth King of the *Romans*, was Wife of *Tarquin the Proud*,

Proud, whom she advised to kill her Father, that he might rule alone himself ; which being performed, this wicked Princess, hastening to salute her Husband, King, drove her Chariot over her Father's Dead Body.

Trauses, were a People of *Thrace* near Mount *Æraus*, who wept at the Birth of their Children, and rejoiced at their Death, as is reported by Ancient Historians.

Tralles or *Trallis*, a Town of *Lydia*, the See of a Bishop, is noted for the noble Temple of Victory, where it's said a Palm-Tree was seen to grow very green under *Cæsar's* Statue, about the time he gained his Victory over *Pompey* at *Pharsalia* : It's now but a Village and called *Chora*. *St. Ignatius* Writ one of his Epistles to the Christians of this Town.

Tocho, a *Goth*, was so expert an Archer, that he never miss'd beating an Apple off the top of a Stick in any place within the reach of his Bow ; this being told to *Harard* his King, he commanded him to shoot an Apple off his Son's Head : he obeyed, and taking three Arrows, he placed the Child where he could see nothing but the Apple, and shot it just in two : the King asking why he carried the other two Arrows, answered, *It was to shoot both at you for the Injustice of your command, if I had had the misfortune to hurt the Child.*

Timoclea, was a Noble *Theban* Lady, who being Ravished by one of *Alexander* the Great's Captains, after the taking of *Thebes*, invented means

to revenge her self thus; The Captain pressing her to discover where her Treasure was, she told him that she had thrown it into a Well, whither he descended, and when she found that he was at the bottom, she hurled so many Stones upon him that she kill'd him. This Action was praised by *Alexander*, who thereupon ordered that no such Violence should be offered for the future to Persons of her Birth.

The *Tibarenians*, who according to *Strabo*, were Inhabitants near the *Black-Sea*, were so great observers of Justice, that they would not set upon their Enemies till they had told them of the Time and Place of fight. When the Women were brought to Bed, the Husbands lay in, and were served by their Wives.

A Jewish Impostor and Magician, call'd *Thendas*, perswaded 400 *Jews* to quit the City of *Jerusalem*, assuring them, that by his Word alone he would drain *Jordan*; yet his Army were at last defeated, and he himself was beheaded.

Theophrastus Eresus, a *Philosopher*, was the Disciple first of *Lucippus*, then of *Plato*, and at last of *Aristotle*, who changed his Name of *Tyrtanus* to *Theophrastus*, because of his Divine Eloquence; he succeeded this *Philosopher*, and composed several *Volumes*. He said of an Orator without Judgment, That he was a Horse without a Bridle. When he took notice of one that said nothing; if you are a Man of Parts, said he, you do ill; if you are not, you are an
able

able Man. He always used to say, That *there was nothing so dear as time ; and that they that lavished it away to no purpose, were the most prodigal people of all.*

Thropascites, Hereticks, affirm'd that the three Persons of the *Trinity* suffer'd in the Passion of our Saviour.

Theodora, a powerful *Roman* Lady in 908, by the means of the Marquis of *Tuscany*, who gave her the Command of the Castle of *Angelo*, created Popes after her Pleasure : She gave *John*, one of her Gallants, the Bishoprick of *Bologna*, and after made him Pope, by the name of *John*. She had a Daughter called *Maroria* who was as handsome and as leud as her self.

Tarta, a Lake on the *Frontiers of Capadocia*, si mortal to Birds that approach it, making their Wings so big and heavy that they cannot fly.

Taicko, who was Emperor of *Japan* in 1573. at first only commanded 50 men, as a Soldier of Fortune ; in 3 Years time his Army so increased, that he made himself Emperor. He left the External Grandeur to the *Dairo*, the lawful Emperor, but kept all the Authority to himself ; he was much hated by the Nobility, and poisoned *Anno* 1598.

A Young Child appeared in *Tuscany* while a Peasant was plowing ; nam'd *Tages*, who had the Face of a serious Man, and his Discourse was as great. He taught the Art of predicting things by the inspection of the Intrails of living Creatures, which the *Tarquins* transmitted to the *Romans*.

Tagat, is a Mountain near *Fez*, in *Africk*, whither every Winter some of the Inhabitants of *Fez* come to seek for Treasure, which they say was hid by the *Romans*, but never find any: they will not be dissuaded from seeking it, hoping the Inchantment (as they pretend) will soon be removed; they have been 500 Years in this Foolish Search.

Spurina, was the Astrologer's Name who warn'd *Julius Caesar* to beware of the *Ides of March*, being the day on which he was kill'd.

Silas, the Favourite of *Agrippa*, King of the *Jews*, and his General, was so proud of his Honour, that he became too familiar with his Prince, who therefore banish'd and imprison'd him; yet a Year after he might have had his Liberty, but he proudly refus'd it.

There is a Hill in the Isle of *Man*, call'd *Sceafull*, from the Top of which in a clear Day, one may see *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*. Mr. *Sacheverell* in his late Survey of that Island calls it *Sneafield*.

The Name of the Devil that tempted *Eve*, according to the *Jewish* Cabbalists was *Sammael*: who is also call'd the Angel of Death in the *Targum* of *Jonathan*.

The *Pacifick* Sea, or the South Sea is so call'd, for that it is always free from Storms, and hath most commonly fresh Gales, insomuch that Mariners pass it in ten Weeks time, at the rate of 130 Miles a Day.

Ofric,

Osric, a King of *Deira* in the North of *England*, apostatiz'd from the true Faith in 634, and was soon after kill'd, having Reign'd but one Year.

There is a fine large *Persian* City, that stands on the North side of *Taurus*, call'd *Omoal*, which contains about 300 Houses, in whose Mosques lye bury'd 300 Princes and Prophets.

Robert Olivetan, was the first that set forth a *French* Bible for the use of the *Vandois*, which he effected about the Year 1553.

There is a stately Pile of Buildings in the Suburbs of *St. James* at *Paris*, call'd *Observatoire* which was erected by the present King *Lewis XIV.* to make Mathematical Experiments, and observe the Celestial Bodies. This Structure is 3 Stories high, containing about 20 Foot from the Ground, and is well stor'd with all sorts of Astronomical Instruments.

Novatianus, being ill, became from a *Stoick* Philosopher a Christian, and was on his recovery made a Priest, tho' not yet Confirm'd by the Bishop, nor qualify'd by the Ecclesiastical-Law. Pope *Fabian* being Dead in 247, *Cornelius* was chosen his Successor; but *Novatian* by Artifice having been Ordain'd Bishop of *Rome* by some *Italian* Bishops, and assisted by several Confessors, &c. whom he had drawn in, set up for Pope; and at last missing his aim, he advanc'd Opinions destructive of Charity, tho' expressive of Zeal; that whoever

once fell, shou'd not be absolv'd, but must be lett to God's Judgment, &c.

The first of the *Hebrew* Months, answering part of *March* and *April*, was called *Nisan*, in which was *Easter*.

In *Nisita*, a little Isle of *Naples* 3 Miles from *Pozzuolo*, there was found in a *Roman* Tomb a Lamp burning within a Glass Viol, which expir'd on breaking it.

Magdalen Neveu, a *French* Lady of *Poitou*, by her Writings and Learning got a sufficient Fame in the *XVI* Century, and with her Daughter, no less Learned, dy'd of the *Plague*.

About two Years after *Nero's* Death, there arose an Impostor, who pretended to be that Emperor, being like him in Person and Qualifications, tho' a Slave Enfranchis'd; by this he got a small Army together, took *Delos*, and had not he been fought and slain by *Calpurnius Asprenas* in the beginning, he might have done more mischief.

Nemesius, a Converted Philosopher, was in the *IV*th. or *V*th. Century, Bishop of *Emisa*: He wrote a Book *de Natura hominis*, yet extant.

Nehemiah, was by Nation a Jew, who being Cup-bearer to *Artaxerxes Longimanus*, prevail'd with him for the Restoration of the Jews and Temple. Read the Book of *Nehemiah* in the Bible, and there's his Life.

A certain Old *Greek* Painter, by name *Neacles*, being unable to please himself with the form
of

of the Horse he had Painted, threw his Pallet and Colours all at it, which by chance did, what his endeavours failed in.

It was *Nathan*, the Prophet, who reprov'd *David's* Adultery, foretold his Punishment, and wrote his Life.

Nathaniel, was an honest Jew, in whom, by our Saviour's Testimony, there was no guile.

Napalouse or *Napoulouse*, a City of *Palestine* at the Foot of Mount *Gerizim*, is noted for a Council held there by *Garamond*, Patriarch of *Jerusalem*, for the Reformation of Manners in 1120.

Nain, an old *Galilean* City, where our Saviour rais'd the Widow's Son to Life, is now only a few Cottages of *Arabs*.

Nabal, that old Miserly Jew, had perish'd by the Sword of *David*, had not his Wife *Abigail* interpos'd and sav'd him; whom, not long after, *David* marry'd.

Conradus Mutianus Rufus a Prebend of *Gotha* in *Germany*, was excellent for his Skill in the Laws in the XVI Century, and remarkable for avoiding Preferments; his Motto being *Beata Tranquillitas*.

There is a Hill in *Umbria*, call'd *Mount Æolus*, 8 miles from East to West. It is hollow and full of chinks, whence issue impetuous Winds, which by Pipes the People convey into their Cellars to cool their Wine.

There is a very high Hill 3 Miles South of *Brecknock*, call'd *Mounch-denny*, or *Cadler Arthur*,
i. e.

i. e. *Arthur's Chair*, whose Top being above the Clouds, blows up Hats, Cloaks, &c. if one be thrown from it, and will not suffer them to fall down.

Monima, was so Chaste as to resist the importunities of *Mithridates*, till she had receiv'd the Habit of a Queen; but he afterwards put her to Death.

Tarquinia Molsa a Learned *Modeneze* Lady, was esteem'd by the Learned Men of her Age, and complemented by the *Roman* Senate, with the Liberty of a Citizen of *Rome* in the XV. Century.

Mirmecides, or *Myrmecides*, was an Artist very exquisite in Carving, who made a Chariot so small, that the Wing of a Fly could cover it.

Michael, the first Christian King of *Bulgaria* in the IX. Century, by the help of several Missionaries, endeavour'd the Conversion of his Subjects Zealously.

Meyne a Mineral Spring near *Arles*, found out in 1680. is good against the Dropsie, Obstructions and impurity of the Blood.

Menelaus, King of *Mycenæ*, and Brother to *Agamemnon*, to recover his Wife *Helena*, whom *Paris* had carry'd to *Troy*, engag'd the Grecian Kings in a Confederate War against that City, which after 10 Years Siege, they took and destroy'd.

Marossia, a Lewd but Beautiful and Ingenious *Roman* Lady, did a great deal of Mis-
chief

chief by those excellent Qualifications Nature had given her, for she thereby depos'd Popes, committed Murthers, Adulteries, Incests, &c.

A certain Blind Old Man of *Chalcedon*, nam'd *Maris*, had the Courage to reprove the Emperor *Julian* the Apostate, when he heard he was Sacrificing to the Image of Fortune at *Constantinople*. *Julian* gave him the hearing, only adding in raillery, *however thy Galilean will not restore thee thy Sight*, to which *Maris* reply'd, *I thank him notwithstanding that I have no Eyes to see thy Impiety*.

Marcia Proba, an ancient Queen of *Britain*, before our Saviour, was very wise, and made several Laws call'd *Leges Marcianæ*, since translated into Latin by *Gildas*, and into the *Saxon* Language by King *Alfred*.

Mandanis, an *Indian* Philosopher, refus'd to come to *Alexander's* Banquet, alledging, *That he car'd not for his Gifts, that had not wherewith to satisfie his own desires*.

Macrina, a pious Virgin, Sister of *St. Basil* and *St. Gregory Nyssen*, who founded a Nunnery, was very well Learn'd, and so far comforted *St. Gregory* for his Brother's Death, that he writ a Book wherein he stiled her his *Instructress*, and afterwards compiled her Life. She died in 379.

Lucretia, the Beautiful and Chast Wife of *Collatinus*, being ravished by *Sextus*, one of *Tarquin* the proud's Sons, in her Father's, Husband's and Relations presence, stabb'd her

her self; on which Violation *Lucius Junius Brutus* expelled the Kings, and founded the Common-wealth in *Rome*.

Christopher Landani a *Florentine*, of the XVI. Century, was esteem'd one of the fine Wits of his time. He wrote several ingenious Books.

Lais, a famous Courtezan of *Sicily*, of extraordinary Beauty, demanded 10 thousand Drachma's of *Demesthenes* for a Night's Lodging; whereupon he answer'd, *That he would not buy Repentance so dear.*

A certain Woman nam'd *Iphis*, as *Ovid* says, was on her Marriage day turn'd to a Man.

Jonadab, Son of *Rechab*, liv'd an austere Life, and recommended such Rules to his Posterity.

Joel, one of the XII. Minor Prophets, lived A. M. 3300.

Ida, a very high Mountain of *Phrygia* in *Lesser-Asia*, is famous for the Judgment of *Paris*, and for nine Rivers springing out of it.

Jabel, was a Woman famous for striking a Nail into the General *Sisera's* temples while he slept, having fled from the *Israelites*.

Hylobyans, were *Indian* Philosophers, so Named by the *Greeks* from their great Love for, and Practice of, Obscure Recesses.

Horib, is a Mountain in *Arabia Petraea*. Near this, *Moses* received the Command from the Angel in the Burning Bush; and here *Elijah* heard the Still Small voice. There are upon it

it several Chapels, Cells and fruitful Gardens, Possessed by *Latin and Greek Monks*.

Hipathia, or *Hypathia*, a Woman who lived in the 5th Century that went beyond all the great Men of her Time, in Virtue and Learning.

There was an ancient Philosopher, nam'd *Hicetas*, who held that the Earth moved.

Hermogenes, was a Man very famous among the Ancients for Architecture. This was also the Name of a very great Orator in the 2d Cent. who taught Rhetorick at fifteen Years of Age, made Books at sixteen, and forgot all at twenty four.

Hermes, a Philosopher of *Ægypt*, called *Trismegistus*, is said to have lived near the time of *Moses*. He first divided the Day into Hours, and is thought also to have invented Hieroglyphicks, Writing and several Sciences: He is thought more-over to have first divided the *Zodiack* into 12 Signs.

Heraclitus, a Philosopher, called *the Obscure*, held that all things were made of Fire, and at last resolved into it; that every thing is full of Spirits; and that whatsoever happens, is brought about by divers Changes. He always wept at the Miseries of the World, and Follies of mortal Men: Asserting, *That the Pleasures which Men enjoy, are nothing but Grief, their Knowledge Ignorance, their Grandure Meanness, and their strength Infirmary*. He lived about 500 Years before the Birth of *Christ*.
There

There was also another *Heracitus*, who wrote a Treatise of Stones.

There is a burning Mountain in *Iseland* call'd *Hecla*.

William Hackett, an impudent Impostor in *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign, was born of obscure Parents, at *Oundle* in *Northamptonshire*. But he Prodiggally wasting the small Substance that was left to him, gave out that He was the Sovereign of all *Europe*, and the true *Messiah*, which together with a pretended Holiness, deluded several Ignorant People; how-ever his Reign was but short, for being soon after taken and convicted of his said Treason and Blasphemy, he most deservedly suffer'd at *Tyburn*, An. 1591.

Godescalcus, a Learned Monk of *Germany* was condemned, imprisoned, and punished for defending Predestination, and so making God the Author of Evil. He died in Prison in the IXth Cent.

The *Geloni*, ancient *European Scythians* patient of Hunger, and Fatigue, supported themselves with Milk and Blood, and made Garments of their Enemies skins.

Gerard Geldenbaur being Arch-Bishop of *Utrecht*, on his Embracing *Luther's* Doctrine retreated to *Germany*; where having wrote some Historical Tracts, he was murder'd by Robbers.

Gideon, fifth Judge of *Israel*, was of the Tribe of *Manasses*, and freed his Country from the Slavery of the *Medianites*. *Gessius*

Gessius Florus, Governour of *Judea*, under *Nero*, by his excessive Covetousness, and unmerciful Cruelties, occasioned the bloody War between the *Jews* and *Romans*.

Flagellantes, a Sect of Wild People in the 13 *Cen.* thought to atone for their sins, by Disciplining their Bodies; but at last falling into a Dangerous Heresie, they kept to their Whipping, and neglected all the Offices of Christianity.

Faustina, the Emperor *Antoninus* the Philosopher's lascivious Wife, who being advised to Divorce her, only replied, *that then he must return her jointure*, which was no less than the whole Empire.

Favorinus, a Learned Philosopher and Eloquent Orator of *Arles*, when his Relations were in Admiration, to find him submit to the Emperor *Adrian*, in the use of a Word wherein he had Right on his side, said, *My dear Friends, let it not seem strange to you, that I don't think my self more Learned than Adrian, who has 30 Legions at his Command.* Several Books he is said to have Written.

There is an Island on the Coast of *Northumberland* in the *German Ocean*, 2 Miles from *Bamburg Castle*, call'd *Farne*, where *St. Cuthbert* built him an Hermitage, in which he took care to see nothing but Heaven.

Fagius, a Learned Protestant Divine, a Native of *Germany*, being invited into *England* by *Dr. Cranmer*, Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*,
was

was placed by King *Edward VI.* at *Cambridge*, where he died much lamented; but in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, where Popish Zeal degenerated into inhumanity, his Bones were taken out of his Grave, and burnt to Ashes for *Heresie*.

Caius Fabricius, was a Just Man, and a Brave Commander, whose generous contempt of unjust Gain made him die so poor, that the Senate was forced to be at the Expences of Burying him.

Fabius Pictor, was the first Roman that composed a History in Prose.

Quintus Fabius Maximus, Son of *Fabius* the Dictator, seeing his Father riding toward him, without alighting from his Horse, sent an Officer to him, requiring him to dismount, which the Father did accordingly, and taking his Son into his Arms, said, *I am glad to find thou knowest what it is to be a Roman Consul*; signifying, that the Dignity of his Office must be preferred, before the Duty to a Father.

Eustachius, an Heretical Fryar, condemned Marriage, and all other conditions of civil Life, excluding all married people from the Kingdom of Heaven; by which many Women were seduced to forsake their Lawful Husbands, and Slaves to desert their Masters.

Euripides, was a famous Tragick Poet, in great favour with *Archelaus* King of *Macedonia*. He wrote

wrote 75 *Tragedies*; and by some was call'd the *Woman Hater*, not that he had an Antipathy to the Sex, for he was twice married, but because he shewed some Women on the Stage, not as they seem to be, but what they truly were.

In the Reign of *Eugenius VI.* the 57th King of *Scotland*, fell a violent Shower of *Blood* in that Country, which continuing seven Days, their Waters, Milk, Butter and Cheese were turned into *Blood*. He was a Prince much addicted to Reading *Divinity*, and was a good Proficient in that Study. He had many Skirmishes with the *Picts*, but never came to decide the Dispute in a Pitch'd field.

A sort of Hereticks, call'd *Eudoxians*, asserted that the *Father* and *Son* had two different Wills.

Erostratus, an *Ephesian*, burnt the Temple of *Diana*, that he might be famous; for which the very mentioning his Name was severely prohibited.

A Slave of *M. Antonius*, by name *Eros*, instead of running his Master through with his Sword, as he had commanded him after his defeat at *Actium*, therewith pierc'd his own Heart, expiring at his Feet.

Erchenbald, Count *de Burban*, was a Person so rigidly Just, that he never pardon'd a Crime: upon his Death-bed, he order'd one of his Nephews to be executed, for offering Violence to some Ladies; but this being neglected, as his Nephew

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came

came to visit him three Days after ; under shew of Kindness, he embraced his Neck, and cut his Throat.

The famous *Epicurus*, Author of the *Epicurean* Sect, was an *Athenian* Philosopher. What his Opinion was of the *Chief Good*, is much controverted, and generally Mistaken. But that he placed it in the *Pleasure* that results from *Virtue*, is demonstratively evident, from the temperate and Sober Lives of himself and his true Disciples ; and from his Opinions, That *Torments* hindred not a Wise-man's *Happiness*, That *Death* was no *Evil*, nor *Health* the *Greatest Good* ; instead of which, he used in his Epistles to exhort those he wrote to, to *Do well*. He died of the Stone in the CXXVith. Olympiad, 271 Years before Christ, after he had for a fortnight, with incredible Patience, suffered extraordinary Pain.

It was at *Emmaus*, a Town of *Judea* two Leagues from *Jerusalem*, where Christ first discovered himself to his Disciples after his Resurrection.

Elementa, the Elements, or *Physical* Principles, whereof all Natural Bodies are composed. *Pythagoras* and *Aristotle* allowed Four Elements, *Fire*, *Air*, *Earth* and *Water* ; but *Des Cartes* allows but Three.

Drusilla, Daughter of *Agrippa*, was the most beautiful Creature of that Age. She forsook her Husband King *Azizes*, and married *Fælix* Governour of *Judea*. It was before the Tri-
bunal

bunal of this *Fælix* and *Drusilla*, that *St. Paul* justified his turning Christian.

Domitian's Daughter, nam'd *Domitilla*, was Banished by her Father for turning *Christian*: but returning again in the Reign of *Trajan*, after she had shewed great Knowledge and Zeal in the Defence of persecuted Christianity, she was burnt by the Command of that Cruel Tyrant.

Domitian, the 12 Emperour of *Rome*, was Son to *Vespasian*, and Brother to *Titus*. At his first coming to the Empire he shewed much Modesty and Justice in making good Laws; but afterwards his Vanity grew so excessive, that he would be called a *God*, though unworthy the name of a *Man*; for he persecuted the Christians with so much Violence, that he shewed his desire to extinguish the Christian Name as well as *Religion*: but a man named *Stephen*, made Free by *Clement* the Consul, rid the Empire and the Church of this Cruel Persecutor. The *Senate* pulled down his Statues, and raz'd out all the Titles he had usurp'd, and that men out of a base compliance had bestowed upon him. He spent the day in his Closet Killing Flies with a Golden Bodkin; wherefore it was said, he was always alone, and not so much as a Fly with him.

A sort of Hereticks call'd *Docketæ*, taught that Christ's Sufferings were not *Real*, but only appeared so to others.

A certain Philosopher of *Apollonia*, call'd *Dio- genes*, who lived about the 70th *Olympiad*, believed there were more Worlds than one, and that they were produc'd by the Rarification and Condensation of the Air; with other fanciful Notions, too long exploded to be revived here.

Digna, or *Dugna*, a Woman of great Beauty, and Courage in *Aquileia* in *Italy*, rather than lose her Honour by compulsion to *Attila* King of the *Huns*, threw her self from a high Gallery into a River, saying to the Tyrant, *Follow me if thou hast a mind to enjoy me.*

Didymus of *Alexandria*, was blind at five Years of Age, and yet became so great a Master in all the Liberal Sciences, that he was accounted one of the most Learned of that Age. He was Tutor to *St. Nazianzen*, and died at 83 Years of Age. There was another of this Name an indefatigable Student, that *Seneca* says compos'd four thousand different Treatises.

One *Diceneus*, an *Egyptian* Philosopher, who taught both the *Goths* and their King the Rudiments of a Religious and Civil Life, in the Distribution of Justice, Preservation of Peace with their Allies, and the Honour of their Gods, was therefore so much esteem'd and lov'd by the People, that they rooted up their Vines, because he said that Wine was the certain Procurer of Disorders in all Societies.

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The Philosopher *Democritus*, called *Abderites* continually Laughed at the Weakness and Vanity of Men, who employ'd themselves about a thousand ridiculous things. He believed that all things depended upon *Chance*, and a *casual* concurrence of *Atoms*. The Inhabitants of his City attributing his laughing to Madness sent for *Hippocrates* to cure him. But the Physician having discoursed him, declared that in his opinion, those who fancied themselves most healthy and in their Wits, were most distempered. Some say he put out his Eyes that he might the better study *Philosophy*. He died in the 392d. year of *Rome*, at 109 Years of Age. He believed that *Atoms*, and a *Vacuum* were the Principles of all things.

Danae, was Daughter to *Acrisius* King of *Argos*: her Father having consulted the Oracle, and being told that he should be kill'd by her Son, shut her up in a Castle of *Brass* to prevent it: but the Subtle *Jupiter* transforming himself into a *Shower of Gold*, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which being born, her Father caused both the Babe and the Mother to be enclosed in a Chest and thrown into the Sea; but fortunately being cast a shoar on one of the Islands called *Cyclades*, the Prince of the Country married the Mother, and her Son *Perseus* in War unwittingly slew his Grandfather according to the Oracle.

One *Damianus*, Captain of a Troop of *Robbers*,
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resolving

resolving to kill *Solyman* the II^d. in his Tent in the middle of his Army, encamp'd on the Bank of the *Ionian* Sea, near the City *Bu-tronto* in *Albania*, and to that end engag'd some Savage People in his Design; but being discovered, he was put to the Rack, and afterwards devour'd by a wild Beast:

Damasippus, a Blood-thirsty *Roman* Tyrant, murder'd the Noblest Patriots and Citizens of *Sylla's* Faction at their Religious Sacrifices like Beasts; but at last he was requited in his kind by *Sylla*, when he prov'd the Conqueror.

The *Cyreneans*, were a Sect of Philosophers, so called from their Founder *Aristippus* of *Cyrene*, Scholar of *Socrates*, who liv'd in the *XCVIth Olympiad*. These would have two motions in the Soul, Grief and Pleasure; they thought all Pleasures were alike, and esteem'd Virtue no otherwife, than as it conduced to Sensuality.

Quintus Curtius was a *Roman* Gentleman, who lived in the 292 Year of *Rome*; of whom 'tis said, that upon perceiving a great *Gap* in the middle of the *Forum* at *Rome*, which made an Impression upon the People, and seem'd to presage Misfortune, and understanding likewise by the *Oracle*, that this *Chasm*, could not be filled up, unless the Romans, would be at the expence of throwing the most valuable thing they had into it, and withal concluding that his own Valour was the best thing in the
Town

Town, he Arms himself as for the Field, Mounts, and clapping Spurs to his Horse, Gallops into the *Abyss*, upon which the ground closed again immediately.

There are five small Islands, nam'd *Cursolairs*, over against the Mouth of the Gulph of *Lepanto*, formerly called that of *Corinth*. Near these Islands the Christians gained the famous Battel of *Lepanto*, against the *Turks*, in 1571.

Richard Cromwell, *Oliver's* Eldest Son, being named by him for his Successor before his Death, was by Order of the Privy-Council proclaimed *Lord Protector*. He was address'd by the generality of the Nation, who promised to stand by him with their Lives and Fortunes; but he had no sooner solemniz'd his Father's Funeral, which cost near 60000 *l.* but he found himself involved in abundance of trouble by the Officers of the *Army*, and for want of Courage to handle them roughly at first, as his Father used to do, they assumed the Power to *Discard* him, and so *Richard* retired into the Country to a private Life, where he has lived ever since.

Oliver Cromwell, was born in 1599, at *Huntingdon*, being Descended of a Gentle Family in that Country. He study'd some little time at *Cambridge*, and *Lincolns-Inn*; but without much improvement either in *Learning* or *Law*. His Youth was at first unmanageable, and lewd; then he pretended to Reform, and became a *Puritan*. When the Rebellion broke out,

he was made a *Captain* of Horse under the *Earl of Essex*; but run away at *Edge-Hill*, and had like to have been broke: Tho' to do him Justice, he afterwards appear'd a Man of *Courage*. His Zeal and Successes prefer'd him to the Post of *Lieutenant-General* to the *Earl of Manchester*. The King being brought to his Tryal, *Cromwell* was one of the High Court of Justice; and after the King was *Murder'd*, was sent *General* into *Ireland*, in 1649. Coming back to *England*, he is made *General* in the room of the *Lord Fairfax*. He turns the Parliament out of Doors, and makes himself *Protector*: Then by his Creatures, he started the Project of being made *King*, but durst not venture on it. Then finding discontents fomented in the Army by *Lambert's Gang*, he falls into the Spleen at *Hampton-Court*, and dies at *White-Hall*, Sept. 3. 1658.

A famous Physician, and Astrologer of *Marseilles*, by name *Crinas*, or *Critias*, liv'd in *Nero's* time, who got so much mony, that he allowed a Million to environ the City with a Wall, and left another considerable Sum to repair others.

Josselinde Courtenay Count of Edessa, famous for his Virtue and great Courage, being Sick and Wounded, and hearing his Son refuse to encounter the *Souldan* of *Iconium's* Army, made himself be put into a Litter at the Head of his Troops, and march'd directly towards the *Souldan*, who upon the News
of

of his approach raised his Siege and retired. When these tidings were brought the Generous Count, he got his *Litter* rested on the Ground in the midst of his Army, and having given God thanks, he Expired, more by the excess of his Joy than the violence of his Pain, and was buried, with the Honours due to so great a man, in *Edeffa*.

There are a sort of Christians in *Egypt*, call'd *Coptes*, who follow the Errors of *Eutyches* and *Dioscorus*.

Coracota, a certain famous Robber of *Spain*, hearing that the Emperour *Augustus* had professed 10000 Crowns to any that should take him, presented himself of his own accord before that Prince, who thereupon not only forgave him, but also gave him great Presents.

One *Coeur-de-Roi*, that served in the *Protestant* Army during the Civil Wars of *France*, being taken Prisoner by the *Papists*, and led to *Axerre*, was there torn in pieces, and his Heart being cut in small bits, was sold to the people.

The *Cobales*, were certain *Demons* in Human Shape, that were called *Satyrs*, and said to keep *Bacchus* company. Some say, there are many of them at this day in *Sarmatia*, who hide themselves in Houses, and do any Offices for the People that entertain them, that can be expected from the best of Servants.

One *Cleanthus*, a *Stoick* Philosopher, who laboured

red for his livelyhood while he studied under *Zeno*, being convinc'd of the Immortality of the Soul, starved himself.

Christian Claes, was an Inhabitant of *Leckerkerch*, a Town of *Holland*, 8 or 10 Leagues from the *Hague*; his Wife was brought to Bed on the 21st of *June* 1686, of a Son, that lived almost two Months; 17 Hours after, she was laid of a 2d Son stillborn; and 24 Hours after of a 3d, that lived two Hours; at the end of 24 Hours more, she had another stillborn; but died in Labour of the 5th.

A poor old Man, call'd *Cimon*, being sentenc'd at *Rome* for some Crime, to be starv'd to Death, was fed by his Daughter, who came daily to the Prison to give him suck: this doubly sav'd his Life; for, the Judges being informed thereof, pardoned the Father and Daughter, and got the manner of the Action drawn, and placed the Picture in their Temple of Piety.

There is a great Town nam'd *Chucheu*, in the Province of *Chekiang* in *China*, where are (if we may believe Travellers) Trees of that vast bulk, that 80 men can hardly embrace them; and whose hollow Bodies are so capacious, that 40 persons may with ease sit or stand in them.

The name *Christians*, was given to the Faithful at *Antioch*, who before were called *Disciples*. The Heathens hated them, and tortur'd them with all imaginable Cruelty; but their Blood was a Principle

Principle of Life to the Church, and caus'd it to multiply in a surprizing manner.

Chimera, was a Mountain of *Lycia*, that cast out Flame and Smoak in the Night; which gave Poets occasion to feign a Monster, that was kill'd by *Bellerophon*.

Charon, was look'd upon by ancient *Pagans* to be a *Ferry-man*, to whom Souls were obliged to pay a certain piece of Mony, for their passage over the River *Styx* to Hell. And this, undoubtedly, was the Reason some people put a piece of Coin into their Friends Mouths when dead, that they might have wherewith to pay this imaginary Debt.

A Taylor's Wife of *Sens* in *Burgundy*, by name *Chatri*, for about 20 Years after she was married, had all the signs of being with Child, yet could by no means be laid of her burthen, but was forced to keep her Bed 3 Years; at the end of which her pains ceased, her Belly remaining big and heavy, as formerly, to her Death, which happen'd about 24 Years after in the 68th year of her Age. Her Husband got her opened, and found, to all peoples astonishment, a Girl quite formed, but purrified. A Physician in the Town writ a learned Dissertation upon this Subject.

Richard II. King of *England* being shot with an Arrow, at the Siege of *Chalus*, or *Châlons*, a Borough of *France*, in *Limosin*, died of the Wound; and yet forgave him that did it when his Life was in his power.

Cassellius, a great Lawyer, one time speaking somewhat freely of *Cæsar*, was desired by his Friends to be more cautious; to whom he answer'd, *There are two things unwelcome to most men, that now make me dare say what I please; which are, I am old, and have no Children.*

Celtae, an ancient People, that came to inhabit in *Europe* after the Deluge; which some derive from *Celtes IX.* King of the ancient *Gauls*.

Celsus, a Philosopher of the *Epicurean* Sect, lived in the 2d Century, in the Reign of *Adrian*, and writ a Work against the Christians, under the Title of *A true Discourse*; which was answered by *Origen*.

Catherine, a Virgin Saint of *Alexandria*, is said to have been so learned, that at the Age of 18 Years she disputed against, and got the better of 50 *Philosophers*, and suffer'd Martyrdom at last in the Year 307, under the Reign of the Tyrant *Maximianus*.

There were Burying-places in *Caves* near *Rome*, call'd *Catacombs*, where the Primitive Christians buried their *Martyrs*, and sometimes absconded to avoid the Persecutions of the *Roman Emperors*. Some learned Men are of opinion, that these *Catacombs* were publick burying places for *Slaves*, poor People, and Malefactors, and made by the Heathens.

Anne Castro, a *Spanish* Lady, famous in the Writings of *Lopez de Vega*, had a great

great deal of Wit, and wrote some things very ingeniously.

John Cafe Arch-Bishop of *Beneventum* lived in the 16th Cen. under the Pontificate of Pope *Paul III.* *Marcellus II.* and *Paul IV.* He had much Learning, and a great deal of Life and Elegancy in all his Writings.

Bernardin Carrouages, a Clock-maker in *Pavia*, made *Alciat* a Clock, which when the Hammer struck the Bell, it likewise struck Fire out of a Flint, which lighted a Match first, and afterwards a Lamp; so that the same Movement shew'd both the time of the Night, and furnish'd him with a Light to rise by.

Carmides, a *Grecian*, was of such a prodigious Memory, that he could say any Book by Heart, which he had read but once over.

Cannibals, or *Carribes*, a People that inhabited the *Antille* Islands, us'd to eat the Prisoners they took in War, after they had made them fast 3 days.

Calvary, is a Mountain near *Jerusalem*, whereon our Saviour suffer'd, and where it is believed by many of the *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers that *Adam* was buried.

The *Calingians*, were ancient People of the *Indies* towards the Sea, whose Women bore Children at 5 Years of Age, and hardly outlived 8, if we may believe *Pliny*.

Calanus, an *Indian* Philosopher, that followed

ed *Alexander* the Great in his Expedition into the *Indies*, having lived 83 Years without the least Sickneſs, and then being pain'd with the Griping of the Bowels, deſir'd to be burnt alive; and having his deſire, ſuffer'd it with admirable Patience.

Caiaphas, the High Priest of the *Jews*, who condemned our Saviour *Chriſt* to death, being put out of his Office by the Emperour *Vitellius*, after he had enjoy'd it ſeventeen Years, was ſo ſenſibly afflicted with the Diſgrace, that he laid violent Hands upon himſelf, through Deſpair.

There is an Abby of the Dioceſs of *Sarlat* in *Perigord*, nam'd *Cadovin*, where the pretended Winding Sheet of Jeſus Chriſt is kept; and is never the worſe for wearing, if you can think it the ſame.

Peter Bruys, who was a Native of the Mountains of *Dauphine* or *Provence*, in the XIIth Century, was burn'd alive at *St. Gille's* for an Heretick; having, at *Tholouſe*, for 10 Years, preached againſt the Popiſh Maſs, and other Errors of that Church.

The *Browniſts*, are Hereticks deriving their Name from one *Robert Brown* of *Northampton*, formerly a School-maſter in *Southwark*, then Ring-leader of this Sect, which denies all Forms of Prayer, and all Orders in the Church, both Episcopalian and Presbyterian; affirms Marriage to be a civil Contract, and the

the Benediction of the Priest superstitious; declaiming violently against Bells as Idolatrous, &c.

There is An Island on the Coast of *New Guinea*, noted for a burning Mountain like that of *Aetna* or *Vesuvius*.

Edmund Bourgoïn, a factious Prior of the Parisian *Jacobins*, taken at the Siege of *Paris*, and sent to *Tours*, was try'd for praising and comparing *Clement* the Fryar that stab'd *Henry III*, to *Judith*, and after condemned and torn by four Horses.

Ishmael Boulliaud, born at *Loudun* in 1605, was an Astronomer of great Name in the XVIIth Century, and wrote several Mathematical Treatises.

James Boufflers Lord of *Boufflers*, *Noele*, &c. who was born in 1436, cou'd never drink out of a Glass without Pain, or his Lips swelling.

Borrelistes, the Followers of *Adam Borreel* of *Zeland*, tho'they are of moral Lives, and charitable in Act, yet deny all Churches, Sacraments, Prayers, and external Worship; and affirm, that since the Apostles all Churches are sunk from their Purity, by suffering fallible Men to put on us their Expositions, &c. as if they were infallible.

One *Borges*, was so faithful to his Trust in the Government of *Zion*, given him by the *Persian* King, that he chose rather to be burnt in the City, than yield it to the *Grecians*.

'Tis

'Tis reported of a certain Village call'd *Boncourt*, on the River *Eure* in *Normandy*, that for the space of 4 Years successively from 1666, a blewish Fire, like an *Ignis Fatuus*, set on Fire now one House, and then another, till of eighty Houses, only two remain'd; of which the Intendant of the Province, publish'd a Narrative, that was attested by the Oaths of Persons of undoubted Reputation.

In *Auvergne*, is a Town call'd *Bessum* remarkable for its Neighbourhood to the Golden Mountain; whereon is a large Lake into which a Stone thrown, causes Thunder, Lightning and Rain, &c. if my Author may be believed.

Upon *Benignazebal*, a Mountain of *Fesse* in *Africk* there stand about 100 Villages, with a populous City; and from the Top whereof there arise a great many sulphureous Steams and Flames.

There is a marvellous Fountain in *France*, call'd *Belesta*, which is said to ebb and flow all Hours of the Day, from the end of *July* to the beginning of *January*. 'Tis in the Diocess of *Mirepoix*, in the County of *Foix*.

There is a remarkable Cave in the Country of *Regenstein* in the *Lower Germany* call'd *Bauman*, the Entrance of which is so round and narrow, that few can get in together. 'Tis very deep and so long that some have gone 4 *German Miles* forward in it, towards the Town of *Goslar*.

Goslar. Near the Entrance is a Spring of clear Water, which has no Sediment at all, and never corrupts, if kept in a Glass. 'Tis good against the Stone or Gravel. The Drops that fall from the Vault freeze as they fall, and form pretty Figures. These small petrifi'd Drops, called *Lapides Salæstites*, crumble into Powder when broke, which is said to be good for drying up of Wounds. Many Bones are found in this Cave, some of a Man's Body of a prodigious bigness; and Teeth have been dug out of the bottom of it thrice as big as Horse-teeth. There are also Bodies of Men of an ordinary size, thought to have gone so far in this Cave as not to find the way out again.

There were certain Hereticks call'd *Barules*, who held that the Son of God had not a real Body; and that Mens Souls were all created before the World.

Joseph Barnabas, was an early Convert to Christianity: He sold all that he had, which was considerable, and brought it to the Apostles. Some have affirmed that he planted the Gospel first at *Milan*, and that the Epistle to the *Hebrews* was wrote by him. 'Tis said he suffer'd Martyrdom in the Isle of *Cyprus*, An. 61.

Benajah, was one of King *David's* Valiant Captains, and afterwards *Solomon's* General of his Army.

A a

There

There was one *Bamba*, an Ancient King of the *Vifigoths* in *Spain*, who retiring at last into a Convent, died *An.* 689.

There is an Island on the Coast of *Java* in the *East Indies*, call'd *Bali* which is very fruitful, and so populous, that 'tis thought to contain 600000 Souls, altho' it be not above forty Leagues in compass. Its Inhabitants are gross Idolaters, and Trade but little with other Nations.

The *Balance*, in Latin call'd *Libra*, is one of the twelve Signs of the *Zodiack*, into which the Sun enters in *September*, the *Autumnal Equinox*: This Sign consists of eight Stars in the form of a Balance.

William Baillon, a most celebrated *French* Physician, was born *An.* 1538. He became so famous a Disputant in the Schools, that he was usually call'd *The Batchelor's Scourge*. He wrote several learned Treatises, but refus'd all Court Preferment.

One *Baillan*, an Attorney's Widow in *Paris*, who died *An.* 1514. when She was 88 Years old, had 288 Children and Grand-Children living at the same time.

There grows a luminous Plant on the *Syrian* Mountains call'd *Baaras*, that shines in the Night like a Torch, because of the bituminous Vapours that exhale thereabouts, and which suffocate any that go to pluck up the Plant.

Babel, built in the Plains of *Mesopotamia* by all Mankind, before their Separation after
the

the Flood, and fam'd for the confounding of Languages, is suppos'd to be begun by the Order of *Nimrod*, to avoid a second Flood; but all the Accounts of it are absurd to a great degree.

Averno, a Lake in *Terra di Laverio* in *Italy*, which the Poets call the Mouth or Descent into Hell, was by the Ancients thought bottomless, but is since found to be two hundred thirty eight Foot deep: West of it is a Cave, once *Pluto's* Temple, where Sacrifice was offer'd to the Infernal Deities.

Atlas, *Prometheus's* Brother, King of *Mauritania*, was a great Astronomer, and therefore fabled to be turn'd into a Mountain, and to support the Heavens: He first invented the use of the Globe, and was Contemporary with *Moses*.

There is mention'd by *Pliny*, a running Footman, call'd *Atas*, or *Athas*, that ran sixty Miles in six Hours.

Asphaltites, or the *Dead Sea*, is five hundred and eighty Furlongs long, and one hundred and fifty broad; into it falls the River *Jordan*. 'Tis surrounded by Hills, and was the place where *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* stood, great bituminous Springs perpetually boil up therein, nor can any Fish live in it, or Fowl fly over it.

One *Ascletarion*, an Astrologer, foretold *Domitian's* Death, and being brought

before him for it, *Domitian* asked him, if he knew his own Death? He replied, That he should that Day be tore to pieces by Dogs. The Emperour resolving to disappoint the Event foretold, commanded him to be immediately burnt: but great Rains falling, extinguish'd the Fire, and the Dogs tore his Body to pieces, which gave *Domitian* no little Cause of fear of his succeeding Fate.

There is a Spring near *Tyanæa* in *Cappadocia*, call'd *Asbamea*, which is cold at the Head, and afterwards boiling hot: it is Salutiferous to the Virtuous, but destructive to the Wicked that drink of it.

Arthemius, a Roman General, was put to Death by *Julian*, Emperor, for defending the Innocence of the *Christians*.

Arnold de Brescia, deny'd that the Clergy should have any Lands or Estates, and preach'd up the setting *Rome* at Liberty, by the Expulsion of the Pope and Cardinals: but finding too few to undertake so generous a Design, he was taken and executed in 1155.

Ardaleon, an *Alexandrian* Comedian, had long ridicul'd Christianity upon the Stage, and yet at last he himself became a Martyr for it.

Arch-Priest, was an Obsolete Ecclesiastical Dignity, much of the same Nature among Priests, as that of the Arch-Deacons was among Deacons.

Certain

Certain Hereticks call'd *Archonticks*, attributed the Creation of the World to Archangels, denied the Resurrection, and had an odd Notion of Redemption. They had also other Extravagant Tenets, all which they defended by several Books.

The Philosopher, *Archelaus*, was Master to *Socrates* and *Anaxagoras*. He first brought Physick to *Athens*, and held that the Voice was only Air modifi'd; that the World was Eternal, and Custom the sole Rule of good or bad Actions. He liv'd in the 84th *Olympiad*.

Ararat, is a Mountain in *Armenia*, where the *Ark* rested after the Deluge, of which a *Dutch Traveller* says, he was seven Days going up it at five Leagues a day. He says it is higher than either *Caucasus* or *Taurus*. Every Night he came to a Hermit's Cell, who always directed him in his Journey. The uppermost Hermit told him many incredible things, which he had not Faith to believe.

Apollon, who was a Jew of *Alexandria*, becoming a Christian Convert, did the Church great Service at *Ephesus* in the year 51. by his admirable Eloquence and Knowledge in the Old Testament.

Appiarinus, a *Numidian* Priest, was the first that appeal'd to *Rome*, being condemn'd for Crimes by the Bishops of that Province.

There was an Orator, call'd *Marcus Antonius*, that never forgot any thing, and spoke Extemporary to all Causes, as *Tully* says.

Anti-Trinitarians, are those that deny the *Trinity*, who are also call'd *Unitarians*.

The *Antipodes*, is a Name given to those that live in the same *Meridian*, on the other side of the Globe opposite to us. It's deriv'd from ἀντι, against, and ποδῆς, Feet; *quasi*, feet to feet,

The *Antinomians*, are Hereticks that hold the *Law* uselefs under the *Gospel*, and that all Works are alike to the Godly, who cannot sin, because Christ only works in them; being once certain of Salvation they never doubt: Also they say that none are to be exhorted to *Christian Duty*; that Holiness makes not God love us; that Sanctification is no sign of Justification, &c. *John Agricola*, was Author of them.

A famous Architect, Statuary, and Mathematician call'd *Anthemius*, frighted *Zeno* the Rhetorician, who liv'd next to him, out of his House by his imitation of Thunder, Lightning, and Earthquakes.

Anteius Publius, being accus'd of conspiring *Nero's* Death, he first took Poyson, and then cut his Veins to hasten Death.

There is a River of *Elis* in *Peloponnesus*, call'd *Anigrus*, or *Anicre*, whose Waters became Bitter and Muddy by the *Centaur*s washing their Wounds

Wounds therein, after their Combat with *Hercules*.

The *Angelici*, Hereticks that were for Worship of Angels, are suppos'd to have begun in the Apostles time; but they spread most about the year 180.

A certain *Roman* Slave, nam'd *Androdus*, being exposed to a Lion for running away from his Master, was fawn'd on by the Beast, in Return of his having formerly pull'd a Thorn out of his Foot; and thus sav'd he was made the Lion's Keeper.

The *Milesian* Philosopher, *Anaximenes*, was the first Inventer of the Quadrant; he held the Air to be the Mother of all things.

Pope *Anastasius* I. ordain'd standing at the Gospel, and that none Lame or Infirm should be admitted to Orders. He died in the year 438.

Anacreon, Born in *Teos*, a City of *Ionia*, an Eminent Greek Lyrick Poet, about the 60th Olympiad, having got three thousand Crowns in a Present from *Pisistratus*, rested not till 'twas spent, and died choak'd with a Grape-Stone.

There was one *Amphistides*, that could never count more than five, tho' studious of Arithmetick. Hence Dunces in that Art are call'd *Amphistides*.

There is a River in the Forest of *Maurita-*

tania, nam'd *Amilo* where Elephants are said to bath themselves, on first sight of the Moon and after to adore that Planet.

One *Alphonsus Zamora*, a *Spanish Jew*, turn'd Christian in 1506: He was Learned in the *Hebrew*, and was employ'd by Cardinal *Ximenes*, in the Edition of the *Complutensian Bible*. He likewise wrote a *Hebrew Grammar* and *Lexicon*.

Allelujah, an Abby in *Æthiopia*, was so call'd by the first *Abbot* and *Founder*, because he was told by an *Hermit*, that being in an *Extasie*, he had seen, and heard thousands of Angels singing *Hallelujah* incessantly.

Alladius, a King of the *Latins*, named by some *Almureus*, and by others *Romulus*, was so proud that he equal'd himself with *Jupiter*, and would imitate his *Thunder*; but he was at last himself struck with real *Thunder*, A. M. 3197.

There were a sort of Hereticks in the 8th Age, call'd *Albanois*, who renew'd most of the *Manichean Errors*. They held two *Gods*; the one *Good*, and the Father of *Jesus Christ*; the other *Bad*, the *God* of the *Patriarchs*, and the Author of the *Old Testament*.

Abijah, a Prophet of *Shilo*, meeting *Jero-boam*, rent his Raiment in twelve pieces, and gave him ten back again, to shew him that *God* had design'd him to be King of the ten Tribes of *Israel*.

Aglaonice,

Aglaonice, the Daughter of *Hegemon*, a famous She-Astronomer, when she foresaw an Eclipse of the Moon, us'd to brag, That she had ordered that Planet to keep out of the way; but her vanity being found out, she was but laught at for her pains.

The *Ages of the World*, are certain Limits or Periods of Time, distinguish'd by the most memorable Accidents and Revolutions in the World, for the convenience of Chronology and History. Of these, the generality of Chronologers make seven.

The 1st from the Creation of the World	} Years.	
to <i>Noah's</i> Flood, which lasted		1656
The 2d from the Flood to the Birth of	} 382	
<i>Abraham</i> , lasted —————		
The 3d from the Birth of <i>Abraham</i> , to	} 505	
the Departure of <i>Moses</i> out of <i>Egypt</i> , lasted —————		
The 4th from <i>Moses's</i> Departure out of	} 479	
<i>Egypt</i> , to the Building of the Temple of <i>Solomon</i> —————		
The 5th from the Foundation of the	} 493	
Temple, to the Reign of <i>Cyrus</i> in <i>Babylon</i> —————		
The 6th from <i>Cyrus's</i> Reign, to the	} 538	
coming of the <i>Messiah</i> —————		
The 7th from the Birth of Christ, to	} 1703	
this present year 1703. —————		

Which

Which in all makes, from the Creation of the World, to this present } 5756
year 1703. ————— }

The Chronologers for the most part agree as to the Division of Time into seven Ages, yet there are above thirty different Opinions as to the number of years, which every Age contains, as the Reader may see in *Chevreau's History of the World*.

The Prophet *Agabus* foretold a Famine which came to pass in the Reign of *Claudius Cesar*.

Ætna, now *Mongibello*, the greatest Mountain in *Sicily*, is eight Miles high, and sixty in compass; it continually vomits up Fire and Smoak, and often throws up calcin'd Flints and burning Cinders. On the tops of this Mountain, Snow and Fire are to be seen at the same time, while the sides are covered with pleasant Woods and Vineyards.

Hegis, was a Monster which vomited Fire, wherewith all the Forests of *Phrygia* were consum'd. *Minerva* having kill'd this Monster, cover'd her Buckler with its Skin, as a Mark of her Victory.

There is a Fountain nigh *Miletum*, call'd *Achillea*, whose Waters are brackish in the Spring, and sweet in the Stream: It has its Name from *Achilles*, who bath'd himself in it.

Aceldama, i. e. *Field of Blood*, so call'd because bought with the thirty pieces which
Judas

Judas receiv'd to betray our Saviour, was a place near *Tophet*, which is in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*, where such Strangers as died at *Jerusalem*, were buried. It was also called the *Potter's Field*.

Acacius, a famous Bishop of *Berea* in *Palestine*, assisted at the general Council of *Constantinople*, in 381. where he fell out with *St. Chrysostom*, which was the chief Cause of his Banishment. He died, being about 110 Years old.

Abraham, first called *Abram*, one of the Patriarchs, Son of *Terah*, was Born in *Ur* of the *Chaldees*, 425 Years before *Moses*, and died in the 165th year of his Age.

Abisbag, was a beautiful Virgin who cherish'd *David* in his old Age.

Abgarus, or *Agbarius*, the King of *Edessa*, was Contemporary with *CHRIST*; who having heard the great Miracles he perform'd, invited him to *Edessa* by a Letter, to which our Saviour is said to have sent an Answer with his Picture. Some, both Catholics and Protestants affirm these Letters to be true, but the generality hold them fabulous. As for the Picture, *St. John of Damascus*, *Evagrius*, and others mention it, and the *Greeks* keep a Festival call'd the *Translation of the Picture*.

Abiram, Son of *Eliab*, was swallow'd up by the Earth, with *Korah* and *Dathan*, for Conspiring against *Moses* and *Aaron*.

Abel-shittim,

Abel-shittim, was a City on the Plains of *Moab*, where the *Israelites* began to commit Whoredom.

Abel, the second Son of *Adam* and *Eve*, was murther'd by his Brother *Cain*, *Ann. Mundi* 130.

Abdon, and *Sennen*, were two *Persian* Princes that turned Christians, and were put in Prison by the Emperor *Decius*, for burying certain Martyrs. After this, *Decius* carried them to *Rome*, in 254, and put them to Death for refusing to sacrifice to his Idols.

Abdon, Son of *Hillel*, was the 12th Judge of *Israel*, and govern'd eight years. He had forty Sons, and thirty Nephews.

Abdas, was a *Persian* Bishop (in the Reign of *Theodosius* the Younger) who out of a Christian, but indiscreet Zeal, having destroy'd their *Vestal* or deify'd Fire, was by the King order'd to be put to Death, and all the *Christian* Churches to be pull'd down.

George Abbot a very grave pious and learned Divine, was born at *Guilford* in *Surrey*, and bred at *Oxford*, where he became Master of *University-College*, in 1597. In 1599 he was made Dean of *Winchester*; in 1609 Dean of *Glocester*, and soon after Bishop of *Litchfield*: in 1610 Bishop of *London*, and the same year Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* by King *James I.* and continued so, till suspended by King *Charles I.* either for being unactive in promoting

ting the Loan, according to *Rashworth*; or according to others, upon the account of his Remifsness in some of the Functions of his Government. He died at the Castle of *Croyden* in 1633, having built an Hospital at *Guilford*.

At *Tipasa*, an old Town of *Mauritania Cefariensis*, which was then the See of a Bishop, but is now only a Village call'd *Saca*, near *Alger*, a famous Miracle hapned in the year 484. *Cyrola* Patriarch of the *Arians* was at this time Bishop, under *Hunnerick* King of the *Vandals*; this Tyrant being enraged against the *Orthodox*, sent his Officers with exprefs Orders to cut out all their Tongues who would not turn *Arians*: this cruel Order was put in Execution, and the Inhabitants came in great numbers to profess the true Religion; and after their Tongues were cut out, they cry'd with a louder and stronger Voice than ever, *That Jesus Christ was true God*; and that which made this look strange was, that a young Man born Dumb began then to speak like the rest. This cannot be call'd an imaginary Miracle, there are so many Witnesses that attest it, as not only having heard but also seen it themselves. *Victor Uticensis* then in the place said, If any body doubted the truth of it, he might come to *Constantinople*, where, amongst several others, he should see the Deacon *Reparatus*, who spoke very well without a Tongue, and was therefore in great esteem

esteem in *Zeno's* Court. The Historian *Procopius*, who serv'd in the Army under the Emperor *Justinian*, and was a Person of great esteem, writes, That in his time there were several of these Persons at *Constantinople*, who spoke with ease without Tongues. *Aeneas Gazeus*, a Platonick Philosopher, had a mind to be satisfied of the truth of this thing, and after having examined the Mouths of several of these Venerable Persons, found their Tongues cut out by the Roots.

About the year 1284. there arose one *Tilon Colup*, a great Impostor, who call'd himself *Frederic II*. He had much resemblance of that Emperor, and could give an account of his Life, Wars and Adventures to the minutest Circumstances, having been one of his Court: he appear'd in *Germany* thirty four Years after *Frederick* the II'd's Death, and impos'd upon many by telling his Tale thus; That finding after all his Misfortunes they had a design to Poyson him, he resolv'd to retire from the World to a Monastery; and that feigning to pass into *Sicily* on this design, he entered *Apulia* and went to a Castle called *Forentine*, where he pretended to be sick; that having trusted the Secret to a Lord who had a little before left his Service, he by his means procured a Body of a Man who died the Day before, which he in the Night time drew up into his Chamber by the Window, and put in
his

his Bed, and went out at the Window himself; and that it was this Body which his Son *Manfred* buried at *Palermo* instead of his: that for himself he arrived at the Charter-House of *Squillace* in *Calabria* in a Disguise, where he was received; and the Lord that accompanied him, having a Brother there, took the Habit also; that after *Charles* of *Anjou* had cut off his Granchild *Conradin's* Head in 1268, he came to another Charter-House in *Campaigne* near *Langres*, call'd *Luny*, whence afterwards he came into *Germany*. And thus either by his Cunning or Witchcraft he drew not only the meaner People, but some Princes to his Party, and amongst others the Marquis of *Misnia* and *Thuringia*; and being received by those at *Nuiz*, he had the impudence to write to the Emperor *Rodolphus* I. to leave the Empire, who under a pretext of complying, made use of all means to seize his Person, and having gain'd the Inhabitants of *Wetzlar*, in the County of *Hesse*, he caused him to be brought back again to *Nuiz*. Others say this Impostor being besieged in the Town of *Nuiz*, the Inhabitants delivered him to the Emperor, who Condemned him to be Burnt as a Magician.

One *Thamus* an *Aegyptian*, Master of a Ship, as he sailed to *Italy* with a fair Gale of Wind, when he came over against the *Echinades*, now
called

called *Le Cursolari*, his Ship was becalm'd, and was forced by the strong Current of the Tide near to the Island *Paxos*, where the greatest part of the Crew being awake in the Night, a Voice was plainly heard from the Island calling to *Thamus*, to which he making no Answer, neither the first nor the second time, the Voice grew stronger, and signify'd to him, That *as soon as he should arrive at Palodes, he should publish that the great Pan was dead.* This he performed; and immediately upon declaring his Message, he heard great Groanings and Lamentings; this was presently divulg'd at *Rome*, and thereupon the Emperor *Tiberius* sent for *Thamus*, who confirmed the Truth of it; upon which the Learned being consulted, gave Opinion, that this *Pan* was the Son of *Mercury* and *Penelope*. Some *Christians* believe that the Death of our Saviour happening about that time, was signified by this extraordinary Voice.

Socrates, the Philosopher, was Son of an *Athenian* Stone-Cutter. He study'd under *Anaxagoras* and *Archelaus*, and gave likewise Proofs of his Valour in Defence of his Country. He delighted chiefly in Moral Philosophy, and was a Person of irresistible Eloquence and accomplish'd Virtue. He said he only knew, that he knew nothing. He held Rest to be the choicest possession; and that Riches and Honour have nothing of true worth, but are the Source of various Evils and Mischiefs. A
Physiognomist

Physiognomist having judg'd *Socrates* to be Brutish, Lustful, and a Drunkard; he own'd he was so naturally, but that Reason had corrected those vicious Inclinations. He derided the plurality of the Heathen Gods, and on that Account was Indicted of Impiety, and condemn'd to drink the Juice of Hemlock, where-with he Died in the 95th Olympiad. Aged 70 Years.

C H A P. XVIII.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

DOubtless it would be thought by some, that I had abandon'd my self to an overgrieving of Soul, if I should throw open my Study Door but for one day, and let all comers-by look in, to see the Tears, and hear the repeated Sighs, Sobs, and Moans, that proceed from the sincerity of my Spirit, for the flagrant sins of poor *England*: But sure I am also, that many would conclude I acted the Hypocrite, if I should without reserve declare the great burden of concern that lies upon my Mind, on account of the two great Nurseries of Vice in this our Metropolitan City, I mean the Play-Houses. Indeed I often cheer'd my self with hopes, that the Auspicious Reign of Great *William* the III. would have laid their

Foundations level with the Ground, before he should by the Ordination of Heaven yield up his latest Breath, and so have abolish'd those Seminaries of Atheism and Blasphemy: but to my grief they are still kept up, and I have nothing now left to buoy up my sinking hopes withal, that I shall ever see my Wishes accomplish'd, but the prudent Proceedings of my dread Sovereign Queen *Ann*, or the pious Direction of our City Lord-Mayors, together with the Justices of the City, and Liberties of *Westminster*, for the preventing their Posting up, and delivery of those mischievous Bills, which have already serv'd to gather many Thousands of our younger and unsteadier sort of People to their pernicious Shows, even to the utter ruin of Soul and Body; besides the many of our Noble and Great Men that have fallen by bloody Duels, in, or on account of those Houses: and 'till this be done, or their Plays are Regulated, I dare positively assert it for a Truth, that we shall never be a Reformed People. God is my Record, that gain'd I Ten Thousand Pound *per Annum* by those Nurseries of Debauchery, if it lay in my power to silence, or rectifie them, I would with Joy relinquish the Income, altho' thereby I should be necessitated to crave my Bread at the Doors of those that hate me, or otherwise I should conclude my self to be eternally damn'd without Mercy. But methinks I hear some one making these following Objections. 1. It may be alledg'd,
That

That shou'd there come an Order from Court for the suppressing of these Houses, the Nobility and Gentry would be disgusted, as not knowing how to pass away the tedious Winter Evenings. 2. It will be said, That to alter the stile and strain of their Discourses, would make them so dull, flat, and melancholy, as not in the least to divert them; so that the Government is necessitated to continue them as they now are without change or alteration. I reply to the first. It is pity that a short; momentary life should be thought too long to make Provision for an endless Eternity, whereas it should rather be thought too short; and yet I have still so great a Charity left for our Noble-Men and others, that I can't but fancy most of them would not be in the least offended thereat. But supposing they were, their Anger would be but as that of a Man in a passion for a while, which soon ceases; and possibly also they would turn their Resentment against their own hasty Indiscretion: And why? Because sure none can be enrag'd at any Person, for performing a good act, especially their Governours and Superiors, and when they consider it is for the Honour of God, the Prosperity of their Country, and the endless well-being of their own Souls. As to the second Objection, I answer, That if all the Speeches, that were to be deliver'd upon the Stage were to be as divinely compos'd, as any Lectures deliver'd from the Pulpit, they would much better suit the Ge-

nus of our Great Ones, than that petty crude Nonsense which is now generally rabbl'd out on the English Stage. If any are faithless, and will not assent to the truth of this my Assertion, but think it proceeds from a Prejudice I have against the Poets, and the Actors; let any Ingenious and Impartial Person whatsoever but read their Printed Plays, which doubtless have receiv'd their Authors finishing stroke, they'll find so much Impertinency, and so little Ingenuity contain'd therein, that they must needs own, that none but unsolid and flashy Wits could be the Authors, which, sure I am, were never accounted among the more refin'd to be Men of any deep understanding; neither indeed can any Person, tho' never so cunning, make sense of Blasphemy, and I know not what idle Expressions of Love, Prophaness, and Drollery: but were the Subject on which they are founded solid and reasonable, were they exquisitely written, and were the Performance done to the life, I can't but persuade my self, that instead of having two Houses we might have six, and fill'd with the better sort: and why, because there would then be a suitable Entertainment for such as understood themselves, but no fit Accommodations for brutish Men, and lewd Women, who now resort thither to debauch their Minds, and meet their Associates in wickedness. But why spend I my breath, and thus trifle away my precious time! since I may as well
 think

think to pull the Firmament on my Head, and draw down the Clouds about my Ears, as to bring any Arguments to persuade people, all whose delight is in what suits the vicious bent of their Inclinations, from repairing to these Houses, notwithstanding they are so corrupted: However I have, at the Request of some Excellent Christians, drawn a Rough Draught of a Dramatick Performance, that for the future, if possible, I might excite all the Writers to the Play-Houses, to be as much for the suppressing of Vice, and the encouraging of Virtue, as I have been in the Idea I have here fram'd to my self: but in much more refin'd Language; since I own my insufficiency of performing any thing Praiseworthy, in this Ingenious and Learned Age; but more especially in any such matter as this, because I was never bred to it: so that I hope the Courteous Reader will look more on my good Intentions, in preparing a Model according to which may be reformed the Abuses of the Atheistical Stage, than to the weakness and meanness of this present rude Essay, or think I am any wise qualify'd to Compose what may be able to stand the Censures of a critical Genius. No: I'll leave that to be done by the more curious Pens, and finer hands. And that none may be big with Expectation of some weighty matter, I assure them, that I shall not take so much pains, as to borrow any Line or Thought from any Per-

son whatsoever, but only make use of mine own plain Expressions, and mean Notions. The names I shall borrow for the carrying on of this Work, are as follows.

Truth.

King William III.

Pilgrim.

Christian.

Formalist.

With several other of their Attendants.

Opposer.

Lewis XIV.

Careless.

Libertine.

Informers.

Vice detected, or Judgment speedily Executed.

Appear Truth, and Opposer following at a distance.

Truth. **M**E thinks I see a glimmering light, gently diffusing its early Beams beyond the further Hills: O may it be the day dawning, when every *Opposer* to Virtue shall be veil'd over with a thick Curtain of darkness, and sit down in an Everlasting Night of Oblivion.

Opposer. What strange voice is this I hear, of one that talks so loud of he knows not what! Certainly it is a *Bedlam*-Person, that has broke his Chains, deserted his Keeper, and run unadvisedly hither, since there are none in their true Senses, that dare to prognosticate my Ruin so near my habitation: for have not I reign'd

as uncontrollable Sovereign even from the beginning? And I never yet have met with any, that had either Strength, Resolution, or Inclination to attack me in my Lines and deep Entrenchments, or so much as cause my Throne to shake, or Crown to totter.

Truth. I speak not behind the Curtain, or sneak me out of sight, but appear on the publick Stage, and in the view of all Spectators; and hereon, in spite of all thy Threats and vain Bravado's, I tell thee plain, I am purposely resolv'd to encounter thy Greatness, and I will down with thy Power. It is not thy fancying, that I am one intoxicated with the fumes of madness, that shall serve thy turn, neither art thou e're the securer, because thou hast ruled long as invincible: No: I'll trip thee down, and turn thee topsy turvy.

Opposer. Appear some of the Yeomen of my Guards, and hew this my Enemy down at one single blow, so as he never may rise again; that he may experience my Power, and taste of my Wrath: For if I suffer him thus quietly to go on, he'll grow mighty in Spirit, and make an Insurrection in my Territories, amongst my People, and disturb them in the quiet Enjoyment of the Liberties I have fix'd them in, even by an absolute Law.

Truth. If thou could'st have had thy Will obey'd, I know I had long er'e now fall'n an Inglorious Victim at thy Tyrannical feet:

but alas! thou with all thy body of Reserve, art so impotent, and thy weapons so dull, that they cannot wound, or cause me to retreat: Thou say'st my intention is to invade thy Land, and disturb thy Subjects: True it is, and I doubt not but to accomplish my intended design, by awakening them out of the deep sleep of carnal security, and lead them to their primitive obedience. Hark! Hark! already the Heavens begin to roar, and the Foundations of the Earth to shake, and by and by you'll all be in a panick Fear, and tremble at the Wrath and Fury of an incensed God.

Opposer. Now I see thou art the Father of Lies, and I fear thee not; for behold the Firmament is clear and bright, the Sun shines in its meridian luster, the Wind is calm, the Earth still, and every thing tends to my Health, Peace, and Prosperity, and I am gently gliding down the delightful Streams of Pleasure, and shall thus swim along for many years, in spite of thee and Fate.

Truth. I say, thou shalt dye before the tinkling Clock strikes another hour; yea or ere its lesser Wheels are gone twice about, thy head will begin to ake, thy knees to tremble, and thy blood to chill: view thy self in yonder Glass, and thou wilt see thy Face turning pale, thy Lips wan, and thine Eyes heavy.

Opposer.

Opposer. True it is: O gashly fight to me! I apprehended no more of this sudden change a few minutes ago, than I dreaded Judgment was near, which I deem'd was a-far off; neither imagin'd I that thou didst mean the Fa-brick of my Body, when I revil'd thee as a forger of Falsities. O Pardon! I now own and lament my Indiscretion; and shew Pity on me, because my Pains are very great, even more than I am well able to bear: Neither be cruel, but commiserate a Soul undone for ever, and call me here the College of Physicians, (I know they are ready in waiting for any beck,) that I may see if they can restore a Man in my sad Estate.

Truth. Thou hadst better call on God for his Grace in this thy bitter Agony, since the Diseases of thy Mind far exceed the Distempers of thy Body; so that they can no more restore thee to Health, or prevent thee from going quick into Hell, than an Infant can weigh the Cable of a Ship of War, when it lyes at an Anchor, and turn it a-drift; or a Boy of ten years old pull down the lofty *Cupola* of *St. Peters* at *Rome* with his little hand, and the strength of a single hair ty'd thereunto, to hale by: but nevertheless in Answer to thy desire, I'll send them in. [Appear Physicians.]

Physicians. Why so dispirited, our open handed Patient, since all the Ails that we perceive is only a slight Indisposition of Body, occasioned by some ill-digested Meats, or making
merry

merry with thy Friends over full Rummors of delicious draughts: for shame dispel thy Fears, and take of our well-prepared Elixirs; since we doubt not, but at our next visit to find thee on the amending hand, if not as well as ever.

Opposer. I fear you are all Empiricks, and of no value, and that I shall find that your bitter draughts will be to as little purpose for quenching my turbulent distemper, and for saving my life, as those Buckets of water, which were flung on the new kindled Fire, *September* the 2d, in the year 1666. when the City of *London* was almost totally destroy'd by those increasing Flames: and as for your Assurances you give me of a speedy Recovery, I have as little Reason to rely upon them, as *James II.* had on the many Addresses of Loyalty, presented unto him from all parts and Parties: for *Truth* says, I must dye; and he cannot err.

Physicians. Many thou knowest we have rais'd, whose Case has been more desperate than this of thine; and why not thee, as well as them? Think on the standing Proverb, *While there is Breath, there is Hope.* Come lay thee down on the Couch prepar'd, and strive to doze to sleep, and who knows but sick Nature may find Relief.

Opposer. Tell not a Man of resting, who is instantly going down to Eternal Ruin: know ye not, that I am he that made a mock of
Truth;

Truth, and took a secret delight to make him odious, in the Eyes of my lewd Associates? O then miserable and unhappy me, who must now for ever lay me down in the dismal shades of fearful horror! Hark, Hark, methinks I hear the voice of many *Devils*, saying, Come, let us go; *Opposer* to *Truth* is full ripe for our Harvest. O come, come, let us go and reap him down. Hold me fast, they are just coming in. [Appear Devils.]

Devils. Come thou true and trusty Drudge; as thou hast been a faithful Slave to our Grand Tyrant *Lucifer*, we will not fail to see that thou art made as miserable as any of us: therefore delay not, but undress and dye, since we cannot stay, because we have many more of thy Brethren to gather in, in some part of the World or other, before to morrow Morning.

Opposer. Joyful is that News to me: pray then be so kind as to take them First, and I shall ever remember it as a singular favour: And why? Because I would fain lodge me here another night, notwithstanding I am gript with Ten thousand Pains: Be so compassionate, as to consider it will be amazing enough to my poor Soul, to think of my going along with you a night or two hence.

Devils. Dispute not with us, since we are but Messengers, and must observe Orders: if thou mistrustest we are come to fetch thee before thy appointed time, here read over
our

our black List, and thou wilt find that thou art the first nam'd therein, and therefore thou must go in Course: Then feign no more vain and frivolous Excuses, or we'll drag thee away by violent Hands against thine Inclinations.

Opposer. Must I go, whether I will or not? O then undon me, whom no Warnings would reclaim, no Threats affright, no Council advise, or Judgment deterre. Lord, what would I give for life! had I as many loads of Pearls, as the brave *Ormond* seiz'd grains of Silver at the late Expedition on the *Spanish* Territories, and ten hundred thousand times as many sparkling Crowns, as *Alexander* the Great Conquer'd Roods of Land, when he could truly say, I have won a World; they should all be parted with, and I would be content to wander as a Pilgrim in a Desert, so that I might but by any means be redeem'd from this Destruction, tho' but for the term of a few years: but too late, too late! for now the cruel Imps are all at work to rend my Spirit from my Body of Flesh; so that now it must straggle I know not where, with millions of millions of infernal Fiends, miserable Creatures lost for aye.

Appear

*Appear William the III^d, and Lewis
the XIVth.*

William. **T**Ho' I am dead, my Works yet speak as if living; since it is well known to all, that I had never stept out of my Principality of *Orange* for a Golden Crown lin'd with Cares, or crost the Ocean for a gilded Scepter loaded with cross Vexations, but that I receiv'd a Commission from a God, whom I could not say nay: As also was solicited by the repeated Petitions of the People of three Protestant Nations, whose Religion, Laws, and Liberties lay bleeding under great Oppression, and in Jeopardy every hour, of falling a Victim to *Popish* Cruelty, so as never to revive again, whilst the Sun should shine by day or the Moon by night.

Lewis. O thou bitter Enemy to me, and my Glorious way of Worthip! since great had been my Name, and mighty my Power, if thou hadst not stop'd my Progress, and broke my well-laid Measures. Reason have I to curse the Morn when thou first breathedst; and wish the day had perish'd, when it was said, that thou *William* of *Nassau* landed with thy Toops on the *English* *Western* Shore: for he that then Reign'd was my very good Ally, and faithful Friend; and those three Kingdoms had been my own long e're now, and the Establish'd

blish'd Church of *England*, with the whole Protestant Interest had utterly been extinguish'd, and its Professors had either ceas'd to have been a People, or fall'n down and worship'd me and my graven Images.

William. Dost thou lament my Accession to the *British* Throne, and grieve because I blew up thy Hell-laid Designs, cunning Stratagems, and bloody Intrigues? Then what cause have I to repine at my sad Misfortune, and ill Success, who ventur'd my All to rescue a Nation from thy wounding Cruelties, and yet many of its Inhabitants, professing the name of Protestants, like a venomous brood of Vipers, have endeavour'd to betray my well-cast intentions, to make them and their Posterity truly happy: for it is known to thee, and all, that if it had not been for them, I had wounded thy Hand, and clipt thy Tongue so as thou would'st never have been able to have forg'd a false Will, or Proclaim'd thy Grandson King of *Spain*; nor ever so much as have been able to have carried on another War after my Decease, during the term of thy life.

Lewis. How canst thou blame men for their Loyalty to their Lawful Sovereign, and adhering to that new and Excellent Doctrine of Non-Resistance, and Passive-Obedience, which hold, that whosoever resisteth the Authority of their Superiors on whatever account (meaning my Brother *James*) tho' a profest *Romanist*, and an inveterate Enemy to the Hereticks, should be
damn'd

damn'd for ever? For they prove from sacred Writ, that all Power was from above, and that there is no Power but of God.

William. Thou know'st that the design of these men was only levell'd at thy Interest, and the Destruction of poor *England*; since they knew that these portions of Scripture recorded in *Romans* 13. only related to such as were Nursing-Fathers to their People, and Defenders of their Liberties, not to those who bought and sold their Kingdoms, and broke their Coronation Oaths: for in that *Chapter* from whence they borrowed those words to veil over their damnable designs, *Rulers are* (saith that Apostle) *not a terror to good Works, but to the Evil*; so that from thence it most evidently appears, that a wicked Monarch or Ruler is no more Commissionated from above, or ought to be obey'd, than one that comes to spill their Blood, or rob them of their Possessions. All which more fully appears from the same Apostle in the 4th verse, when speaking of Governours, for *he is the Minister of God to them for good, for he beareth not the Sword in vain, for he is the Minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon them that do evil*: And in the 6th verse, saith St. Paul, *They are God's Ministers, attending continually upon this very thing*; (i. e.) to Rule as Heaven Commands, and their Oath binds: Then sure it is, that whenever any Prince breaks through those fast Tyes, and strong Obligations, they forfeit their Crown and Dignity,

gnity, as much as a Man does his Bond by Non-payment, or an Embassador does his post of Honour, when he breaks his Prince's Orders, or joins his Enemies.

Lewis. Be the interpretation and meaning what it will, I'm sure that the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, was very necessary for the serving of my turn, and the answering my ends: for had that kind of Preaching gone on but some few years longer, the People of *England* might have been Conquer'd without a Standing Army, or so much as a drawn Sword; and any King might have taken away this People's Religion, Laws, and Liberties, and have given their Country to me, or the *Grand Turk*, without so much as ever receiving a Petition out of any County to have ask'd the Reason why they did so: and if a Stranger had in the interim come, and demanded the Reason, why they rescu'd not their Country; their Answer would have been, It is the Advice of our Popish Council, and the Order of a *Romish* King, and we must obey it, because our Teachers tell us, unless we do comply we shall be damn'd.

William. Mischievous have been the Methods of proceeding of those Vermin to me, and my good Subjects in particular, and to the whole Protestant Interest throughout all the World in general; and that which still remains as a grief on my Spirits, I fear there are yet remaining some in my Territories, that still
whisper

whisper those poysonous Notions into my Peoples Ears, by saying, That neither I, nor my Successor *Anne* are lawful Heirs to the Crown of Great *Britain*; and that the *Welch* Prince of thy Nurfing is the only lawful Successor: but I hope she will destroy those Caterpillars from off the Land, since they are only *Devils* incarnate, and no more for God and true Piety, than they that believe there is no such Being, or Practice in the World.

Lewis. I say, long may they live, and prosperous may they be, in their carrying on of my Intrigues, and destroying those of mine Enemies: for should they consider their Country's interest, and cease to be my Agents, farewell for ever to all my Pretensions to Queen *Anne's* Imperial Crown, whom I have cast so many envious Glances at: For I own, that could it be truly said, that all the people of *Britain* and *Ireland* were joyn'd together as one Man, in Love to their God, Loyalty to their Sovereign, and Unity one towards another, all *Europe's* Strength, united to that of mine, could never be able to pass her liquid Walls, so as to gain one Foot of her Rich Land: for are not her Territories bemoated round with mighty Floods and Streams of over-swelling Waters? But this Harmony will never be sung forth in her's, or any other Reign: for behold many of her Natives have already turn'd their Religion into Noise, Form,

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and

and Interest; so that whilst I have Gold to bribe, they'll have a Conscience to betray Fleets, Armies, and Kingdoms too, when ever it lies in their Power.

William. No more of them, whom my Soul abhors, and whom speedy Vengeance will fall upon in an exemplary manner, either in this mortal State, or in the Dungeon of Hell, into which thou thy self wilt be flung ere long, O thou blood thirsty Tyrant! for seeking my life by Conspiracy, before I arriv'd to the Age of twenty two years.

Lewis. I never counted it at all unlawful or criminal, to slay thee an Heretick Prince; for could I but have found a Man in all the Troops of Guards, which the *Dutch* appointed for the preservation of thy Person, the stroak should have been then struck, for thy attempting to grapple with me and my Forces, in thy younger days; as witness the driving of mine Army back with great loss, when I commanded them to beat thee from thy Post at *Niencop*.

William. Talk no more of Wars and thy bloody Villany, but bethink thy self of trouble and death: for I say unto thee, the time is near at hand, when thou wilt be forc'd to cry out as an Usurper once did, 'I was finish'd a Man by the curious Workings of 'the Almighty, Proclaim'd a King by the 'consent of my People, and took a Solemn 'Oath to maintain their Rights, Liberties, and

‘and Privileges; but behold my Pride has made
 ‘me to rebel against my God, my Ambition hath
 ‘undone me, and my Perjury hath made me
 ‘a *Devil*, for which lewd Abominations, I am
 ‘now abhorr’d by *Heaven*, abominated by my
 ‘Nobles, and to be utterly damn’d without
 ‘Mercy.

Lewis. Torment me not with such serious
 Considerations as these, since my thoughts are
 already sufficiently confus’d, being seiz’d with
 an horrible fit of Consternation. And why?
 Because many of my Allies begin to desert
 me, my Coffers are even empty, and my
 Throne is tottering: but that which redoubles
 my *Agonies*, and recoils upon me with a mortal
 Throb, is the finding of my vigorous Nature
 deserting me apace, and preparing to send
 me naked into another World, as soon as
 ever the *Lamp* of my Regal Glory shall all
 at once expire into a stinking Snuff, when I
 shall bloom and blossom in Victory no
 more.

William. I know thy Days have fled a-
 way, without any real Enjoyment of solid
 Pleasure; and I now see that a course of ma-
 ny years have drawn the Furrows of Old Age
 upon thee, and thy few remains of Life will
 be spun out in Scenes of Misery, and wasted
 by Expresses of bad Tidings; for thy Fame is
 already Eclips’d with Clouds of Infamy, and
 thy Cruelties, Lies, and Oppressions begin to
 fly in thy guilty Face, as so many hissing Ser-

pents to plague thee here, and to the longest Ages of Eternity hereafter.

Lewis. I own that Honourable had been my hoary-head, if I had adorn'd it with Mercy and Clemency toward my Protestant Subjects, and studied as much to make my People happy, as I did to make my Name famous; and now to recal my bloody Edicts, would appear as if I repented, which can by no means be, tho' I Cry, Weep, and Moan. And why? Because the blood of the Saints whom I slew at the *Altar*, have ingrain'd my Soul with the malignant Spots of Sin, whereby I am become an Heir of God's displeasure: therefore I entreat thee, O Great and Renowned *William*! to return to thy mournful *Tomb* of Rest, that I may hide my self in secret, and wait there, till the *Devils* come to push me down to *Hell*; which I Daily and Hourly expect, with horrible Gripes and dreadful Fears. And so Farewel, thou deceased Prince, and happy Soul! who wilt eternally Reign in Blifs, when I am crowded down into the Gulph of Eternal Horror.

Appear Pilgrim, and Christian, and Careless, and Libertine at a Distance.

Pilgrim. **I** Joy that I founded a Retreat from all the noysie bustle of a Licentious World, before Men grew so bad: for behold,

hold, since I took my progress *Sion*-wards, which is scarce forty five years ago, Great *Britain*, the Land of my Nativity, is become a *Sodom* in Vice, and a *Gomorrha* in all manner of filthy Communications: O astonishing is it and amazing to my Soul, to see so strange an alteration in all our Dresses, Fashions, and Modes! for her Iniquities are so great, and her Crimes so black, that even the very Blood chills in my *Veins*, lest at this instant I should hear the *Heavens* to roar with terrible Thunder-Claps of Vengeance, proceeding from the Wrath and Fury of an incensed *God*, that can't suffer sin with Approbation, and see Judgment come tumbling down, as a mighty Shower from the Throne of *Christ* the angry Judge, that can't retain his Fury, or stay his Displeasure, when the Good are grown Bad, and the Righteous become Wicked; as is now too sadly Experienced: for according to the antient Prophecies of the Son of God, the time is near at hand, and can't be far off, when the destroying Vials of the unmixt wrath of the great God, shall be pour'd out upon the Ungodly; since all appear to be full ripe for the Almighty's destroying *Sickle*. Therefore go I will, and ask them what they mean, and why they thus sleep on in Sin, as a Man in a *Lethargy*, and strive not to rouse from the sleep of Carnal Security: for sure loud Cries, kind Intreaties, and cogent Arguments, will incite them to rise up, as one did, and

say, 'Undone, undone for ever! My Soul is
 'lost, and what shall I do! O mercy, mercy,
 'mercy Lord, without delay! for the Lightnings
 'of the damn'd begin to flash about me, like
 'floods breaking in on every side! O whither
 'shall I go, I am all in a Maze.

Christian. Can'st thou turn the Spring into
 Autumn, and the Autumn into Spring? Can'st
 thou cause the Corn to Ear in the middle of
December, and make all the Fruits of the Earth
 to be full Ripe, before the Sun is in *Aries*?
 Can'st thou guide a Ship to *India* without an
 Helm, or pilot a Vessel safe to Shore without
 a Bottom? Even no more can'st thou expect to
 wean the wanton out of their lewd and lust-
 ful Embraces, or prevail with the wicked to
 reform, and Pray in the demonstration of the
 Spirit: No, no; thou'lt see they will scorn,
 and turn thee off with a Laugh and a Frown,
 if not say, Be gone, thou moping Fool, are we
 not much wiser than thy self, and know our
 time to amend better than thou?

Pilgrim. Surprising Prodigy, and astonish-
 ing Wonder, not to be accounted for! Believe
 they in that God whom now I perfectly see
 in all his transcendent Glories; by the Pros-
 pect of a true Faith? Own they not that *Jesus*,
 who was Born of a Virgin in *Bethlehem*,
 Condemn'd at *Capernaum*, and Crucifi'd with-
 out the Gates of *Jerusalem* on Mount *Calvary*,
 on the 6th day of the *Jewish* Week? Own they
 not the third and last Person in the ever glo-
 rious

rious Trinity to be their Leader into all manner of Truth, Integrity, and Holiness of Life?

Christian. All this in words they assent to, and much more: behold they will read, hear, and pray, but their Hearts are as far from God, as the Sun is from the fixed Stars: For their Youth is vain, their middle Age proud, and their old Age covetous: They lust after that which cannot satisfy, seek for Enjoyment where none is to be found, and run in chase of Pleasure where it is not to be attain'd: And why? Because they never take a prospect beyond Sense, or desire to know what is laid up for the Virtuous in another World. No: all that they hone after, is Perishing, Fleeting, and Transitory; yea the whole terrestrial Round cannot fill the triangular Heart of Man, or replenish with Peace an immortal Spirit.

Pilgrim. O that my Heart were a Fountain, and mine Eyes a Spring of Tears; I would sit me down and cry, till upon this Wave of my life, my Soul were wafted over to the *Canaan*-shore of Bliss, to think that vain Man, which came into the World but a while ago with a cry and a whimper, and must return out of it again, as it were to morrow, with a pant from his Breast, and a Tear in his Eye, should yet live, as if his Breath were not precarious, and his Life a Dream! O my God! may not the youngest, healthiest, and strongest amidst us all, lean back and dye, before

three minutes pass over, or a Man can count twelve score?

Christian. Such thoughts as these have often made me stand abash'd, to see the Mucklings loading up heap upon heap, and adding House to House, as if they were to survive the duration of many Thousands of Years; or as if it had never yet been sounded forth, that any one since Christ suffer'd in the flesh, went in at the narrow Door of Death, to lay their lifeless Corps to sleep in the bosom of the consuming Dust. Lord! is not Man's days as a Morning quickly gone, and an Evening soon spent?

Careless. What melancholy Abby Chimes are these, that sound so mournful in our Ears! Surely this is the voice of some weeping Widow, or sorrowful Virgin, that have lost their dearly beloved, and design themselves to toll their last knell. O may they cease their mournful sounds, and cry no more, that *Libertine* and I may chant out some new Songs of mirth in the Lap of a strange Woman, or amidst our jovial Companions: for are not such Evening Entertainments much more refreshing to our Spirit, than the Groans of the Mourners in secret? If so, let those sorrow; that think they shall dye before it be long; we will sport it away, because we expect to live very long.

Libertine. Sure, *Careless*, thou and I have lost our way, and are fallen into a Charnel-House, where

where some sorrowful Souls bewail the too hasty Fate of their Friends, among Heaps of dead Mens bones, that ought to be forgot as well as hid, since I never in my life before heard so much talk of Death and the Grave in these parts of the World, in so much that it even bereaves me of all my Joys, and makes me very sad. What malignant Planet led us here, and why came we by this way to night! I fear we shall not find the beaten track, that leads to the Courts of Jollity, till the early Morn begins to dawn, and sends us forth its Orient Beams of Light. But cheer up, to morrow is a new day, and we'll then make amends for all, and redeem our lost hours, by laughing away the drouzy thoughts of a dying night, and the heavy considerations of an accounting hour.

Pilgrim. O you foolish ones, whither so fast? Stay, let's reason the case a while together. Come be perswaded, divest your selves of these gaudy Plumes of Pride, and go on Pilgrimaging along with *Christian* and me: for behold, our Road is the way to Rivers of Pleasures, and our Paths lead to Eternal Joys. And why? Because our Converse is amongst the Saints, and our Study is on the Statutes of the most High, whence Peace and Assurance for ever. Then be advis'd, and learn to be discreet, affable, and good; modest, patient, and obliging, during the continuance of a short life: since happy are they that adorn their Souls in all things
like

like unto God their Maker; it will be their own e're long,

Careless. Go your ways, ye impertinent Fools, and think not to decoy *Libertine* and me out of the cooling Bowers of sensual Enjoyments: see ye not that we are in the full vigour of Youth, and bloom as so many Blossoms newly blown; behold, we are beautiful, lusty, and strong, and well furnish'd with heaps of Gold to support us in a Life of pleasure, and make us merry all our days: Then cease your prattling Tongues, or we'll hiss you off the Stage of the World's great Theatre, and call for the sounding Trumpets, and singing Maids, to joyn their melodious Voices together in consort: For what harmony is there like to that?

Pilgrim. There will be no such sounds of Mirth to divert your fancy with, when you come to lye roaring on the Bed of God's Wrath, in the lower Abyss, to the Ages of the longest Eternity, whither you must retreat within a while, unless you repent, and go along with us. Think ye it is a fine thing to sit in the Pit, and hear many idle Songs proceeding from Hearts canker'd by the malignity of Vice? Alas! they are all jarring Noises to a Righteous Mind, and would appear quickly so to you, if you would be so wise as to go along with us, and hear those sweeter Lays that are warbled forth, as we travel homeward, by whole flights of the Airy Inhabitants, be-
times

times in every Morn, and when it draws near to Night, whilst we are walking o're the flowery Meads, stately Forests, and delightful Greens; besides the abundance of comfortable Notes, and Ravishing Melody, proceeding from the Applause of a Conscience charm'd into a calm, by the ravishing sounds of a *Well done Servant*.

Libertine. If so very pleasing, pray, why stay you here, and proceed not in your Travels thither, and let us alone to our selves, since we are purposely resolv'd to continue in the Metropolitan City, and to glut our Senses with Court-Diversions, and Evening Balls. O sweet is it to us, to run the round of worldly Delights, and seek for some further and yet undiscover'd Happiness; for it is time enough to be serious, when we have spent forty or fifty Years in an uninterrupted course of Pleasure; and when our five Senses begin to fail us; then, and not before, we'll fashion our selves to you, and say over a few Prayers, and so dye in the Winter of old Age, and take a flight to Glory, and be no less eternally happy than you: for according to the Scriptures, Whensoever a sinner Repents and Believes, he shall be saved; as witness the Thief on the Cross. So that we are much wiser than you, in first freely enjoying all the good things of this life; and when these can yield us no further Pleasure, we will then make sure of those of the Life to come.

Christian.

Christian. Shall I tell you my last night's Dream? Who knows but that it relates to you? I fancy'd I saw two *Beaus* of the Town leading along a pair of painted *Jezabels*, and behold two Youths, much like your selves, met 'em, and demanded their Ladies; on which words arose, and Swords were drawn on both sides, and the two Women-Robbers receiv'd their Death's Wound. Take care to prevent any danger, retreat, and go to the *House of Prayer* with us, and then our Souls for yours, no evil shall betide you, or come near your dwelling.

Careless. A dreaming story indeed, and scarce worth our harkning unto. But admit we should attempt such an Enterprize, no Evil could befall us, or indanger our lives: And why? Because we have learnt the Noble Science of Fencing, and are so capable of defending our own Persons, that nothing could be more desirable to us, than to meet with such an Enterprize; for we'd soon bereave the Sparks of their Misses and Honour: and on a second thought, some part of your Dream is true; for we were the other night on our Patroul, in chase of such a Prize, but could not light on any to please our Novel Humours.

Christian. We pity your egregious folly, and weep to see your fond Conceit, and hear your Brags; we fear ere long you'll be oblig'd to
discourse

discourse at another rate, and call out for *Pilgrim* and me to Pray for you. But we tell you, it will then be too late, and our Petitions will avail you nothing ; since you'll fall into horrid fits of despair, and dye before the next *Morning* breaks. O now the Tragedy is near, and nothing can prevent, unless you betake your selves to flight, or learn to be Civil in your behaviour : For behold the *Russians*, whom I but now spoke of, are just by ; see ! they are coming in.

Careless. Why so surpris'd, let them once tread the Stage, and then we'll Execute our design, and bereave 'em of their charming *Dalila's*, and drive them off at once. Come here they are, we'll bid em deliver their Charge to our wanton Care.

Pilgrim. There ; now the Swords are drawn, and already sheath'd in your Bowels ; for the blood gusheth out of your open wounds in great abundance, and ye'll soon expire : tell me now, how much better it would have been for you to have taken warning in time, and have gone with *Christian* and me to the House of Devotion, and have prevented all this Mischief ? Now you cry, when we cannot help ; and mourn, when the day of Grace is over, and the Sun of your life is just a setting.

Libertine. O that we had been counselled by you, or at least not seen this melancholick

lick Hour; why ended not we our life in our Mother's Womb, or gave up our Breath before we sinn'd? Then we had not seen the opening of this bloody day, or lain weltring in this miserable state! Is there no hiding our Souls from the all-seeing Eye of Heaven, or shutting them up in a Tabernacle of Oblivion, so as never to be thought on more by *God, Men, or Devils?*

Christian. No, that can't be; they must now roll for ever on the Couch of Pain, and be prest down with Divine Vengeance into the Almighty's Prison, where *Lucifer* Reigns, and his Imps are ever plaguing; where the fewel of the Fire is never exhausted, and the tormenting Flames are never extinguish'd.

Libertine. Strive to stop our bleeding wounds, tho' it be but for a while, that we may linger out some Moments longer, to recite our Follies, and warn others to flee youthful Lusts, that so vigilantly war against the Soul: for now we are convinc'd, that the Almighty fram'd us not after so curious a manner, only to pick up Harlots, Wanton, and dye; but to live as you *Pilgrim* and *Christian* do, who have doubtless made a Covenant with your Eyes to abstain from vain Glances, and unchast Thoughts; from loose Embraces, and tempting Amours; from idle Company, and alluring Objects; to retreat, Cry, and Pray; to Hide, Sigh, and Moan: to Repent, Fast, and Sorrow, and even sometimes refrain from refresh-
ing

ing Pleasures, lawful Recreations, and rational Sports ; to be chearful and not merry ; to smile, but not laugh ; to speak divinely, but not prophanely ; to be conversant, but not too much ; often in Secret, but not in Publick ; fervent in Prayer, and frequent in Devotion.

Christian. How ravishing would these your Discourses have been to your selves and us, if ye had sounded a Retreat from worldly Lusts, and set out for Heaven when we entreated you, for the sake of *Christ*, and the love of your own Souls : But now we take all your Discourses of an Holy Life, to be only extorted from you by the near approach of sudden Death, and the Pangs of a Spirit going to be undone for ever. True : you say, *God* breath'd not into Man his own Breath, and lent him the Organs of life to Riot, Dance, and Play ; but to open the Window that looks into the other World, and take a fair Prospect, by the Eye of Faith, of Heaven and Hell, to see which is the most desirable Place, for the Image of an Infinite Being to Centre in, whiles living here, and for ever hereafter, when time is done. We say, had you thus taken a view by the Eye of a lively Belief, and cast some wishful glances upon the lofty Habitation of Bliss, you would have seen such Joys in the higher Sphere of *God's* Rest, and such Horror in the lower Regions of Pain, that would have been sufficiently
efficacious

efficacious, to have baffled and confronted a Thousand such Temptations as these, if not occasion'd you to have cry'd out, as one did, 'What are all these varnish'd Objects, to those 'I have espy'd above the yonder shining 'Sky? Are they not a Shadow, and less than 'nothing, when compar'd together? If ye had thus said, and done, ye had never seen this bloody and fatal day, or dy'd with such Convictions and convulsive Pangs of Conscience.

Careless. Hast, and shade us, ye hov'ring Clouds, and hide us, as in a dark Night, from the enraged Anger of an incensed Power, so as we may never be seen amidst the Cursed, or endure their Anguish: For how can we think to live in Pain for ten thousand of millions of Ages, who thought it an hard matter to be confin'd for a few days by a slight Indisposition of Body, tho' in a painted Room of State, attended with many Waiters, and a Crowd of visiting Friends? Is the day of Accounts come, and will no Groans atone, no Cryes be heard, or no Tears entreat a Pardon for the base Crimes of a vicious life?

Pilgrim. The time of God's being found is over, and no Complaint will now avail; so that you must be lost without reprieve, since all that I can do for either of you is, to mourn, when I hear your sad Accents; grieve, when you Weep; and lament, that
you

you would not be advis'd, when intreated. Alas! I can now no more assist, help, or aid your intralld Souls in this your bitter Extremity, than an Infant of a span long, or a Babe that is but five days old, who understands and knows nothing of your Grief, and is altogether unacquainted with your inward bleedings: for what can be said, or done for a Man, that has given the chief of his strength to an Harlot, and the flower of his Life to *Satan's* will; and then, when the vigour of Lust is allay'd, and he can be serviceable to *Hell* no longer, out of fear of speedy Punishment, he brings to the Almighty a rotten and putrify'd Carcase, and a Spirit all-over vitiated with sin; which indeed is all such a Man then hath, and which is a Sacrifice *God* abhors.

Libertine. True, but terrible is your Message: Right, but amazing is your Language: Real, but astonishing are your words: And why? Because every Sentence you utter, is as a thousand Arrows wounding our Hearts, and piercing our Consciences. O fools we, to give the first and best of our Desires to Strumpets, and other fading Vanities of life, whose Souls were too great to be fill'd with this World, or satisfied with any of its Enjoyments. O then open ye wide Caverns of the Earth, and ye Heavens, that are beneath the Earth, and let us drop throrow your Bowels, into that Vacuum beneath your Foundation, and under your vast Round, so that we may be for-ever falling down

lower and lower into those strange Regions, where nothing dwells, or any thing lives; and then shut up your open doors, and skreen us from the Torments of the damn'd, and the noise of their Howlings.

Christian. Your Sorrows, Convulsions, and Lamentations, even make my Heart to break, my Soul to moan, my Eyes to weep, and my Bowels to earn; but I can't speak peace to your Souls, or direct you whither to flee out of sight: for should I convey you into a lonesome Desert, and cover you there all over with green Leaves, *God* would hear your breath: should I lay you in my Father's Tomb, and roll a Stone over you, the penetrating Eye of Infinity would see you plain; or should I hide you in an *Hermit's* Cave, and pen you up with a Wall of Rocks, *Devils* would creep in at some Chink or other, and wait for the separation of your Souls from your Bodies, and hurry them away to the Prisons of darkness, whether I wou'd or not: what then would you have me to do for you, or whither shall I go to bring you Hopes?

Careless. Is it so, that we must roll down into a Lake of Flames; let it be into that of a Material Fire, that we may be wasted and consum'd therein: but that we fear will not be granted; for we shall be thrown into a Furnace of Horror and Despair, where our Souls and Bodies will never decay, or diminish, but ever remain overwhelm'd with Confusion
and

and in tortures of Conscience, where *God* will forget to be gracious, and undon Spirits remember to torment us. O now, now, even now we faint, the last drops of our Blood are just a trickling out of our fatal Wounds, and our Souls are on their flight *Hell*-wards, so that now we bid Adieu to a damning World, and an hearty Farewel to travelling *Pilgrim*, and praying *Christian*, whose Faces we shall see no more, unless it be when they stand amidst the Assembly of blessed ones, to assent to our just Punishment, and doom us down to darkness; when we poor unhappy wretches must stand sneaking behind cursed Fiends, and forlorn Nights. Behold, this is the Tragical End of *Careless*, and *Libertine*, and such will be the Catastrophe of every impenitent sinner.

Pilgrim. My flesh trembles, my Joints shake, and I am altogether surrounded with horrible dread, for the unhappiness of those two poor ones: but surely their Fall will arouse others out of the sleepy dreams of Folly, and cause them to purchase Heaven at any rate: for had I as many Kingdoms as I have lived Moments, as many glittering Crowns as there are Stars in Heaven, and as many Golden Scepter's as there are Atoms in the Sun, I would freely relinquish all, and embrace the most inferior condition, rather than run the hazard of committing any one wilful or premeditated sin, or breaking thro' any of *Heaven's* positive Commands.

Christian. I'm so over oppress'd with Sorrow, and overcharg'd with Grief, that I could even deluge the World once again with my penitential Tears, for fear lest I should miscarry, after all my Fighting, Striving, and Praying, Cries, Intreaties and Longings for, and in pursuit of Glory, since it is recorded in the sacred Volume of God's Decree, that the Righteous shall scarcely be sav'd.

Pilgrim. All that is requir'd of you, me, or any other, is to redouble our Diligence, to amend our Pace, and to be always on our Watch-Tower; that is ready to cry out for aid, mercy, and relief, on the first approach of any Temptation towards the Fortrefs of our Souls, either relating to Thought, Word, or Action.

Christian. O but much better would it be, if Death should come, and take us into its cold embraces, now we are prepar'd and full ripe for Joys; and not let us run the risque, of being any more Enchanted with the Enticements of sin: For is not Flesh and Blood weak and liable to offend seven times, if not seventy times seven in a day? Then we might say with joy, O happy season and blessed opportunity, when we have won *Heaven*, tho' it be by sacred Violence, and entred its Gates, tho by a violent Storm, and the force of Faith; for a good thing it is to be above the reach of deluding Snares, and out of the fear of impending Dangers, in a Mansion where there will be no Trembling, no Dread, no Terrors to affright, or painful Aches

Aches to torment, and where we shall have Royal Crowns fixt on our Conquering Heads, and Noble Scepters put into our vanquishing Hands; so as the one will never thenceforth be in Pain, or the other shake with a paralytick fit any more.

Pilgrim. Thy discourses on Glory have so charm'd my Heart, and ravish'd my Soul into such a divine Extasie, and rapturous Transport, that I could even be content to Hunger, Thirst, and Want; to Run, Sweat, and Toil; to undergo trials of Mockings, Scourgings, and Imprisonments; to retreat into Caverns, Dens, and Desarts; to hide in Caves, Holes, and Huts; to Sigh, Weep, and Languish; to Grieve, Cry, and Pine; to be hung on Gibbets, whipt on Posts, and burnt at Stakes; to be impal'd on Spikes, broken on Wheels, and bruis'd in Mortars; to be lanc'd with Spears, boil'd in Oyl, and roll'd in Flames; for as many years, as there are Moments in an hour, so that I could be sure of seeing my sweet Jesus with comfort at last.

Christian. None so happy, as they who are call'd out to suffer, and can bear all Pains with a bravery of Mind and a constancy of Spirit, and say, as one did: *Slash on, my Barbarous Enemies; the more strokes you give me, the patienter I'll bear them; the harder you strike on my bare Back, so much the louder shall be my Hymns of Praise; and the more melted pitch you drop into my gaping Wounds, the oftner I'll cry out, Hallelujah*

lelujah pour in, Hallelujah spare not, Hallelujah, it is all as precious Oyntment to cure a Soul that has sinn'd.

Pilgrim. Strange is the courage and constancy of Soul, that many Christians have shewn in the midst of unexpressible Tortures, and cruel Sufferings! and what should be the Efficient Cause of so much meekness, calmness, and constancy of Spirit, but a stedfast Faith, and a promis'd Reward; without which they could never have fail'd, as it were, through deep Seas of blood, as if it had been only over a still Stream, or a pleasant Brook?

Christian. I hope it will not be lookt on as a strange kind of Doctrine, if I give it in, as my Opinion, That many of those Noble Martyrs, who dy'd for a Righteous Cause, felt no more Pain, when they were bruis'd and wounded, than I do at this instant of time: As witness *Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; Laynam* the Martyr, *Bishop Ferrara*, and *John Jones*, with many others, whose names stand recorded in Sacred Writ and the Book of Martyrs; so that I look upon such Men to have endur'd no more Pain, than if they only had suffer'd in Effigie: why then should any *Christian*, who is on his march to Glory, and designs to win *Christ*, cost him what ever it will, dread, when the wicked threaten, faint, when Sentence is pass'd, and recant, when they see the Fire kindled; since they know not, but that Hour may be the most pleasant part of their whole

whole Life, if not exceed that of an Earthly Prince's Coronation-day ?

Pilgrim. Where all is right within, there can be no flinching backwards without; since a good Man always keeps on his way, let what will come, and travels through all the Defiles, Dangers, and Difficulties: Not but that his Face may turn pale, his Heart ache, and his Body shrink back for a while; but he fails not to gain courage, and goes into the Furnace, that he may be try'd as Gold when it is refin'd: so that I only compare such Recoylings, when Death-Tortures, and their Murderers look 'em in the Countenance, to what is done by a Man that is resolv'd to leap over a Trench, Ditch, or Brook; he makes some Motions backwards and forwards, before he takes his last Run and final Leap, which carries him to the other side.

Pilgrim. Hark, hark! I hear *Formalist* and *Informer* whispering privately together; I fear there is some design of Persecution in hand against tender Consciences: O that there may be nothing in it! Not that I dread what Men or *Devils* can do to me; for should they rattle me of my goods to day, God will give me Patience or send me more to Morrow; since he has said, *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, nor shall thy Seed ever beg their Bread*: But my great concern is for the Peace, and Tranquillity of my Native Country, which I love as a Man loves his own Soul; and the

black Apprehensions I have, that many Professors will chuse rather to act against Conscience, than to be plunder'd of their Houses, and Lands; which by no means should be done, even tho' by so doing they deny not the Faith.

Christian. What Frenzy is this that makes thee talk at such a Rate, and what means thy running into this strange kind of Suspicions? For is not all quiet and still? The Established Church of *England* is fixt upon such firm Foundations, that even the malice of Hell, and wicked Doers, cannot batter it down, or make it totter. The *Queen* has sign'd to maintain the Presbyterial Government of the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and given her Princely Promise to allow Liberty of Conscience at home: and as for the Princess *Sophia*, and all her Heirs, which are to mount the Throne after her Majesty's Decease, they are Princes of healing Spirits, lovers of Unity, and Concord among Protestants of every Perswasion. The greatest part of the Bishops and Clergy, with above two Thirds of their Auditors, are known to be Persons of the same Divine Temper of Mind and Will, as to their Moderation towards their Dissenting Brethren: so then what Disaster can betide us? Come, be perswaded, and resume thy former Reason, and talk no more of any Designs to interrupt our Liberties, or disturb the tranquillity of Christ's Flock.

Pilgrim. Be not so dark-sighted, but see the
gathering

gathering Clouds, that wicked Men are raising over our heads: I tell thee my talk is not idle Chat, or as a sleepy Dream, but real and true, as will abundantly appear anon: For it is well-known by many, that there have been Designs of Persecution on the Anvil ever since Great *William* dy'd. Stay but a while, and you'll see the Persons, whom I but now nam'd mount the Stage, appearing in all their natural Colours, and declaring the real Intentions of their Minds.

Christian. I hope there are now no such inveterate Spirits, and Ruiners of themselves and others: if there be, I wish they were banish'd their native Soil, so as they never might return; since it is evident, that they have been the source of all our Wars, Ruins, and Miseries; and if infinite Goodness had not stept in and sav'd us, they had long ere now imbroil'd us in Civil Wars, involving us in Blood-shed and sad Distractions; and we had been cutting each others Throats, while the French Tyrant's Troops had entred our wide Breaches, and cut us off Root and Branch; for that, and none other, was and is the design of such Men, be their Pretensions what they will: I except neither Parties, but say, that they were as vile Villains, and of no Religion, that took away the Church Lands, murdered some of our Bishops, flung many of our Clergy into Goals, and rifled abundance of our Commonalty of most or all their Possessions; as they, who
in

in the late Persecution of King *Charles* the Second's Reign, run poor dissenting Ministers into Prison, shut up their places of Divine Worship, and robb'd their Auditors of their Inheritance.

Christian. But till I hear and see them, of whom you are now afraid, I'll be no less incredulous than *Thomas* the Disciple, and will not believe that there are any such Caterpillars now living on God's Earth, unless they are some Monks and Fryars drest up in Masquerade; for sure I am, true Protestants they are none. Should I be so Curious, as to take one hundred of these Persons, that persecuted the Protestant Dissenters in King *Charles* the 2^d's Reign, and the like number of them, which Persecuted the People of the Establish'd Church of *England* in *Oliver*'s time, and examine them thoroughly; not one of either Party would appear worth the name of a Christian, or the one e're a whit better than the other: But as they were Devils, and Enemies to God and Goodness in their outward Actions, even so they would be found also in the inward Man. Were I admitted freely to deliver my Sentiments on this Head, this I would say, That I had, and ever shall have, more Charity for Murderers, Calumniators, Robbers, Adulterers, Swearers, and Revilers, than for the Persecutors of any Sect, or Party whatsoever; especially if they are such as own the sound Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of *England*,

land, or are for Presbytery, or are Independants: And why? Because they are Murderers of the Soul, as well as of the Body; Soul-accusers, as well as Body-accusers; Soul-robbers, as well as Bodily-robbers; Soul-drinkers, as well as Bodily-drinkers; Soul-adulterers, as well as Bodily-adulterers; Soul-swearers, as well as Bodily-swearers; Soul-revilers, as well as Bodily-revilers.

Pilgrim. Shall I call them in?

Christian. Yes; I should be willing to see their Physiognomy, that I may shun their Conversation, and expose 'em to Shame and Contempt, by marking their Fore-heads, and registering their Names in the black Calendar of Ignominy and Reproach.

Appear Formalist, and Informer.

Formalist. **B**Low the Trumpet, sound the Organ, and tune the Harp, for *William* the Treacherous, *William* the Usurper, *William* the Tyrant is dead, and gone down to the Chambers of Death. O then come, and let us sing with a merry Noise, and drink our full Bowls of cheering Wine, because he that Dethron'd our Dread Sovereign *James*, the Son of a Martyr, is laid in the Bed of Oblivion, and shall never more be remember'd amongst the living. Therefore sing aloud for joy, because now is the time to pull down all the Phanatick Tribes of Schismatics from the eminent

ment Posts, to which, through the Indulgence of the former Usurpation, they were advanc'd, and to set up our Companions in their stead, that we may revenge our former Wrongs, by turning the face of Publick Affairs topsie turvy.

Informers. Sure I am, unhappy day was that to me, and all others of my Occupation, when *William Henry* of *Nassau*, the Usurper, ascend'd the Throne, and Proclaim'd his Will of Indulgence to all Sectarists, Parties, and Opinions in Religion: since that time we have all lain under the scandal of Ignominy, Shame, and Disgrace, and been reduc'd to many Straits, Wants, and Necessities: seeing to Work was a thing no wise suiting our Genius; to Steal was liable to Punishments, which also we could not with patience endure; and to Beg was a degree below our Honour, which we could not away with: for no Art, Calling, or Employ, fitted our humours, tempers, and persons better, than informing against Professors, with a Commission from Court, Prince, and Council, to protect us in our Informations, Rissings, and Robberies, of all that refuse to run into the same excess of Villany, Perjury, and Falshood, with our selves.

Formalist. Cheer up; it can't be long e're you and your followers will be re-install'd and flourish in that Post, when you may at your will hale the Whiggish Tribe away to Prison, demolish their Meeting-Places, and disperse

ſperſe their Conventicles, and enjoy their Eſtates; for behold their Poſſeſſions are very great.

Informers. Could we but come into Repute once more, we would make ſuch good uſe of our time, as to purchaſe more in one Year, than we formerly did in three or four: for we would be ſo induſtrious in our Calling, ſo laborious and vigilant in our Buſineſs, that if any of the wealthieſt of them did but attempt to paſs by the door of their Sanctuaries, or offer to peep in thereat, we would prove upon Oath, that they were at a Meeting on ſuch a day, hour and minute, and ſo increaſe our Revenues ſo much the more: we would alſo add to their number, thoſe that we call Trimmers and moderate Church-men, and be rather more ſevere towards them, than the former; ſince if it had not been for ſuch Moderators in Religion as they, we had been call'd to our work of Perſecution long ere now.

Pilgrim. I hear you, O ye curſed Imps, ye Vipers in Devil's ſhapes, and ye greater finners, than thoſe on whom the Tower of *Siloam* fell. Tremble and fear ye wicked ones, leſt the Earth open her Mouth, and ſwallow you all down quick into her hollow Caverns: Be amaz'd, I ſay, and wonder, that ye are not ſtruck down dead, and damn'd: For behold, ye are Rebels to the moſt high God, Traitors to the Prince that was ſent to ſave you, and Promoters of Po-
pery,

pery, Slavery, and an Arbitrary Power. I ask
 you not what Party, Sect, or Body of Christi-
 ans ye pretend to be joyn'd unto, since ye are
 only a scandal to any Religious Society what-
 soever: For let me tell you, a *Turk*, a *Jew*, or
 a *Heathen*, has more Morality, and is more o-
 bedient to the Dictates of Justice and Equity,
 implanted in their Minds by the light of Na-
 ture, than any of you. O ye Spawn of the
 Devil, ye abhor'd of the Almighty, and ye
 Companions of Hell! For are not you as it
 were moulded and made up of Hypocrisie, and
 drest in the loose Garments of Forms, Cere-
 monies, and vile Abominations? I had almost
 said, that even the fall'n Angels, which are
 now accompanying and assisting the Grand
 Tyrant *Lucifer* in the Lower Regions of Per-
 secution, and have so done for many Thou-
 sands of Years, have more humanity, mercy,
 and goodness for their Brethren the damn'd,
 than any of you have for good and Righteous
 Men. And why? Because your aim, design,
 and intention, is at the Dethroning your Right
 and Lawful Sovereign *Anne*, the Subversion of
 our Settlement, and the setting up of a *Popish*
Bastard upon the Imperial Throne of *Britain*;
 nay, ye are all so egregiously vile, barbarous,
 and cruel, that could you but execute your
 Spleen, Malice, and Revenge against the poor
 Protestant Dissenters, ye car'd not if the Streets
 of our Cities, Towns, and Villages, run down
 with

with Seas, Rivers, and Brooks of Blood; and this cry were heard from the good Wives of every House; *My Princess, my Liberty, and my Country are destroy'd; my Husband, my Father, and my Son are Slain; my Daughter is raviſh'd, my Neighbour is ruin'd, and I am undone*: Nay, your passions are ſo violently hot, and flamingly outrageous againſt every tender Conſcience, that your Blood even boils with Revenge, your Reason is overcome with Barbarity, and your Tongues are hisſing with Spleen, as ſo many venomous Serpents, becauſe your ſtings are taken away.

Chriſtian. Now I ſee what they have cloſely aim'd at; and behold, what a ſtate of Confuſion we had all been in ere this day, if they had not been twice baffled by the defeat of two of their principal Deſigns; once by her Majeſty's granting a Liberty to every Profeſſor, to ſerve the Father of Mercies, as their Conſcience directs: and a ſecond time by the Lords and Commons, their throwing out the Bill for preventing Occaſional Conformity.

Pilgrim. Had that paſt the Royal Aſſent, it would have run them into ſuch an extaſie of Rejoicing, or rather Madneſs, that they would have been for drawing up, and preſenting another, of much worſe Conſequence, and which, I fear, would have made it an eaſie matter to have introduc'd *Lewis* the XIVth. with his trump'd up Prince, without any great charge, coſt, or pains, to have invaded our Kingdoms,
maſſacred

massacred our Persons, and set up his Idolatrous Worship, since we should have done, among our selves, the greatest part of the work ready to his hands, by our falling out into intestine Broils, and destroying each other, as the Jewish Nation did in the days of *Titus Vespasian*.

Formalist. I speak not to thee, *Pilgrim*, but to thee, *Christian*, to answer me these two pertinent Questions, and then I'll refute you by your own Writings, Words, and Expressions. The first is, What Community you are a Member of? The second, What is your Faith concerning the Holy Trinity?

Christian. As to your first Question, I answer, That I am a genuine Son of one of the best Establish'd, Govern'd, and Disciplin'd Churches in the whole World, which is that of *England*, as it is now Establish'd by good and wholesome Laws: And as to the second, I reply, My Faith is comprehended in the first Article of that most holy, pure, and unspotted Church, which is to confess, that *There is but One living and true God everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite Power, Wisdom, and Goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things, both visible and invisible; and in Unity of this God-head there be three Persons of one Substance, Power, and Eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.*

Formalist. Now I have you under the Hatches, and will expose all such pretenders to that Church,

Church as you are, to Scorn, Hatred, and Contempt, even from *Dan* to *Beersheba* ; since it is now proved and attested, even by all, that you are the Author of that Book, Entituled, *Meditations of a Divine Soul*: wherein are contain'd many Heads unbecoming a Member of that spotless Communion of Christians: for therein you strenuously maintain, that he is not a Schismatick that deserts its Communion, and pays not Obedience to its Laws, Rules and Constitutions: In a word, it is a Work wherein are contain'd such pernicious Notions, as are able, if reduc'd to practice, even to overthrow the Government of any Establish'd Church or People whatsoever, and set up Faction in every Kingdom, Nation, and Country: And for the making out of this my Assertion, I shall here take leave to prove it from the Writings of several Divines of that Church, That whosoever Dissents, Absconds, or Refuses to enter her Doors, hear her Word, or receive her Sacraments, is guilty of Schism, and that Schism is a damnable sin.

Christian. I own my self the Pen-Man of that Divine Tract, and bless the day when I thought of Composing a Discourse, that might allay our Heats, Differences, and Dissentions, and make us all a people of Love, Peace, and Unity ; and indeed, here I have again in this Volume strove to redouble my Diligence for the finishing of so great a Work, as that of Unity. Therefore be not deluded, I fear not thy

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Charge,

Charge, Threats, or Censures, yea, or the railing Calumnies of any of thy Tory Tribe; nor are you able to make it appear, that I in all my Essays, which are now extant, either in one Sentence, Word, or Article, err'd, vary'd from, or strove to undermine the Foundation, Doctrine, or Principles of the Church of *England*: No; far be such a Thought, Meaning, and Design from me: not but that I did, and still do affirm with a boldness of Spirit, that none of all her Admirers, Hearers, and Teachers, or any other person whatsoever, can make it appear to me from holy Writ, or otherwise, that Righteous men are guilty of Schism, of which I know there are many among the Dissenters: for tho' they come not within those places set a part for the Religious Meetings of those of the Church of *England*, yet do they not absent themselves from the House of God, but are constant frequenters of publick Worship, and serve the Almighty in all his own Institutions, without exceptions; to wit, Prayer, Weeping and Fasting, Hearing, Meditating, and Instructing; so that I say, instead of a duty, 'tis a sin, to accuse those of the black Crime of Schism, which stand between God and us, to ward off his Wrath from pouring in upon us, and to prevent his tumbling us into ruine, for not loving them and others our Christian Brethren. Therefore if thou, or any other can defend this point with Judgment and Discretion, and justifie
your

your laying Schism at the Doors of good men, only because they come not to Church, I'll freely own my mistake, burn my Works, and be for damning all but mine own Party, as you and many others are.

Formalist. I'll now convince the World, that you are no more a Member of the Church you pretend to, than he that never heard of its name, or own'd its Doctrine. What! thou vain-glorious Boaster, dost thou pretend to know more than many of her Learned Bishops, and excellent Divines? For it is their Opinion, that Schism is a most unpardonable sin, and that all that refuse to come to Church are Schismatics, and to be lost for ever. But now for the exposing your Confidence, Ignorance, and Non-knowledge of things, I shall recite the express words of that excellent and worthy Minister, *Thomas Bennet*, A. M. Rector of *St. James's* in *Colchester*, and Fellow of *St. John's* College in *Cambridge*, who says, *That whosoever Dissents from the Communion of the Church of England, is guilty of Schism; and that Schism is as damnable a sin as Adultery, or Murder.*

Christian. Proceed no further in reciting such strange kind of Doctrine, since it is as far from what Christ, his Apostles, or the Primitive Christians ever taught, as the Stars are from the Clouds, or the Moon is from the Earth; neither do I believe, that there are ten Students in both our Seminaries of Learning,

I mean the two Universities, that would joyn with that Gentleman in Opinion: yea the very reciting of the words, even fills my Soul with Astonishment, and carries me into Admiration, to think that any Person professing Godliness, should run so far beyond himself, and the bounds of Reason, as to be so uncharitable, to damn Millions and Millions of Spirits at one Sentence: for according to his Calculation, all the Dissenting Preachers, with their whole Congregations, that ever liv'd and dy'd since the Church of *England* was Establish'd by Law, which is one hundred and fifty Years ago, are now howling, weeping, and mourning for ever, in the boundless Ocean of an endless Eternity. Good God! what would not all their Prayers, Tears, Sighs and Groans, Fastings, Weepings and Repentings for all other sins, atone for the absenting from the Church of *England*? These are such Sentences, as make my heart to bleed for the Person that first gave them air, and suffer'd them to be publish'd in any Language, Book or Page. Why was not that Hand seiz'd with a fit of the Palsie, that Pen torn to pieces, that Paper reduc'd to Ashes sometime before these Lines were Compos'd, Finish'd, or Corrected?

Formalist. Say what you will, many besides my self admire him for that Assertion, and are united to his Judgment; and so much the rather, because the Right Reverend Father in God Bishop Sparrow, in his *Rationale* upon the
Book

Book of Common Prayer of the Church of *England*, in the eighth Page of that Volume tells you, that 'The Prayers ordain'd by the 'Church, are the only True and Right publick Worship, and all other Forms and Methods 'offer'd up instead of that, tho' never so exactly drawn, are strange Worship; because not 'commanded by the Church: meaning that of *England*.

Christian. Unaccountable to me are such kind of Expressions, and the Reasons thereof past my finding out; yea 'tis impossible they should be defended, justify'd, or vindicated by their Authors, tho' never so great, learned, or wise: For can it be reasonably thought, that all the Petitions, Supplications, and Prayers, that are sent up to the Throne of Grace, as a Morning, Noon, and Evening Sacrifice in the Houses of God, which are not composed, suited, or fitted, according to the Common Prayer, and by the Authority of the Church of *England*, are Idolatry? And what is Meant by the word strange Worship, but Services that misinterpret the true intent and meaning of Holy Writ? which must be either the denying the Essence of God, the Power of *Christ*, or the Coming of the Holy Ghost; which sure I am neither the Presbyterians, Independants, nor Anabaptists do, in any of their Ways of Prayer: and I do here with Authority from the Almighty

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mighty avouch it, that they are such as he Hears, Answers, and Accepts, if the Scripture be true, provided they are poured out from a sincere Heart, humble Spirit, and real Intention of Mind: For indeed without these all Prayers, tho' penn'd by *God* himself, and appointed to be said by the consent of every Member of his Universal Church, and so worthy of all recommendation, are but as Water spill'd on the Ground, and are of no more Avail to the Parties which write, or recite 'em o're, than as many vain babblings.

Formalist. Tell me then, what Schism is, since according to your Arguments, there is no such Sin, and so the Dissenters are acquitted of that Scandal.

Christian. God forbid, but that I allow, that there is such a Sin as Schism, and that all Schism is damnable without a real Contrition, and sparing Goodness: but some Schism is much more foul and hainous than others; and that which is the worst sort of Schism, I wish it is not one day adjudg'd by *God* to be the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is not to be pardon'd in this Life, or to be forgiven in the Life to come. But the main Query will be, what Schism is, and who are the greatest Schismatics? They that only dissent from the Church of *England*, out of Simplicity, and a tender Conscience; or those that break the positive Laws of Heaven by a vicious course of living, and fomenting Misunderstandings

understandings between the Members of *Christ's* Holy, Catholick, or Universal Church, which is the one only true Church of *God*: For I affirm, as I am a Christian, there is none other in any habitable part of this Universal Orb, -and of which I am sure all good Men are true Members, and no other Person or Persons whatsoever.

Formalist. You mightily startle me now; I never heard Schism described at this rate before; no doubt but you'll speedily be answer'd, and confuted with a witness: And indeed if you are not, then all those Volumes that treat of Schism, giving unto this Word a quite different Interpretation, may well be look'd on as rude, false, and ridiculous, and the Authors thereof be derided, buffoon'd, and sham'd; yea the Dissenters will think themselves not capable of making you a sufficient Recompence, for your wiping off such a dark stain, that has so long stuck on the skirts of their Garments, and which has hitherto rendred them odious in the Eyes of the Multitude. But proceed.

Christian. I doubt not, but to give all those Writers such a home Blow, as that they shall not attempt to make the least Reply, or name Schism in any of their ensuing Works; and not only so, but to bring even the most rigid of 'em to join with me in Opinion, Sentiments, and Judgment, in all and every my

unanswerable Arguments; but more especially in this one following Consideration, which is, That all Persons, who approve of the Doctrine, Rites, Ceremonies, and Discipline of the Church of *England* as by Law Establish'd, join its Communion, and act not contrary to the dictates of their own Consciences, and known Principles, in so much as presuming to resort to any other particular Society, or Body of Christians, especially Considering, that the Church of *England* now flourishes as it were in its Meridian Splendor, and all considerable Posts of Honour, Profits, and Advantages, that fall either in Church or State, Civil or Military, are given to its Followers or Professors, and to no other Sectarist or Party whatsoever.

Formalist. Pray, go on.

Christian. My foregoing Assertion altogether agreeable to Truth, I shall prove by the Word of *God*, that those Persons whose Consciences cannot be brought to comply with the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of *England*, are no Schismatics, nor ought to be charg'd with that Offence; but on the contrary would hazard their Eternal Salvation, if they should altogether conform their Practice thereunto, notwithstanding the Laws of their Country, and the Commands of their Prince, and their own Interest calling 'em to't, and the Soundness and Orthodoxy of the Doctrine of that Church. No, No: I positively

tively affirm, that no human Commands can, or ought to Govern any one's Conscience in points of Religion, or Forms of Worship; but only what is positively set down in holy Writ, word by word. Which will more irrefragably appear, if we Examine *Rom. 14.* 14. *I know, saith the Apostle, and am perswaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of it self; but to him, that esteems any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean: And in ver. 23. of the same Chapter, saith that Apostle, And he that doubteth is damn'd if he eat, because he eateth not of Faith; for whatsoever is not of Faith is Sin. And in ver. 3. Let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not, judge him that eateth, for God hath received him. And in ver. 5. One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike. Let every Man be perswaded in his own Mind. And most of the Chapter runs in this same strain of Expressions, to which I refer my Reader. If these be the words of the Holy Ghost, as they really are, what an horrid load of Guilt have many Men contracted of late Years, in charging the sin of Schism upon many Members of the true Church of God. I dare not condemn one Party more than another, because I am sensible most Perswasions among us have been apt to lay this sin at the door of all Communities, that would not comply with their Humours in every particular Nicety*

cety, Way, and Manner of Worship: As for instance, the Church of *Rome* accuses the Church of *England* of Schism, for dissenting from their Idolatrous way of Worship; the Church of *England* imputes the guilt of Schism to all that joyn not with her Communion, and use not her Forms of Prayer; the Presbyterian Church of *Scotland* pleads, that the Episcopal Ministers and their followers in that Kingdom, are chargeable with Schism, for not joyning with them in laying aside all Ceremonies: and thus I might specify many more of the like nature; but these three shall suffice for the whole.

Formalist. I'll suspend my Reply, till I have trac'd you a little further.

Christian. Then I shall lay down these two Heads, and prove them in their order. First, *That there is but one true Church.* Secondly, *I shall declare what Schism is.*

Formalist. These Articles will be very informing, if they be but sufficiently explain'd and confirm'd.

Christian. I begin with the first which is to shew, that *There is but one only true Church of God.* And since there lyes so much stress on the proving this one particular Point, for the gaining my designed End, and making a clear Introduction to prove the other; as also for altogether refuting those Persons, that are Guilty of charging others with the sin of Schism, when it is evident
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to every one that peruses their Writings, that they know not what Schism is, especially Bishop Sparrow, and Mr. Bennet, I shall recite the first part of the 19th Article of the Church of England, for putting to silence those Gentlemen, which runs thus, *The Visible Church of Christ is a Congregation of Faithful Men, in the which the pure Word of God is Preached, and the Sacraments duly administred, according to Christ's Ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.* Mark well the Words and Meaning of the Composers and Penmen of this Article: they tell you not, that the Church of Christ is to be vulgarly understood, and taken to be a few stately Cathedrals, and large Abby-Churches, adorn'd with high Roofs, fine Paintings, and carved Seats, ecchoing back the melodious Sounds, Tunes, and Hymns of Piping Organs, singing Men, and singing Boys; nor the other many magnificent Structures, and consecrated Buildings commonly call'd Churches; nor great Crowds and Throngs of People gathered together, to hear the Common Prayer read, pray'd, or expounded: neither do they say, that the Laws of the Land, the Authority of the twenty six Bishops, or that of any other Person or Power, can make the Professors of the Rites and Ceremonies of that Church, only Members of Christ's Church, to the Exclusion of all others: but they declare to the World, before God, Angels, and

Men,

Men, that the Stones, Materials, and Pillars of the Church of God are all and only the Faithful and good Men, disperst over the whole World, having one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, joyned and compacted together into one Body. by the Unity of that Spirit which is diffused over all the Members, of which this House of the living God, this Building not made with hands is constituted: so that from their own Words and Expressions, it abundantly appears, that let any Person or Persons pray by a Form or without; be of what Party, Opinion, or Persuasion they will in lesser points, it matters not, so that they do but preach and hear the Word of God as it is in the purity of Truth, administer the Sacraments of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord in all things as God requires, and which are necessarily required thereunto.

Formalist. I thought that the 19th Article of the Church of *England* had neither on the one hand so much restrain'd, nor on the other so far extended the Limits of the Church as I now find it does: for as it absolutely excludes all bad Persons from her Communion, be they who they will, and admits none into her own bosom, or that of the Church of God, but such as are truly Righteous, Holy, and Good, (*i. e.*) they which serve their God in purity of Life, soundness of Doctrine, and sanctity of Conversation; so all such as these last, that are in all the Universe,

verse, are plainly thereby included within its Rails.

Christian. Then, Secondly, I'll tell you *what Schism is*. Schism may be taken for, and is comprehended in any one, or in all of these following particulars; a Desertion, or Departing from the Church of God; Living an unholy and a scandalous life; Slighting the Precepts; and Rules of the Gospel Running into Errors and Idolatrous Opinions; Denying the Divinity of Christ, and the Articles of the Christian Faith; Want of Love and Charity to Brethren, and making Breaches and Dissentions among the people of God, about things Indifferent and no wise relating to Salvation.

Formalist. If all these Heads are to be accounted Schism, I fear there will be some of the Members of the Church of *England* found to be Schismatics, and to depart from the true Church of God, as well as those of any other Perswasion, that dissent from her Constitution.

Christian. Doubtless there will be as many if not more.

Formalist. But who say you are the greatest Schismatics, of those you have now nam'd?

Christian. They that have disturb'd the Church of God most, by branding all Parties with Schism, but their own; and damning all the World, but themselves: for as for my
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part, I had much rather for a while see the Sun turn'd by an Eclipse into Darkness, the Moon lose her Light, and the Stars veil'd over with thickning Clouds, than to see, read, or hear any Person, either by actions, words or works, branding others with Schism, because they conform'd not themselves unto their Humour, in their exact Modes, Gestures and Motions of Body, in the performing of their Devotion to the Almighty. Good God! what is it to me or any Man living, how another Person serves his Redeemer, so that his Intensions are real, hearty, and sincere, which none but himself can tell, altho' his outward Deportment be altogether as unseemly, as the vain-glorious and stiff-necked Quaker.

Formalist. Now I find you run into Extreame of passion, and know not what you say: since it is evident from Reason, that Adultery, and denying the second Person in the Blessed Trinity, are much more hainous offences against an Infinite Being, than that of those who only charge a Party or Parties with Schism, for Non-compliance with things indifferent, or not coming to Church.

Christian. Be thy opinion what it will, I tell thee no: The worshiping of Images and Deism is nothing near so hainous in the view of Heaven, or so prejudicial to the People of God: And why? Because the former may be said only to mischieve and undo their
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own Souls, not those of others ; seeing they are as a Weathercock on a Steeple, or a Beacon upon a Rock or Shelve, and shun'd even by every person professing Righteousness : but the latter creeping into Societies, and Congregations of Christian Professors, with an outward appearance of Sanctity, Integrity, and Purity of Spirit, sily, falsely, and maliciously insinuate, and infuse into the minds even of the best of Christians, that whosoever Dissents from their particular way of Praying, Hearing, Bowing, and Kneeling, are strangers to God, Virtue, and Goodness, and will be utterly lost for ever ; which raises such uncharitable Censures in the whole Body of Communicants, that they are set as it were all in a Rage against every other Sect and Community, that differs from them, in any of the least Forms, Ceremonies, or Fashions of Worship. And thus all Christian Parties enter into an open War of malignant hatred against each other, which, with respect to the Catholick Church, may be term'd a Civil War within its Bowels ; whereby instead of bending their separate and joint Forces against the Common Enemies of God and their Salvation, the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, they are mutually rending and tearing one another to pieces, raising Calumnies and Defamations, and Strifes about trifles, to the neglect of the most necessary and Fundamental Duties of Christianity ;

ty; whereas, if such men had but unmask'd and appear'd in their natural Dress as the former, and been so kind as to have told the World, that they were Creatures and Emissaries of *France*, and that all the noise and stir they made about Schism, was only to divert people from all that was good and praise worthy, and turn Christ's Reveal'd Religion into Confusions, Quarrels, and Contentions, that their Nation might become a Prey to the destroying Adversary, as indeed their Intentions are nothing else: I say, if they had thus unmask'd themselves, they would have been shun'd and avoided by all good men, as Unbelievers, Robbers, and Murderers; for sure I am, their own Conscience tells them this Charge is true, that I have presented against them.

Farmalift. If they are as you have drawn them out, they are no better than Tygers, Bears, and Wolves, who instead of preserving the Church, and maintaining all things in the regular order of Peace, Love, and Unity, have barbarously destroy'd and turn'd all into a Scene of Confusion.

Christian. You may lay this down, as an undoubted Maxim, that whosoever is for applauding their own Party, Opinion, and Manner of Worship, as the only right and true way, by which a Man can be saved, and damning all the World besides, their Church has some mighty

mighty Defect or other in it, or they have a design to undermine it, and represent it as bad; since a good Cause wants no Praises, nor are pious people Censurers of the weakneses and miscarriages of others, but believe that some out of all Opinions will be saved. And after all their Noise, Tumults, and Commotions, with their Marking Men with the frightful Brands of Schism, and Schismatics, there is but one Universal Congregation of Christians throughout the whole World, and not one of them can be guilty of such a Sin; since they live agreeable in all things to the known Statutes of Heaven, and the Will of Jesus; neither do they ever fall out in disputing about things indifferent: No, no; they prudently consider that their Abode on earth is short enough, wherein to accomplish the important business of their Salvation, without running into needless Disputes, how a Man must adjust his Prayer exactly to such a Form of Words; or when he must kneel, sit, stand or bow: No; they leave such Laws, Rules and Customs, to be Enacted, Pass'd, and Sign'd, within every Person's own Breast, as his Conscience thinks most meet for God's Glory, and his own Comfort. These are the Proceedings of such as belong to Christ's Church, and whosoever are out of this Community, and Body of Christians; are Enemies to God, Betrayers of his Laws, and Strangers to the Commonwealth of *Israel*, be they Preachers, Hearers, or Communicants of

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the Church of *England*, or any other Society of Christians whatsoever.

Formal. There is one Difficulty still unanswer'd, and which in my opinion cannot be dissolv'd by you or any other, tho' never so refin'd and gifted in defending Arguments, answering Questions, and removing Doubts, and it is this, You say the Doctrines, Prayers, and Articles of the Church of *England*, as now by Law establish'd, are in all things agreeable to holy Writ, sound Reason, and good Sense, and not in the least Superstitious: If so, then why do not Dissenters tread her Courts, hear her Word, and espouse her Communion, but thus keep away as folk affrighted?

Christian. The answer is easily made. That which I allow of, another may not approve, altho' we may both agree in every material Point, relating to our Faith, Sanctity, and other Fundamentals, that which all true Christians do, tho' never so rigid Dissenters: but that which acquits them of the charge and sin of making a Breach or Schism in her borders is this; The Common-Prayer was composed, her Rites and Ceremonies were ordain'd, and brought in, and allow'd of by Act of Parliament in the fifth and sixth Years of King *Edward* the Sixth's Reign, which was 1552 Years after the birth of Christ; and it must be own'd, that in all Cases, where any Alterations or Additions are made, tho' never so advantageous to the publick, yet some are not so penetrating as to see it, but remain

main unsatisfy'd in the matter, and are of the opinion that such Changes are rather ruining than advantageous, tho' at the same time these Persons may be no less well-wishers to the general interest, than any others.

Formalist. This is indeed very considerable, and carries much strength of Reason along with it, pray proceed.

Christian. But when there is any thing added or diminish'd in matters pertaining to Religion, and Divine Worship, tho' never so well-design'd, and perhaps if examin'd, agreeable to Holy Writ, and pleasing to many Pious and Learned men, yet it has been generally observ'd, that abundance of holy and good meaning Christians have been startled and affrighted at it, and have express'd themselves after some such manner as this: 'What need of any change
'of Words, new Forms, or gestures of Body in
'the performance of our Duty? Let every thing
'be as before, lest it weaken our Faith in our
'passage to glory. For doubtless had Christ
'thought any of all this necessary to Salvation,
'he would have left such a Commandment in
'his Word, e're he ascended to Heaven: There-
'fore we refuse out of a tender Conscience, and
'Fear of offending a dear Redeemer, to pay obe-
'dience thereunto, resolving to worship the
'Almighty as formerly. True, there may be no
'harm in it, but we have Apprehensions there
'is; and the rather, because it is recorded, *Re-*
'*velations* 22. 18, 19. *For I testifie unto eve-*

‘ry man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this Book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add to him the plagues that are written in this Book. And if any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this Prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the Book of life, and out of the holy City, and from the things which are written in this Book.

Formalist. I never heard sounder Arguments and better Reasons produc’d on this Head, than you now give.

Christian. Thus the case stands between the Church of *England* and the Protestant Dissenters: The former civilly calls the latter to come and joyn with them in these their new composed Services; the latter modestly excuse themselves, and profess, that there is a Scruple of fear and tenderness, that lyes hovering over their Consciences, which hinders them from wearing a Surplice, bowing to the Altar, and Picturing out *Moses* and *Aaron* over their Communion Table; ‘Peradventure, say they, ‘you think it is out of prejudice to your Persons; God is our Record, it is not. Pardon us, we cannot comply with you; if we do, we Sin, and wrong our own Souls, so long as any Doubts remain on our Spirits.

Formalist. Your Reasonings are attended with so much Candor, Equity, and Right, that I am as dumb, and not capable to make any Reply; neither do I think it can be done by
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any of the boldest Wits of the *English* Nation. Go on, I am very desirous to hear more of your convincing Arguments, before we bid each other a Farewel.

Christian. Then for the winning you over more and more to Moderation in Religion, I'll deliver to you a Similitude. Supposing two Men are looking on the Glorious Body of the Sun thorow a Telescope, whereof the one says he sees many Spots therein, the other alledges he beholds none; doth it follow, that he who can't discern any Freckles, or Blemish in that Beautiful Face, should fall out and quarrel with the other, and therefore revile and reproach him, because he says there is, and will not be perswaded to the contrary? For admit there is, or is not, 'tis not an half-penny matter, because it shines Bright enough to Light 'em both through the winding Labyrinths of this World, and bring them to their Journey's End the Grave, which is sufficient for them.

Formalist. I am ravish'd with your forcible Truths, and reasonable Sentences; I entreat you apply your Comparison, since sure it must be Fine and Pertinent to the purpose in hand.

Christian. Even so the Case stands between me and a Dissenter: I behold no Errors in the Church of *England*, but greatly approve of all her Modes, Forms, Rites and Ceremonies,

and am so taken with her excellent Rules and manner of Government, that I would not separate from her Communion for an Heap, or an House full of Gold: But he thinks, there are some small remains of Superstition in her Ways of Worship, and says, that some part of her Letany is taken out of the Popish Mass-Book, and so he can't by any means joyn with me in her Service, till these things which are his stumbling blocks are remov'd. Does it argue, because of his Folly, or Mistaking things, that I must be so uncharitable, as to strip my self of Christianity, and bring a scandal on my Church, by running up to his Throat, and telling him he's Damn'd, Undone, and Miserable, because he believes not with me? I say, God forbid; since such an Action might justly make me Blush, Sneak, and be Ashamed: No, no: I'll let him alone, to that which is his Opinion, I and my Religion are never the worse for what he thinks of the matter; so that I am purposely resolv'd never to force any Man against his will, to recite my Prayers over word for word. In God's Name, let every one say their own Prayers after their own Form, and usual Manner, since I desire to be permitted to do so my self: And why? Because it is for the Peace of us both, and besides, the matter in dispute is but indifferent; for He only petitions the Almighty as his Mind immediately indites, I rehearse a Form ready

ready Pen'd to my hands, suitable to my Wants, Needs, and Necessities, and they are both sent up as a Sacrifice to one God for the Pardon of sins, Reconciliation by Christ, and purchasing an interest in his Death.

Formalist. But had he not better yield, and come to Church with you, tho' it be something against his Inclinations, than to disturb the publick Peace of his Country, and shew a Disobedience to the Laws of the Land, by staying away?

Christian. He would sin, if he did; for Conscience is to be listen'd unto before all the Commands of Men: neither dare I presume to desire him to do otherwise, for all that is dear to me in a present World, so long as I know there is something within him that tells him he must not yield: Wherefore I say, let all Religious Votaries keep their way, and God prosper 'em in their own paths; for I know that theirs and mine lead all to one End, and that is an Heavenly Kingdom; and I doubt not but any of us all, if we are but faithful to the Death, shall have as weighty a Crown of Glory, as if we were of one Heart, Mind and Soul in every particular Nicety: Therefore mistake not; for Mens dissenting from the Church of *England*, out of a Principle of Conscience, does not in the least interrupt the People of God in their March to *Sion*; but they, and none but they, that turn all into a distraction, which follow their Brethren at

the heels, as Mad-men, or blood-hounds, telling them that they are Villains, Traytors, and Schismaticks; and in the High-road to endless Ruin: Nay, with Sorrow do I speak it, there are many Volumes now extant, wherein you shall scarcely find any thing else, but branding poor Dissenters with the horrid Sin of Schism, and sinking them into the Pit of Hell, for not coming to Church, to hear them thundring forth their inveterate Malice, Spleen and Hatred towards Persons, that are ten times more Excellent than themselves.

Formalist. One Question more, and if you can resolve me therein with as much Candor, Plainness, and Perspicuity as you have us'd hitherto, I'll instantly learn to be of the same healing Temper of Mind with your self: And it is this. Supposing the Dissenters should come to bear sway, as in *Cromwel's* time, would not you leave off signing with the Cross in Baptism, kneeling at the Sacrament, and many other Ceremonies of the like Nature, since you say they are but things indifferent; and yield Obedience to their Rules and Managment in the Government of the Church, rather than hold a Contest, and make them and your self uneasy?

Christian. What! take you me to be an Heathen, an Impostor, or a Devil? why, if I should yield or do any thing against my Conscience, tho' in small matters, I should be all this, if not worse: and on the other hand, if
they

they should go about either to turn me out of my Church, Lands, or Possessions by force, or even use the least Compulsion to bring me over to a Compliance, they would be in my sight worse than Infidels, notwithstanding their Worship is Pure and Holy : and I should account them to be no more within the Pale of the Universal Church, than an Atheist, Blasphemer, or an Idolater.

Formalist. The time of my agreeing with you is near at hand, when I shall cry out, and say, A Christian indeed, in whom there is no guile : But I request you to deliver your Sentiments in this Case one step further.

Christian. Then this I shall take leave to record to after Ages, and with which I will conclude this head on Schism, That whosoever for the future goes about to force any Man's Conscience against his Will, in point of Worship towards God, provided he own the Essential parts of Religion, and goes about to induce him otherwise than by fair Reasonings, mild Arguments, and sweet Entreaties, or by Bill, Word, or Action, strives to deprive them of their Birth-right, that is any Post of Honour, Advantage, or Profit either in Church or State, barely for their dissenting in some little points of Religious Services ; will certainly find their Souls crowded in among the damn'd at the last day, when they'll all sneak, cringe,
and

and hide, as a Snail just going to be swallow'd up whole by a ravenous Man, or a Wild Beast; unless they do sorrow, moan, and repent, before the cold Fingers of Death shut up their Eye-lids, never more to be opened on this side of Time.

Formalist. I am not only almost, but altogether become a Christian: For where is the Man, and what is his Name, that is endowed with a rational Faculty, that can withstand the sharp Arrows of your Arguments, or ward off the keen words of *Truth*. No: it can't be done. Therefore, let who will seem to maintain a Form of Godliness, and talk they know not what of Schism, as for my part I'll learn to attain unto the Power of true Religion, and account none Schismatics, but such as live Lives unanswerable to the Gospel: Not that I will for ten thousand Worlds separate from my Mother Church, or cease to say over a well-composed Form of Prayer, because I espy a brood of stinging Vipers crawling within her Pales. No: no: That shall not deter me from her pure Services, since I am sensible she can't prevent such mischievous Bats from fluttering about her Walls, or clinging to the Skirts of her Garments; so that I shall be so Prudent, as to look on her vicious and scandalous Disciples and Followers, to be only like unto a few unlucky *Peacocks* mounted on a Roof, and spoiling it; who tho' they may do prejudice to her out-side Covering, yet are not capable

ble to do her any Harm within, or in the least stain her unblemish'd Reputation; which (blessed be God) is not to be foul'd by such Feet, tho' more Odious than they really are.

Christian. O thou happy Man, I'll now change thy Name, and say thou art one with me: And now there is Singing, and Merry-making in the Plains of Bliss at thy return, and coming home to God. O may thousands and ten thousand more *Formalists* in Religion learn of thee, and tread thy Steps of true Repentance, by being reform'd in Heart, Life, and Spirit, by resolving to love Enemies as well as Friends, and by believing that none are guilty of Schism, but they that disturb the People of God, by railing Calumnies, lewd Practices, and vain Conversation.

Informer. I have diligently listen'd, and lent an Ear to every Sentence, Article, and Word, that hath past on either side; but find my self no more disposed to be moved therewith, than the stable Rock can be shaken, by the liquid Stream that gently washes its hardned sides; nor do I perceive my Mind any more enlightened thereby, as to a Divine Knowledge, than a spacious Plain, when covered with a sable Vail of Darknes, can be illuminated by the faint and glimmering Light of a Glowworm: neither indeed can it be expected; since whatever Change of Mind might arrive unto my self or others, no
Advan-

Advantage could be expected thence to accrue
 unto my worldly Interest; nor could it cause
 me to abound in Wealth, and Splendor, or
 occasion my Preferment; unto which things I
 was ever Ambitious to attain by some means
 or other: so that were your Arguments no
 less Cogent and Agreeable to Reason, than
 they really are supposed by you to be,
 they could scarcely prove sufficient to force
 me out of the desirable Embraces of sensual
 Pleasures, and the Prospect I have of becoming
 Master of other Mens Goods: For is it not
 to be thought by the Appearance of things,
 that a plentiful Harvest is near at Hand for
 me, when I may reap a good Crop out of
 the Dissenters Fields, and fill my now empty
 Barns at their large Heaps of fruitful Grain,
 for a tenth part shall not serve my turn; yea
 nor scarce a two thirds? therefore depart from
 me *Christians*, I have no more to say to you,
 since I find that you are too much led a-
 way with your enthusiastick, fantastical, and
 airy Conceits, to be able to apprehend the true
 weight and solidity of my Real, Visible, Pal-
 pable, and truly substantial Arguments and Mo-
 tives. I'll henceforth address my self to *Pilgrim*,
 not doubting but to find him less replenish'd
 with the chimerical Dreams, and imaginary
 Phantoms of an idle Brain; as also more favou-
 rable to my Party and Design than you: for I ne-
 ver as yet saw or convers'd with any so rigid a-
 gainst

gainst my Interest and Person, as your self. I profess, I was never so deceiv'd in a Man; I thought you would not have believ'd any Charge against me, tho' attested by a thousand Witnesses: if I meet with no better entertainment in this my last attempt on *Pilgrim*, I must be necessitated to seek out for some other Employ, and what that must be, I profess I can no more divine or imagine, than a condemn'd Malefactor, loaded with Iron Chains, and surrounded with a Stone Wall, knows how to procure his escape, save his life, and avoid the day of Execution; for nothing can suit me, but something relating to Idleness, Perjury, or Information: And why? because I am incapable of performing any thing else with Alacrity and Diligence of temper.

Pilgrim. Thou vile Wretch! Dost thou take me to be one of thy Associates in Vice? No; I tell thee, I assent to every thing that *Christian* hath deliver'd, and shall always think myself oblig'd to applaud and commend him for his ingenious and well-compos'd Discourse; especially his Heroick Act in Converting so great an Offender as *Formalist*: not but that I must take leave to remind the Dissenters of one thing he has unhappily forgot to speak to, which is this, That they ought as Christians, and for Peace's sake, to sit down and examine the secret recesses of their Souls, and see if they can by any means remove those Doubts and Scruples that lye on their Consciences, and
come

come over to our Church; for could they do that, what a fatal stroke would it be to the Tyrant of *France*, and a singular service to the Church of God? For then we should be all of one Mind, one Heart, and of one Soul, and fight as one Man against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; as also conquer our publick and private Enemies, whether at home or abroad. O! blessed day indeed would that be accounted by all that love the Lord *Jesus Christ*, and desire to Worship him in Sincerity and Purity of Spirit: but lest I should be accounted partial in this matter, and for the more speedy accomplishing of so good, so great, and so glorious a Design, I make bold to give it in as my Opinion, that if the Dissenters cannot comply in some particular Matters, as I fear they cannot, with the Church of *England*, she is oblig'd by the Laws of Heaven, and the Badge of Christianity, to meet them half way, (*i. e.*) for the sake of her dying Jesus, to lay aside some of her indifferent Ceremonies. O! how acceptable a Sacrifice to the Almighty would this prove, and how sweet smelling a favour in his Nostrils? How comfortable also and well-pleasing would it be to all true hearted well-designing Christians! for then we might be so transcendently blest, as to cry out one and all; Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbath, Heaven and Earth are now full of thy Majesty and thy Glory. Nay, shall I go a little farther, we might then say with one united Voice,

Voice, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praised be God; Hallelujah, Hallelujah, we are joyn'd in the Bands of love to adore a Deity in one Set and Form of Words, without variation, so as never to wrangle any more with one another on this account: Hallelujah, Hallelujah: We now imitate the Saints above in an uniform, familiar, and pure converse of Worship, Honour, and Praise.

Informer. O cease your Tongue; for jarring are the sounds of your Sentences to my troubled Ears, and perplexing to my distracted Spirits: what talk you of their meeting in Peace, or praying with one Consent, since that will at once ruin my Calling, and disoblige the High-flyers: for know ye not that they had rather part with their Trinity, and see vast multitudes of Men, Women, and Children hal'd to Prison, than consent to part with the Surplice, or a word of the Litany: No; no; they and I are of one Mind to take a severer course with the Dissenters, and deprive them of their Liberty of hearing; and if that will not do, we'll either starve them in Goals, or Swear them out of their Lives, as we did Alderman *Cornish*, and many others, in *Charles* and *James's* Reign.

Pilgrim. I Prophecy an Unity in the Church of God, and say, there shall be no Persecution of any Person or Professors whatsoever, in the Kingdoms of *England* and *Ireland*, as to their
Liberty

Liberty of Conscience, for five Reigns successively, including this of her present Majesty Queen *Anne*, whom God long preserve: Not but that there will be many Endeavours us'd, to divert, from plying a steady Course, her Majesty's impartial Hand, as well as those of her Successors, who shall after be at the Helm; but nothing shall prevail, and all their mighty Efforts, and cunning Contrivances shall vanish into Air, as did the Plots and Consultations of those Miscreants, that sought to Assassinate our Dread Severaign *William* the III^d, of Immortal Memory, who liv'd to see inflicted upon them, the merited Punishment of an Ignominious Death. And as for thee, I forewarn thee instantly to repent, or otherwise thou wilt find, and that soon, some fearful Judgment or other will betide thee, as it has already done many of thy Predecessors (I mean) notorious Informers, and perjur'd Evidences; and do tell thee, there are some that I know of thy malignant Gang, that even at this day lye under the dreadful Wrath and Fury of an angry God, for their barbarous Villanies exercis'd towards Dissenters: and thou art not ignorant, that many others of thy own Profession have been made publick Instances of Divine Vengeance: some have been instantly struck dead; others have so wasted in their Estates, that their Children have come to beg their Bread at those very Persons Doors, that their Fathers swore and inform'd against: some have been in a moment depriv'd of the
use

use of their Limbs and Reason ; others have had their Tongues swell'd to such a prodigious degree, that they could not receive any Nourishment, and so have starv'd and dy'd : some have retir'd into Ditches, and there they have putrify'd alive, and their stench has been so noisome, that even their Relations and Associates in wickedness, have refus'd to go near their persons, in order to afford them any succour, so that they have ended their days all alone, without receiving any Comfort. This has been the sad fate of their Bodies, and it is to be dreaded, that their Souls are now beset all round with Legions of Devils. If time would have permitted, and had I thought it proper, I could have told you many of their Names, with the places of their abode : And all these instances have happen'd in less than twenty seven Years, many of them in or near *London*.

Informer. They were as I am, for a merry Life and a short one ; for so we may but engrasp large possessions, and live well, we matter not, how or whence they are obtain'd : for we never give any serious entertainment to the thoughts of Death, Eternity, or Judgment ; but conclude that it is then time enough to reform, when there is no hopes of continuing here any longer.

Pilgrim. Now behold I hear a Voice saying ; *Strike that daring wretch* Informer *with*
G g
such

such a conscious sense of Guilt, and astonishing amazement of Soul, that in a few Minutes his fainting Spirits may be drunk up with the frightful horrors of a black and dismal Despair, and he may expire choak'd as it were with the immaterial anticipating Flames of Hell. I fancy thou must be the Man; for if I mistake not, thy Tongue already begins to falter, and thou seemest to be in a dreadful Agony.

Informers. Nothing more true; O miserable Man, that I now am! What shall I do to escape Eternal Death? Where shall I go to hide from pain? Or into what Corner of the Earth must I retreat for one draught of cooling Water to allay my parching Drought? For behold I am scorched within, see I am all on a flame; not that there is any material fire kindled there, but that which is a thousand times worse, an inflamed Conscience, set on fire of Hell, because of my astonishing guilt, and fraught with wild Amazement and distracting confusion. O Compassionate me with pity! for the whole Fabrick of my Body is miserably excruciated as it were with Gripes, Miseries, and Tortures, or as it were thrown into a Furnace, heated ten times hotter than ever. O unheard of, unseen, and unexpressible Rackings of Mind, Soul, and Spirit! for behold all is in an uproar, and I know not what to do. Fire, fire, fire, all is on a Fire: Where? In my lighted Breast: Flames, flames, flames, all is in a flame: Where? in the Chamber of my
incended

incended Heart: Howlings, howlings, howlings, all replenish'd with howlings: Where? In the desolate Closet of my despairing thoughts: Mourning, mourning, mourning, nothing now is to be heard but mourning: For what? For informing against, and betraying the people of God: Weeping, weeping, weeping, nothing now to be seen but weeping: For what? For the loss of that precious Jewel my immortal Soul.

Pilgrim. Alas! All thy Tears are now bestow'd in vain; for tho' thou should'st cry to such a strain, as to swell the brackish Waters of the spacious Ocean, with the briny Tears that come rolling down from thy flowing Eyes, so as to cause it to transgress its appointed Bounds, and deluge a second time its neighbouring Earth; yet all would not make atonement to God for Sin, or satisfy the Almighty for the least Offence: Nay, tho' thou should'st lament to such an excess, as to make the Earth Echo with thy loud and dismal Groans, and influence every of its Inhabitants to turn pale with a melancholy fit, that would not procure a Lease of life for one day, or keep thee an hour out of Hell: No; no; it is now too late, Death calls, and thou must away: but one thing I must remind thee of, which is, that a few repenting sobs, sighs, and groans would have done more with the Lord God *Jehovah* in the time of thy health, than ten thousand moans now thrice told:

And why? Because then he intreated thee by his Messengers and Embassadors to come to him, that he might lead thee in the peaceable Paths of Virtue, and conduct thee to the blessed Mansions of everlasting Rest, but thou would'st not; and now tho' thou cryest aloud to him, to come and save thee for *Jesus's* sake, he regards thee not, but suffers thee to be eternally damn'd.

Informers. Oh that I had never seen the Prince that gave me Authority, as if it had been by a Law to Inform, Oppress, Pillage, Grieve, and Disturb the Righteous in their Houses of Worship; now I wish a thousand times over, that he had prudently consider'd, and turn'd his thought, and had cancell'd those mischievous Decrees, and issu'd me out a Commission to shut up the Doors of the Lewd Theatres, to bring to Punishment those guilty of the sins of Whoredom, Swearing, and Drunkenness, and the Defilers of themselves with Mankind; then peradventure I might have been so fortunate, in that lawful and necessary Employ, as to have met with and seiz'd those three noted Strumpets in this Nation, as they had been taking their Marches on the Lord's Day in the Afternoon, to tempt their Liege Lord the King to Lust, and soft Pleasure, when he should have been at his Evening Devotion, Mourning for his own Transgressions, and those of his People.

Pilgrim.

Pilgrim. Had this happy Course been taken, infamous Vice had long e're now been compell'd to take wing from the Illustrious Habitations of Monarchs, not unlike unto a flock of Rooks, frighted from their shady Dwellings, by the thundering Noise of a Cannon. Then should Heroick Virtue have displayed her most serene Countenance, and shined so advantageously from the stately Palaces of Princes, as to have diffus'd an universal influence upon all the lower World, and dispers'd the Workers and Contrivers of Iniquity, into their Receptacles of Darkness; in like manner as the bright morning Sun does, by its auspicious Rays, put to flight the Birds of Night, and strowling Beasts of Prey, obliging them to shelter themselves in the obscurity of their Recesses and Dens. It would not then have been accounted an allowable Mode to entertain a painted Miss, or a commendable Fashion to scoff at true Religion: Nay, I dare affirm, That had there been but near so much care to suppress Lewdness and Prophaneness, as there once was to put down Religious Meetings, instead of our hearing Cursing, Swearing, Dishonouring the Name of the most High, and obscene Songs in publick places of resort, as we now do in our travelling homewards, thro' the Streets, Lanes, and Passages of our Cities, Towns, and Villages, between the hours of nine or ten at night, we might have heard the harmonious sound, even in every House, either of

Catechising of Children, Expounding the Scriptures, Prayer, or Singing of Psalms, or some other Divine Exercise, as was formerly the practice of our Merchants, Traders, and Yeomen, as well of those of the Communion of the Church of *England*, as of other Sectarists; and that not only during the few years that *Oliver* bare Rule, as some think; but in *Queen Elizabeth's*, *King James the First*, and *Charles the First's* Reign.

Informer. Happy me, if the World had ne're been made, or a Man begotten! For then I had still remain'd in the insensible Condition of my Primitive nothing, and never had felt the griping Pangs of Sin, as I now do: O tell me, if you can, how I may escape the angry Frowns of an Incens'd Almighty Judge, or shun the Rage of a Sin-revenging God. Try; Peradventure the close shutting of my Lodging door, and concealing me in private from Mortal Eyes, may also shade me from Heaven's Wrath: but if you think not that a sufficient security, pin the Curtains round my Bed, and load me all over with thick Coverings of Tapestry, or depart forth of the House, and tumble down its Roof about my Ears, and then who knows but that by some good Chance or other, I may there lye forgot, as a broken Earthen Vessel, or a Rafter split in twain, so as never to be minded or remembred more, either by God, Angels, or Devils.

Pilgrim. Delude not thy self with such
vain

vain Fancies, and idle Imaginations, as to think, that my shutting thee up in a Room from publick View, or burying thee alive in an heap of Rubbish, will hide or secure thee from the Presence of an All-discerning Eye. No: tho' I should fling over thy dying Corpse as many sheets of Lead, as I have liv'd Hours, or sink thee into the Sea Ten thousand Fathom deep, yet divine Justice would find thee out, and attaint thee there. And why? Because there is no place, either in Heaven, Earth, or Hell, that can save or secure a Sinner from the Gloomy Night of Pain, Howling, and Despair. But yet I willingly confess, that it is an astonishing and amazing, as well as a mortifying Sight, to behold thee thus all encompass'd with Terrors, thy Soul brim full of Desolation and Confusion; and in one word, to see thee compleatly miserable, without the least glimmering of Hope of ever bettering thy wretched Condition.

Informers. Is there no prospect of rescuing a Poor Offender from the Indignation of the Almighty, and the Pains of the Damn'd? Then with Rivers of Tears, Volleys of Sighs, and loud Cries, I must now bid farewell, farewell for ever, to the Favour, Love, and Reconciliation of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and even to all the Hopes of ever seeing *Moses, Aaron*, and the Prophets, Saints, Angels, and Righteous Men made perfect, with any

comfort or delight of Soul ; I must also bid farewell to Heaven's Crown, Peace, Glory, Joys, and Rest: nay, I bid an ultimate Adieu to all that is Good, or worthy of Praise; for I am instantly going down by the steps of Death to make my immediate Entrance into Hell, whether I will or not ; where I shall every Moment be terrifi'd with frightful dreams of Horror, during the endless continuance of a long lasting, and tedious Eternity ; and where I shall ever and anon be scar'd with terrible Thundrings of my Maker's displeasure, and affrighted with the continual Lightnings of my own Conscience flashing in my Face ; and not only so, but have a Crown of Torment plac'd on my wretched Brow, and a Scepter of raging Despair fix'd into my unwilling Hand: but that which seems most to aggravate my Horror, and puts me even into a transport of Rage, is the excruciating Consideration that I shall have for Companions thousands of Millions of thousands of fal'n Angels, cursed Spirits, and undone Imps ; besides an innumerable number of Tory-Sinners, formal Professors, and informing Villains, who will during the long Night of a miserable Eternity, be bellowing forth unheard of Oaths, Cryes, and Blasphemies, to their King, the Grand Tyrant *Lucifer*.

Christian. *Infermer* is gone into the other World in a surprizing Confusion, Horror, and
 Conster-

Consternation of Soul, Spirit, and Mind ; in-
 somuch that I may truly say, I never saw so
 much Guilt, Shame, and Despair fix'd in the
 Countenance of any in my whole life before,
 as in that of his: for minded you not the
 Frownings of his Brow, the Grinnings of his
 Teeth, the Starings of his Eyes, besides the throb-
 bings of his Breast, the pantings of his Heart,
 and the struglings of his Spirit ; as also the trem-
 blings of his Joints, the quiverings of his Lips,
 and the Clutchings of his Fingers? For his
 Couch shook as if the Earth had been shaken,
 his Com-panions gaz'd on him, as Persons fright-
 ned, and every beholder stood abash'd.

Pilgrim. Alas! all the Agonies you have
 nam'd would seem to him but as a Bed of
 Roses, compared to what he now endures in the
 Infernal Regions of Destruction ; the consi-
 deration whereof has now so rais'd my Passi-
 ons, and given me such a perfect Idea of
 the Miseries of the other World, that had I
 not in a former Tract enlarg'd on that Head,
 I could have here drawn such a lively Re-
 presentation of the Miseries of the damn'd,
 as doubtless would have made all the Rea-
 ders thereof run roaring about the Town
 saying, *Lord, what shall I do to escape thy Dis-*
pleasure, or avoid being undone for ever. O save
my Soul for thy Mercies sake in the Ark of thy
Rest, and be not in wrath with me, and then
do unto me according as shall seem good in thy
Sight ; for if thou sayest, I must hunger, I will
most

most willingly Fast; if thou commandest me to strip off my gaudy Feathers of Pride, I'll joyfully undress and go in Raggs, rather than dishonour thee; if thou bidst me Weep, I'll shed an Ocean of Tears; if thou but becken'st to me to go, I'll swiftly Run; nay, if thou would'st have me, I'll dye to sin, and rise again to righteousness, and get up and be doing any thing, Lord, rather than incur thy Wrath, or provoke thee to Indignation, who must save, or I am lost for aye.

Christian. These thy discourses are so wonderfully moving and affecting to me, that I could be content to retreat into my Study, and there lock fast my door, kneel down and Pray twenty Hours in every twenty four, seeing no Body, nor conversing with any Mortal, to the end I might avoid all the bewitching Allurements of specious external appearances, that forcibly, as it were, draw the deluded Heart to Folly; and so weaning my Eyes from looking on Vanity with delight, I would only take Pleasure in beholding my God, my Christ, and my King, by the piercing Eye of Faith; thus perpetually employing my self with an unwearied Diligence, only some times sparing a few Minutes, to peep thro' the Casement of my Window, to behold the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars, those bright Lamps of the upper Orbs, and considering that nothing but the curious hands of an Almighty Being, could be the wonderful Author

thor of their Shinings, Sparklings, and Glimmerings.

Pilgrim. Think not of fixing thy Tent here, tho' it be in private, for we will go rather to some more remote Place to Worship our Maker, than an House, a Chamber, or a Closet, or near a Publick City, Town, or Village, for fear we should find the malignant Effects of the spreading Contagion of Atheism, Deism, or Prophaneness, insensibly to have taken hold upon us, as it has already done by many of our Neighbouring Inhabitants, and so we should suddenly expire, and awake in Torments.

Christian. Excellent is thy thought, and prudent thy design, come then let us without delay pack up all our Holy Purposes, good Resolutions, and Pious Arguments, and be gone without so much as taking either Scrip or Purse along with us, or being in care of what we shall Eat or Drink to Morrow, since where ever we come, there will be a supply provided to satisfy our craving Wants, and hungry Appetites; what tho' our Lodging may be hard, our Food coarse, and our Drink small, it matters not, since we have but a little way to go, and a few Nights to lye out, before we come at our Journy's End the Grave, when, if all the delicious Meats, strengthening Jellys, and sparkling Wines in the Universe, were to be forc'd into our Mouths, they
would

would be no more relishing to our Taste, than a Stone, a Stick, or a Blade of Grass.

Pilgrim. I say, that we are both of a Mind; for I had long e're now made a Vow never to carry any of the Utensils of this Earthly Tabernacle along with me, when ever I went on Pilgrimaging; but to leave all and every of my Tenements, Goods, and Lands, to be sought after by the Children of this World, who think they have not near enough to bear their Charges during the Continuance of a short Life, notwithstanding they have already such vast hoards of Treasure, that were they to live ten long Ages thrice told, and to wear, eat, drink, and spend five times more than they now do, it would suffice and be too much.

Christian. Leave off talking of such miserable wretches, and answer me this one Question: What shall we do as we are on our march thro' the Fields, Woods, and Desarts of this World; and how shall we spend our time by the way? I ask, because I desire not to be idle, or out of Employ, knowing Sloth to be a sin, and to give Opportunity of temptation to the wicked one; for he is as busie in deluding, enticing, and deceiving in the Garden, on the Mount, and in the Forest, as he is in a City, Court, or Palace, where People themselves do in a manner supersede the Diligence of the Tempter, so that I fear Satan will be laying his baits of Pride, Intemperance, and Melancholy,

choly, in hopes thereby to decoy us poor Travellers into his treacherous Snares, having turn'd us aside out of the narrow Way that leads to Rest, Peace, and Assurance for ever.

Pilgrim. Let not that trouble you, since there shall be scarce an hour in a Day, Week, Month, or Year, but what shall be carefully employ'd in Heavenly Contemplations, Divine Breathings, and good Discourses: for as soon as ever the day breaks forth thro' the Casements of the *East*, and the Birds begin to stretch their Wings, and tune their Throats, in order to chant out their melodious Lays, we will address our selves to our God in Prayer, and beg that by his infinite Power, he will be pleas'd to direct all our goings the ensuing day, in such a distinguishing way of Mercy, that no vain Thoughts may disturb our inward Peace, no cross Vexations interrupt our good intentions, no unruly Passions ruffle our composed Spirits, or disturb our well-fixed Minds, so as ever to cause us to offend; and when such our Petitionings are over, we will dress, and out of our Cabbins, in order to proceed forward in our Journey from the wicked Habitations of Vice, and by the way we shall be busied in discoursing of the mighty Power, unsearchable Wisdom, and infinite Goodness of God, in laying the Foundations of the Earth, in digging the Sea, and filling the deep with many Waters; in cloathing the Mountains,

rains, Vallies, and Plains, with an admirable diversity of Plants, Shrubs, and Trees, and these with a most delightful variety of Leaves, Blossoms, Grains and Fruits; in stretching out the Firmament as a Canopy, in sending forth his Winds as a cooling Fan, and bearing up the Pillars of the Universe; in congealing the drops of Water into Balls of Hail, and sending down flakes of Snow, as a shower of downy Feathers; in making the Corn to Ear, the Pease to Blossom, and the Beans to Cod, with all other his wonderful doings, too numerous now to recite.

Christian. My heart as it were burns within me at your discoursing of these things; and if the but just Hinting of them is so ravishing to my Soul, what will it be when all our mutual Converse comes to be of nothing else, and we behold them with our Eyes in all their fine Colours, Beauty, and Splendor! therefore delay not, but let us go, for I long as much to be on my march, and to enter upon such talk, as ever any Pilot in a Storm desir'd a Calm, or wish'd for a Port of Rest: And why? Because I am even carried as it were beyond the verge of Sense, and swallowed up in Divine Meditations, so that I'll not stay to ask any more Questions here, since I see 'tis but loss of time, and keeps us from our wish'd for Enjoyments: not but that I am full of doubts, and want to be better inform'd,
yet

yet all shall be let alone, till we are got some distance from the Town of Folly, having turn'd our Faces *Sion*-wards. Come, *Pilgrim*, give me thy hand, we'll now be gone from all the trouble and noise of a publick Station, and bid a good b'ye to Sin, with all the Snares of the World besides. And now all is over, the Curtain is drop'd, and the Performance at an end.

C H A P. XIX.

*A Retired Thought on the Purity of God,
and the Abhorrence of the World.*

O Blessed Time, and happy Season! when I have nothing else to do, but to soar my Soul aloft, and laugh at all the perishing Vanities here on Earth, by trampling down all that is base, and not worthy of praise, under my Feet; for then I can truly say, I am in my self, and exercising my rational part on Subjects pure and Divine: Come then my best Desires, and on Contemplation's Wings mount up to the higher Regions, in the most exalted strains of Holy Meditations: Talk as well as think more sublimely of God, than ever. Raise up thy self, O my Mind! and fly upon the Wings of a lively Faith, till thou approach

approach so near thy Divine Original, as to discern those Rivers of everlasting pleasures I shall afterwards enjoy, when I come to lay down this Tabernacle of Clay, being exempted from the Vicissitudes of Time, and vested in an unchangeable state of endless Felicity: For that transcendent Glory, that is to be the Portion of the genuine Sons of the Almighty, does as much surpass, yea infinitely more, even all the most exalted Conceptions of Man's Understanding, as the most refined Ideas of the most penetrating Genius, do the mean Apprehensions of a natural born Fool. But, O how is my Soul now ravished, even with such imperfect Representations of this indefectible state of Happiness, as my thoughts are at present capable to make unto me! And if so, how unexpressibly, yea even inconceivably greater must the joys of Heaven be! where the infinite Perfections of God, his immense Power, unlimited Wisdom, and transcendent Goodness, are as it were openly viewed with an Eye, whose Capacity is enlarged for that very purpose. But tho' I am now incapable of so near a view of such dazzling Objects, by reason of the present weakness of my Sight, yet do I now soar aloft on the swift Wings of Divine Contemplation, and my active Soul is now arriv'd to such a height, that it has left behind it the material Sun, Moon, and Stars, and seems now to have got as near the Partition

Wall

on Wall of *Sion-Hill*, as a Soul can well be during its abode and continuance with Flesh and Blood: Nay, if I were not fully satisfy'd that God's Rest is such a glorious Place as it really is, I should be apt to fancy my self peeping into the other World, and taking a prospect of the Boundaries of the new *Jerusalem*, where Father Reigns, and Son Rules; where Prophets sit, and Apostles live; and where Saints are blest, and good men sing: For now I have brought my self to the absolute Contempt of all the gaudy pageantry of worldly Treasure, and value no more the loud Applauses of vain Men, and idle Women, than an Eagle does a Fly, or a Lark a crawling Worm, when they are winging themselves up aloft towards the middle Region of the Air. No, I bless him that first caus'd me to breath, I can sit and look me down from the highest Sphere of true Devotion, and behold with delight that little Globe of Earth, I live, move, and work upon, without ever being the least enamour'd of any of its gaudy Shows, and painted Appearances, or taken with its false Amusements: for is it not obvious, that the largest part of its Fabrick is either yet undiscover'd, cover'd with Waters, frozen with Cold, scorched with Heat, or covered with a long and tedious darkness; and as for that part of it which is inhabited, the People are six parts in seven either *Heathens*, *Turks*, or *Jews*, *Atheists*, *Deceivers*, or *Lukewarm Professors*: So that such

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folk

folk only ought to be accounted as so many Swarms, Nests, and Broods of Serpents, Snakes, and Vipers, crawling on a Mountain, which rather invenom its Ground, than enrich its Soil: for indeed all that most men are now adays busied about, is to scuffle, wrestle, and fight for each others Lands and Possessions, even without the least regard to Right, Equity, and Justice: Nay, with Tears be it deliver'd, that many are scarce thoughtful for any thing, but that which consumes, corrupts, and perishes, like their own Carcasses, when they come to be intomb'd in mournful Silence, and melt away to nothing. But for ever praised be he that dyed on the Cross, there are none of these Commotions and Distractions where my Mind is now mounted, nor are there any frivolous Disputes about vain punctilio's of Honour, or trifles of I know not what Pretences or Claims of things, that nothing appertain to true Sanctity; for behold, my Soul has newly unrigg'd her self of all Vanities and sinful Imaginations, and has apply'd her self to the Contemplation of the first Cause of all Causes, and the many wonderful Effects that proceed therefrom; such as, the admirable harmony of order there is in the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tides, in the Rising and Setting of the Sun, in the Changes of Springs and Autumns; musing also on the speedy future Dissolution of the World. O then, how narrow and sneaking are all sensual Enjoyments, to a Mind that is thus centered

tered in the mid-regions of Divine Perfections, and truly knows what God and Religion means? For in this Post of Honour, I sit as it were Lord Vicegerent in a Court of Judicature, Judging between Right and Wrong; and do whatsoever pleaseth God and my self: Great and delightful is all that I see, know, or do; and why, because I am always viewing the vast Immensity and Grandeur of an infinite Being, and in some degree, may be said to be measuring out the unlimited Bounds of the Almighty's Perfection. Then still continue, O my Soul, to remain in this happy State, till the Dawn of that Day, when thou wilt bid adieu to a Body of brittle Clay, and tower it up to know and see, what omnipotent Power has reserv'd for them that can dwell within the Confines of Holiness, whilst imprison'd in a Dungeon of pain, and live within themselves during the Scene of a miserable Life, without so much as being defiled; with the desires of the fleeting Shadows of this polluted World. Break out therefore, O my Soul! and abide till Death, in such rapturous Flights, and Divine Extasies, and be for ever ravish'd with joy at the mighty Consideration, that one hours Intercourse with the Almighty, is better than ten Years Converse in the rank Fenns of Folly, where all its Inhabitants are dress'd up in the poor Rags of Vice, and think that all they see, are the Works of Chance, and not those of God and Christ; believing that all the Revolutions, Changes, and Mistor-

runes that befall them here, proceed from nothing but a blind Contingency, or the overruling of the Planetary Bodies. But, O my unchangeable God! how contrary are these their dreaming Thoughts, to the Sentiments of a Man that has any Idea of Reason, or Knowledge of things implanted in his Understanding, or that has taken but the least pains to pry into the winding Labyrinths of the least of thy Handyworks, and considers what a miraculous Art, Cunning, and Curiosity there is, even in thy making the very Pismires that throng on the Mole-Hills, or the Frogs that paddle in the Ponds: But, Lord, let them think as they will, I know there is not an hair growing on my Head, or an Ant creeping on the Ground, but what is numbered, and lives by thy Power, Will, and Appointment, and that things are not as they say govern'd by nothing but thoughtless Chance: No Lord, thou that art the Framers of all, knowest what thou dost, and wisely guidest all things with a most visible Discretion, and Prudent Management. O then, my Lord, and my God! be not angry, if I bid the wicked depart from my Thoughts, and live no more near my Memory, lest I stain my Soul with their Pollutions, and through the Contagion of their pernicious Example, should entertain low Conceptions of thee my Maker, who art all Mind, and all Reason, all Power, and all Truth, all Wonder, and all Perfection, and wilt remain so, when they are lost and damn'd for ever.

C H A P. XX.

A Thought on the Imperfection of Man, in all his Acquir'd, and Natural Endowments.

O My God ! all the Idea's I have of thine Infinite Accomplishments are Dark, Imperfect, and Obscure, and no more able to comprehend thy real Perfections, than my Finger is to reach the yonder Sky, when I point it upwards. No, Lord ! instead of knowing thy Secrets, or any-wise understanding thy Mysteries, I even know little of these thy Attributes, whereof thou hast vouchsafed to make some discovery unto us by Revelation : And when I consider what I am, even a Worm, and no more, I can't but even chide my self for attempting to scan such things as are infinitely too high for me ; since sure I am, all thy Attributes are great yea incomprehensible, and every of thy Proceedings unsearchable and past finding out. Then, O Lord God ! what have I been doing all this while, but treating upon many Heads of Doctrine that are above my Sphere to unfold, and beyond my Capacity to elucidate ; and indeed what have all the Divines, Philosophers, Astronomers, and o-

thers such been doing since the Creation, but giving their Judgments in Points that they themselves were never well-verst in, or truly understood aright. Why then break I not out into some one of my usual strains of Expression, and ask my self and others, If an Infant, that lyes sprawling in the Womb, and as yet never saw Light, understands the secret Intrigues of his Mother's Heart, by reason of its being plac'd so near his Breast, or learns her Language, because she speaks near to his Ear? Can a Babe of five days old tell its Parents Name, because 'tis recited in its hearing, and in the Room where it was Born; or can he apprehend whether his Father is Rich or Poor, by the fineness or coarseness of his Mantle, or the Furniture of his Chamber where he lyes, and was begot? Or can a Child of three years of Age, that never learn'd his Christ-Cross-Row, read Greek Authors, because his Sureties are learned Scholars, and understand it well? Or can he talk in the Hebrew Tongue, only for his being baptis'd by a Divine that can write it plain? Even no more can the greatest Politician now living on Earth, conceive aright the Excellencies of the most High, or penetrate into his private Council, Secrets, and Proceedings, because he made us, preserves us, and we live by his Providence. No, we are all as yet in the shades of Darkness, and do but creep as so many blind Moles,

Moles, in searching out, and striving to know what we shall never attain unto, so long as we wear the tatter'd Garments of Mortality, and dwell in this state of Imperfection. Alas! the most knowing of us all, would soon be brought to the Belief of this my Assertion, if the Almighty should think fit but to take any one of us, and permit him to peep into his Glory, and let him know what he knows, and Comprehend what he himself is, so far as it is possible for a Creature, tho' but for the space of some few Minutes; and with all that knowledge set him down in the World again; he would laugh at all his former Idea's of things, and say, that every account that has been given of the Infinite Perfections of the Deity, falls as far short of a compleat Definition, yea or a sufficient or but tolerable Description of what God, Heaven, and Glory is, as we were incapable to understand perfectly at the Age of four years, what we ourselves should be, when arriv'd in the other World, or what we should be employ'd in there: And yet I allow, that we know something more, than many Generations that have liv'd before us, and believe that the next Age will understand more than we, and so successively every Sett of new Faces will be improving, as to the Knowledge of God, and the Works of Creation, even to the end of Time: but yet I affirm, that never any of them all

will arrive at Perfection, or be capable of defining the Lord God *Jehovah*, as he really is in himself, in his absolute Essence, and simple comprehensive Being: For it is certain, that all the Idea's we ever had, or any Man shall or can have of him, proceed only from our Minds, and these can but give an uncertain Guess, as being not in the least capable to determine any great matter therein: but admit that some of us may be so discerning, as to observe some small glimmerings of the Power of the Lord, and the mightiness of his Strength, so far as is to be discovered by what he has brought to pass; alas! the far greatest part of his Absolute Perfections, do yet still lye clouded over from our sight, and cannot be espyed by any one of us; yea were any Man capable of perceiving but any part thereof, it would rather serve to dazle our Apprehension, than in any considerable matter to inform our Judgments, or make us wiser, than we were before: For has it not often been Experienc'd, that the further any Man ever strove to dive into the *Arcana* of God's Councils, or the more he sought to know what God had been doing from Eternity, and what he will be about, to Everlasting Ages, the more imperfect Account such a Person generally has been able to give, if he has not been altogether bereav'd, of that portion of Reason his Maker had distributed unto him, to make use of to other Purposes, Intentions, and Designs, within the verge
of

of his weaker Capacity, and either become raving with Madness like a furious Lyon in a Den, or has moped away his Days as a Drone, in a deep Stupidity: No, No; such is the boundless and incomprehensible Nature of the great Framer of the Extensive Universe, and such the Limitation and Narrowness of that of Man, that this latter falls infinitely short of being able to fathom the former: yea so imperfect are we in every thing pertaining to God, that as yet we have not been able to attain unto Perfection, even in that Imitation of the Divine Goodness, for which end our Nature seems to have been Created: Nay, I think, I transgress not, if I cry out with that Divine Philosopher *Seneca*, ‘The very thing that we most eagerly pursue, we are not yet arriv’d at, (i. e.) to say a Perfection in Wickedness: Vice is still on Improvement; Luxury, Immorality, and prostitute Dissolution of Manners find still new matter to Work upon; our Men are grown Effeminate in their Habits, in their Motions, and in their Ornaments, even to the degree of Whorishness; there is no Body minds Religion, but for want of a Comedy perhaps, or in foul Weather, when there is nothing else to do. Is this so, O my God, that the Profane are still imperfect in their Lewdness, and know not yet all the Fashions and Accomplishments of Sin? Then sure, Lord, it is no matter of wonder, if I am Imperfect in the knowledge of thy Excellencies, Omnipotency, and

and secret Myſteries and Deſigns, and remain ſo to the End of my Race: For, O my Jeſu! what is Man even at the beſt State, but a ſhort-ſighted Creature, that is altogether unacquainted with the Day, Hour, or Moment when he ſhall Languish, Faint, and Dye, and cannot tell, what ſhall happen the enſuing Year, to Morrow, or even the very next Minute, (*i. e.*) whether he ſhall be Living or Dead, Applauded, or Condemned; Sick, or Well; in Eaſe, or in Pain; Rich, or Poor; Lov'd, or Hated; Honoured, or Deſpiſed; Scorn'd, or Rever'd: nay, Lord, he has ſo little a Proſpect of what will be hereafter, that when he drefſes, he knows not when and after what manner he ſhall be again unrigg'd, or what ſhall be the next Garment he muſt wear; whether a woollen winding Sheet, which is all in one piece, or a Cloth Coat cut out according to the Mode, and ſow'd together with Seams: Go he but out of his Doors, and turn his back upon his Houſe, he knows not whether he ſhall ever behold the Faces of his Wife, Children, or Friends any more, or ſtep into his Habitation again. Now, as to my ſelf in particular, when I awake in the Morning, I can't Divine whether my next Sleep will be a breathing Reſt, or a dead Swoon, never to ſtir more, till a Voice is heard, *Arouſe, and come to Account*: If I at any time ariſe from off my Bed, my Couch, or my Chair, and attempt to go but a few Paces off, I am not
ſo

so wise, as to be able to say, whether my next lying down will be on a Bier, in a Coffin, in a Grave, or on a wad of Straw: when I close my Eyes to rest at Night, I am not so cunning as to resolve my self, or my Family, whether I shall ever open them more, or see the break of another day on this side Eternity: Am I at any time giving my Judgment in intricate Points, relating to Religion, Law, or Physick, or any other difficult Art or Science, I can't assure the Party, or Parties, whether I am in the right or not; since it is all but Conjecture: neither do I know whether ever I shall be ask'd a Question more, or again desire to be resolv'd in one my self, unless it be in the other World: If I take up my Pen only with an intent to write but a Sentence of a few words, not perhaps containing above forty Letters, and have already begun to write, all the Wisdom I have, is insufficient to impower me to tell, whether I shall be capable to guide my Quill to the middle of the first Line thereof, or be forc'd to let it drop out of my Hand by a shaking Palsy, a fit of the Apoplexy, or a rising of the Vapours; or whether I shall survive to correct, or amend those few matters that lye then ready indited: Nay, so precarious is my Life, that if I take up a Book of my own Composing, or of that of any other Author, with a design to read but one Sheet or Chapter therein, I can't fore-know that my Pulse will
beat

beat, my Breath continue, or my Senses remain perfect till I have accomplish'd that Purpose, and clos'd the Book, laying the Leaves again together: When my Temper is cross'd, when I am peevish, or fretful, its past my skill to say, that I shall ever be so kind to my self and others as ever to be in a good Humour more, or resume an Air of sweetness in my Countenance again; or on the contrary, if I am Smiling, Rejoycing, or Laughing, my very Soul is ignorant, whether I shall ever be so chearful, lively, or pleasant for the time to come, or how long I shall continue in so merry a Mood: Supposing I water my Cheeks with penitential Tears, in the fore part of the Day, my Heart can't in the least conceive whether it shall remain in the same frame of Melancholy, till Noon, or be hardned thro' the deceitfulness of Sin, so as never to Fountain up a brackish Drop of water more, to moisten the Lids of those Eyes that are then over-flowing: When I treat my Intimates, or am by any of them entertain'd in the Tents of Pleasure, none of us knows whether ever that Debt will be repay'd, or whether our next meeting will be in this World, or in the other: Do I this day behold my next Neighbour appear to my view all Life, Vigour, and Spirit; I am so stupid, as not to be capable of resolving my self or him how long he shall continue so, or what he will be doing a Week hence, that is, whether
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he will be Dancing, Singing, or Rejoycing; whether he will be Sighing, Sobbing, or Groaning, or whether he will be working, or playing; abroad, or at home; living or dead. Do I behold the sky Clear and Bright at the twelfth hour of any day, I know not whether it will remain so, or be shadowed over with Clouds, when the Clock strikes one in the Afternoon; for if I attest it will be Fair, it may Rain; and if I say it will be Foul, it may be otherwise; so that I may thereby see my self mistaken, and wide of the matter. Am I not at the best a poor indigent Creature, and almost altogether ignorant in all natural Causes, Effects, and Events, but much more so in the Nature and Inscrutable Mysteries of the most High God? As for instance, if I behold a Tree full of Blossoms, which promises much Fruit, it is altogether unknown to me, whether it will meet with a blast, or produce much, or any increase at all. If then these my foregoing Considerations and Assertions are allowable, and consentient to Truth, Reason, and good Sense, how much more certain is it, that no Man is able perfectly to know or conceive what God is in his Being, or how happy the Soul of a Righteous Christian is made, when it comes to be translated from Earth to Heaven? Be not thou proud then, O my Soul, of any Natural or acquir'd Endowments, for if thou art, thou wilt be asham'd of thy indiscreet Conceit,

when

when thou com'st to take a thorough Prospect into the other World, and to compare what thou wilt then conceive, to what thou now knowest: for is not every one that is arriv'd to some Years, so sufficiently sensible of his own former mistakes; that whereas he thought his Knowledge was great, if not come even to Perfection, before he arriv'd at the eighteenth Year of his Age, he is now sufficiently convinc'd, that this same Knowledge, then so much admir'd, is no better than Childishness and Ignorance, compar'd to the Apprehensions and Conceptions of things which he now has; *viz.* after so many Years Instructions, Learning, and Experience, in things both Humane and Divine: Why? Thus the cause stands with thee, O my Soul! if thou vainly fancyest that thy Speculations are sublime, curious, and deeply penetrating, and presumest to think, that thou seest many things in their true light, state, and proportion, and wantest not to be inform'd. Thou may'st perhaps now think that every thing is within the reach of thy Conceptions; when, alas! may be some Centuries of Years hence, Men shall be so improv'd in Knowledge, whether Sacred or Profane, whether in Religion, Sciences, or Arts, either Liberal or Mechanick, that these Books and Systems that are now extant, and highly applauded, or whatever else is thought commendable and praise worthy, may be look'd
upon

upon as foolish, weak, and unlearned, even fit for nothing but to be laid in Oblivion, forgot and ridicul'd: if so, then how mean and inconsiderable is all thou sayest or dost, O my Soul, in the view of Heaven? And yet all this while thou mayest not be rejected by the Father of Mercies. And why? because he requires no more than what he gives, and expects not to Reap, where it was never Sown; but is ever ready to accept the Will for the Deed, and to take in good part all thy Performances tho' never so mean and inconsiderable in themselves, provided thou art sincere and upright in thy Purposes, Designs, and Resolutions: Therefore cheer up, O my disconsolate Soul, and be not quite cast down, on account that thou know'st so little, as thou really dost; but be content, Heaven has decreed it so, and keep thy Patience but a while, and when thou arrivest at that exalted state of Glory, that everlasting Kingdom which was prepared for thee by thy God and Father, before the Foundation of the World was laid, then shall all Mists and Clouds of Darkness vanish, the Scales of Ignorance shall fall from thine Eyes, and thou shalt see openly, not as in a Glass, and know even as thou art known.

C H A P. XXI.

A Thought of Enduring Persecution with a patient Resignation.

IT is for thy Honour, O my Jesu! that I am sometime Crost, and even oblig'd to winter in great Extremity; it is for my good, that I am often troubled, and know what Want means; nay it can't be thought amiss for the Tryal of my Faith, and Exercise of my Patience, if thou dressdest me in Rags, and causdest me for a while to endure Hunger, Thirst, and Cold; to toil, run, and sweat; to lodge in Stables, Barns, or Hovels; to cover my self with Weeds, and Leaves of Trees, or Straw; to be Sick, Paine, and Ill: But, O my God, I can't but fancy I now hear some say, What! ought I to think Misery expedient, convenient, or needful, because it serves to wean the Mind from off the painted Fancies of a false World, and helps to raise up the Soul from weltring in the muddy Ponds of sensual Delights, making it to delight to bathe it self in the clear and cooling Springs of heavenly Desires, and self Resignation, and driving the Spirit Heavenwards. These I know, O blessed Redeemer, are thy Intentions, Designs, and Purposes, in thus thwarting me, in my passage home to thee: So that I am animated to say with an
undaunted

undaunted bravery of Spirit, Come ye Waves of pain and sorrow, and ye raging Floods of boisterous Persecution, and beat against this Vessel of my Body, with all your united Forces, you shall never be able to shock my Resolves, stay my begun Voyage, or surcease my strenuous Endeavours; and altogether resolved I am, in spite of all imaginable Opposition, to guide my much tossed Vessel to the Port-Royal of Rest, Peace, and Pleasure: for how much better is it for me to be content patiently to wait a while, looking upon the Compass of true Belief, and willingly to watch for a few dark Nights, steering by the Helm of Conscience, and patiently abide some cold blasts of a stormy Season, that thereby I may arrive at an Harbour of Joys, where I shall never have any need to watch more, to toil more, or be ruffled by the furious Winds of Passions more, than for the sake of present Ease, of some short Sleep, or deceitful Slumber, to suffer my Bark to run adrift, and to be toss'd hither and thither, at the will of every Wind and Current, without any hope or prospect of ever seeing Land, till at last it is split upon a Rock, and lost for ever. But here doubtless I shall be interrupted by some of the Grandees of this World, who will stay my career for a while, to ask the following Question, If it is not much more delightful, pleasing, and agreeable to Flesh, Blood, and Sense, to ride as one of the Lord High

Admirals of the narrow Seas of this Life, in a still River near a green Shore, and be in a gilded Ship of State, set off with many gaudy Streamers, and flying Pendants of Grandeur, surrounded with a numerous Squadron of other painted Vessels of Greatness, and be huzza'd with d'offt Bonnets, shaking Hands, and loud Shouts, by many Crews of Inferior Mariners, and just as the Summer of Life is over, pull up Anchor, and steer away for Glory, without any more to do, and so step out of a fine Cabin here on Earth, into the everlasting Mansions of Bliss in Heaven. To this I return Answer, That it is not possible it can be so; for as reasonably may one think to set foot upon the Continent of *America*, without making a Voyage thither, as to arrive at the Port of Eternal Happiness, without undergoing the inevitable Fatigues of the way. Impossible it is for a Rich Man to steer unto the Haven of Glory. He is guided more by the deceiving Holloos of the Crowd of mean spirited Men, than by the still Voice of *Jesus* the Lord, who saith, Take up and fraught with Meekness, Sanctity, and Purity of Conversation, and ye shall unload at my Key, and shore at my Wharf, without giving a third of your Cargo, as an acknowledgment to any but my self; and in Exchange of what I receive from you, I'll return a thousand-fold into your Bosome, and Crown you as Kings for ever: So that sure I am, when a Christian riggs
for

for Happiness, he is not fond of Ruling in chief, or free to take his course near the main Fleets of any Tyrant King, or great Potentate, lest he should be so unhappy, as either to be seiz'd as a Pirate, or prest as a Tender, and so prevented in his intended Voyage; but for the shunning of danger he steers something round about, because he then knows he shall have no hinderance by dropping his Flag, lowering his Topmast, or discharging an acknowledgment to the Sovereignty of his Earthly Prince, whom he desires not to know or yield Obedience so much to: nay, for my part I had much rather fear my God, and venture him with my All in an open Hoy, than live in a Yatch of Pleasure, and offend my Maker, for then I know my Soul is lost for ever without Redemption. But, Lord, why muse I thus, and say not, I had rather serve thee, than be obey'd my self by others; I had rather labour for thee, than dwell at ease in sin; I'd rather cry for thee, than laugh with the World; I'd rather be chill'd with cold for thee, than lye warm with the wicked; I'd rather hide for thee, than be gaz'd on with applauding Admiration by evil Doers: And why so patient, O my Spirit, in Poverty? Because my Christ was never Rich: Why so calm when slander'd? Because my Saviour was contented to be despis'd: Why so patient in trouble? Because my Lord was so: Why so free to forgive? Because my Redeemer ever thus practis'd:

Why so meek when spitefully us'd? Because *Jesus* behav'd himself with gentleness when betray'd: So that I will now pray with him, and say, *O Father forgive them, they know not what they do.* O then how much better is it to have my Feet lock'd in Chains of Iron, than my Hands imbru'd in streams of Blood? my Bread season'd with brinish Tears, than to enjoy sweet Morsels purchas'd with Deceit? Nay, I had even said, I had rather chuse to starve in private, where no temptation can come to assault, or lewd Persons enter to Rule, than Feast in the Courts of Mirth, where my Virtue may be expos'd, or my Graces damnify'd; and where Morality is expell'd, and Vice is caress'd in Opposition to the Fruits of Truth.

But now sure it is time to think of closing this Essay with a short, but Earnest Prayer, because the moment draws on apace, when I must away to my other Thoughts, where I shall even swim in floods of Grief, and be oppress'd with profound Melancholy, to consider how Sinners lye on the soft Quilts of ease, without any serious thought of God's handyworks, or affecting Consideration of their dying Day, when their poor Souls must be all in amaze, and they know not what to do, whither to fly, or how to escape a deserved Doom: But now to my Devotion. 'O thou great Governour of the spacious Universe, and first Fabricator of the highest Heavens, and whatever is contain'd in their Embraces, I am come
' to

'to let thee know, that if my Heart betrays
 'me not, I had much rather have my Head
 'ake, feel my Stomack empty, and see my Bo-
 'dy lodg'd in a Manger, than at any time to
 'think, say, or do amiss, in Thought, Word,
 'or Deed; for amazing it is to see thee frown,
 'and hear thy Son chide: Lord, thy Displea-
 'sure is more killing to me than many Deaths,
 'or a whole Quiver of Arrows stuck into my
 'bleeding Heart. O receive me but as thine
 'own, and then strip me of my All, if thou
 'seest it fit to be so for thy Honour, and my
 'Good; nay, my Lord *Jesus*, Chain me to Gal-
 'lies, Confine me to Dungeons, or Pen me in
 'a Cave, I care not, so that thou dost but
 'own me as thine here, and crown me with
 'thy Saints hereafter; for O my God and my
 'King, how short and slight are all thy af-
 'flicting Dispensations, and Trials on Earth,
 'tho' never so severe and sharp, if compar'd
 'and weigh'd with the pains of Hell, and the
 'loss of thy felicifying Presence, to the end-
 'less Ages of Eternity, which will for ever
 'and ever be running on, but never come to
 'the desired end, or draw towards a vehement-
 'ly long'd for Conclusion.

'These and many more, O blessed Redeemer,
 'are the prevailing Considerations, that serve
 'to place me beyond the Fear of trouble, De-
 'spite of Enemies, or the Rage of Devils, and
 'even make me proud of Rags, fond of Flames,
 'and ambitious of cruel Tortures, for I have so

'high an Esteem for thee, that hung on a Cross
 'for me, that I fancy I could undergo all the
 'Pains, Ignominies, and Flouts, that ever any
 'Christian was accosted withal, without so
 'much as a shrinking back, or saying, Lord send
 'Ease, it is more than I am able to bear; and that
 'thou may'st see, O Lamb of God, thou Son of
 'the Father, and Judge of the whole Earth, that
 'none of these Resolves are feign'd. I'll retire into
 'a Room and talk of thee at an higher rate than
 'ever; (*i. e.*) into a secret Recess, where no Light
 'appears, but now and then the glimmering of a
 'sparkling Star, or the little faint shinings of an
 'horned Moon, where no Sinners are near to listen
 'to my bitter Cries, Sighs, and mournful Accents,
 'and where not one offender's Eye is suffer'd to
 'peep in: Would Transgressors know what I in-
 'tend to do there? I answer, It is not to wan-
 'ton, sing, and play, nor to slumber, sot, and sleep,
 'but to Pray and Repent, to Sigh and Reform, to
 'Weep and Amend. But doubtless they will ask
 'how long I shall be there; I say till I am assur'd
 'of everlasting Rest, and so now farewell to emp-
 'ty Bubbles, silly Toys, and idle Wishes; and wel-
 'come to me earnest Prayers, loud Cries, and long
 'Travels in the strait paths of Virtue: And so I
 'Conclude in saying, Come Lord *Jesu*, come
 'quickly, come without the least Delay, and assist
 'me in accomplishing all my pious purposes, and
 'then I shall never faint, but soon arrive at the
 'end of my Hope, even the eternal Salvation of
 'my dear, precious, and never dying Soul. *Amen.*
Amen, Amen.

C H A P. XXII.

A Midnight Thought on the wonderful Vicissitudes of the Universe.

SLEEP not my Soul ! but awake, arouse and be not dull, for now is the time to call thy self to account, and know if all is right within ; then be not slack, O thou my Soul ! but raise thy Thoughts aloft on Contemplation's Wings ; for Sweet it is to Pray in a private Recess, where there is no Tatling, but the talking of thine own Tongue ; no Whisperings, but these of thy own Lips ; no Noise, but the Soundings of thine own Voice ; no Beatings, but the Pantings of thine own Breast ; no Consultings, but the Musings of thine own Mind ; no Pains, but the Aking of thine own Heart ; no Clutchings, but the Wringing of thine own Hands ; no Sweatings, but the Dews of thine own Fore-head ; no Paleness, but the Wanness of thine own Face ; no Tremblings, but the Shakings of thine own Joynts ; no Cryings, but the Weeping of thine own Eyes ; no Mournings, but the Grievings of thine own Spirit ; no Checks, but the Chidings of thine own Conscience ; no Frettings, but the Peevishness of thine own Humour ; no Company, but the Converse of thine own Jesus ; O then break out my Soul,

and say, O my Lord, and O my God, every of thy Workings of Nature are exceeding strange, most surprizing, and too wonderful for me to know: And why, O my great Jehovah? Because they are Secrets only known to thy self, and I must not dive too nicely into the Cause, or desire to know more of them, than thy Sacred Word allows, since I know they are too Sublime to be reach'd by me, too immense to be incircled within my narrow Capacity, and too difficult to be resolv'd by my stammering Tongue. No, my Maker, all my Ingenuity, Excellency, and Skill cannot tell my self, or any other, whether that glorious Luminary, which Shines in the upper Orbs, runs round the Circle of this Earth, or the Earth turns about to the Sun, or whether they both move in Conjunction with each other. These are too high Points for me, O Lord, or any breathing Mortal to define, or absolutely to determine: And why? Because the most refined of us all can only consult Reason, and give the best of our Judgment in the matter, which possibly may be a true Idea of the Thing, and yet perhaps may not: What then remains for Man to do, but to Cry out, and say, O the unsearchable Wisdom, and mighty Power of the Creator, most clearly to be perceived by the interchangeable Revolutions of the Nights and Days, of the Morn-
ings

ings and the Evenings, of the Winter and the Summer, and of the shortning and lengthning of the Nights and the Days; so that sure we are, it is either the Earth, the Sun, or both of them are in a continual and steady Motion. Shall I illustrate the matter even to the meanest Capacity? Then to prove that there is an Infinite Being, and an Almighty Power concern'd in all we see, I shall thus proceed: Admit, and say, that 'tis only the Earth that moves, and that the Sun stands as steadily fixt in the Center of the Universe, as doth the North Star in its appointed Station in the Firmament, as is the Opinion of most of the nice Inquirers, and curious Searchers into natural Causes; how amazing is it then to Consider, that such a ponderous Weight, as all the Hills, Mountains, and Plains; all the Cities, Towns, and Villages; all the Trees, Boughs, and Hedges; all the Men, Women, and Children; all the Cattle, Beasts, and creeping Animals; all the Seas, Rivers, and Brooks; all the Ships, Whales, and Fishes; with every thing else that lyes fixt, or moves on the Surface of the Land and Water; together with what is contain'd within it down to the Center thereof, should be in such a quick Motion, as to wheel round every twenty four Hours, without ever resting or standing still, going faster or slower, at one Time, Season, or Hour than another, but keeps just to such
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an exact Motion: Or on the other Hand, supposing the Earth remains as fixt and unmoveable in the Centre, as doth the Root of a growing Oak in the Ground, where it was first Sown or Planted, and the Sun moves, as seems to be the thoughts of the inspired Pen-man of the nineteenth Psalm; supposing this, I say, the Work of God is not less, if not much more admirable and worthy to be celebrated. With what Wonder and Delight withal shall we be surpris'd, if we rise in a clear Morn something before Day breaks, and walking out abroad into the open Fields, or looking out of the Casement of a Window, whose Prospect is to the East, we behold all about Gloomy, Dark, and Black, excepting a few silver Glances of the pale shining Moon, or little sparklings of the twinkling Stars; till by and by, if we traverse with our Eyes the Plains yet overspread with the sable Vail of the Night, we shall perceive towards the Eastern Bounds of the Horizon, a little Light to arise, which diffuses it self more and more 'till it has scatter'd the Shades, and made to disappear the lesser Luminaries of the Night; and then immediately after the Day's Bright Lamp begins to shew the top of his Head from his rosie Chambers of the East, gradually advancing himself, till he has fully display'd his glorious Countenance, and given broad Day to ex-
pect-

pecting Mortals: from thenceforward he proceeds in his ascending Course to his highest Meridian Exaltation, continuing again to descend, till touching the horizontal Circle, he after hides himself in his Western Bed, leaving a time of Repose to labouring Mortals, wearied with the Toils of the preceding Day; which time of rest being over, the Glorious Luminary of the Day resumes his diurnal Task, imparting his Light to Mankind for performance of his necessary Work, all which is still again and again to be reiterated, till the Almighty shall finally turn this Luminous Body into utter Darkness. And now I say, how surprising is it to think, that such a flaming Substance, which is concluded by all to be of a vast Circumference, should travel Millions of Millions, thousands of Millions of Miles, in the short space of a Day and a Night, as it most evidently appears it does, without so much as ever resting or making an halt by the way, or advancing quicker or slower at one time more than another, but proceeding at all times in an uniform gradual Course. Again, if we suppose with some, that the Sun and Earth both move at one and the same time, yet will the matter be never the less Astonishing: And why? Because tho' this Globe of the Earth, and that Luminary the Sun, are so far distant from each other, yet there appears as it were an Understanding, Sense, and

and a Knowledge of each others Proceedings, Windings, and Walkings, as most undeniably is seen by their never differing the breadth of a Straw in their constant Marches, but observing so exact an Uniformity, and Correspondence in all their Movements, Points, and Degrees, that all the Astronomers, and Astrologers, that ever liv'd since the Creation could never as yet perceive any variation or difference, even so much as to the thousandth part of a Moment; only when God caus'd Time to go some degrees backwards, or to stand still, that he might shew his Power, and make his Might appear therein: so then I say, let the Earth move and the Sun stand still, or let the Sun run and the Earth remain fixt, or let them both move equally the one with the other, one of which must infallibly prove true, their performance is so transcendently great, that the very Consideration of it, even carries me into the spacious Plains of astonishing Wonder, and tells me, that there is a God; since no other Matter, Cause, or Being can be capable of effecting such Mighty Things. Is there any one so thoughtless as to say, that they proceed from the Struggling of Nature, the Endeavours of Chance, or the Kindness of Fortune? Or think they, 'tis by the Beams of the Sun, the Strength of the Earth, or the Influence of the Moon, they are produced? Believe they 'tis the Cunning

ning of Man, the Blowing of the Winds, or the Ruffling of the Waves, that brings them to pass? I would fain ask 'em these following Questions ; O foolish Man, can a single Hair of thy Head weigh up a sunken Vessel out of the Deep, or a grain of Sand balast a Ship of a thousand Tun? Can the short Thread of a Spiders-Web incircle the World, or a small Wier prop up a Castle, when its Foundations are giving way? Or can a Child sling a Mil-stone to the Sky with a slight of Hand, or a Babe deluge the World with a few of its falling Tears? Why, any or all of these things are more likely than that any Might, Puissance, or Efficacy of any Thing, either in Heaven, the Earth, or in the Sea, excepting God, can cause, produce or perform these wonderful Works, or even tell after what manner these vast Spheres are turn'd about : No, as none can perform this Work besides the Almighty, so none but he the Creator knows after what manner it is perform'd : The experience of every Day makes it appear, and what we may see every Night does demonstrate, that what we have mention'd is matter of Fact ; but were the Question put to us, What one of all his Attributes were most concern'd in this Work, and which of them most conspicuous therein, *viz.* his Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Justice, Righteousness, Truth, &c. we must Answer, That all his glorious Excellencies are jointly Operative, and also clearly display'd : O! my God, these
are

are high Thoughts of thee, and such as I seldom thought of before: but now they shall be my Meditations, when I rise and when I lye down; when I eat, and when I drink; when I dress, and when I undress; when I walk, and when I sit; when I talk, and when I am silent; whiles I live, and when I dye; but in a more especial manner, when ever any Atheistical Imagination begins to predominate over me. Ah Lord! should I henceforth call thy Existence, Perfections, and Attributes into question, how should I degrade my Nature, and degenerate from Reason, and even appear to my self, and others, more foolish than a Natural, that knows nothing at all: And why, O my Jesu? Because such a poor Innocent only acts according to his weakness, and non-apprehension of things: But I ought to think, speak, and operate according to what I Know, See, and Understand; for comprehend I not, that some few Hours ago it was all Day round my dwellings; behold I not that it is now all Night about my Habitations? and believe I not that when the Wheels of the nimble Clock have run few times more about, and its sounding Bell strikes Eight, it will be so light, that I may see again to Rise, Read, or Work? but, O my Soul, why art thou so heavy and dull, and strivest not to raise thy Mind to some higher thoughts of God, and deeper Considerations of his Perfection? for know'it thou not that his Power first

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Fram'd as well as now Governs, and first Molded as well as now Rules, and his Fingers first Made as well as now Preserves? And is it not plain to thee, O my Soul! that he knows all thy most secret Intentions, thy most retired Thoughts, and the most conceal'd and most politick Imaginations of thy heart, as perfectly as if the Room wherein now thy Body lyes, were all over in a flame of Light, and there hung a thousand blazing Lamps within the Curtains of thy Bed, or as if all thy deeds were proclaim'd at the Market Cross of every Town? Is it so that my Maker sees, knows, and perceives all the most secret recesses, and remote corners of my Soul, Mind, and Spirit? O then! what a Care and Circumspection ought I at all times to have over the Thoughts, Words, and Actions of my Life, lest I either through ignorance offend, or wilfully do amiss! Am I unwilling that Man should be a witness of my Crimes, and desirous to appear upright in the Eyes of a Neighbour? How much more fervently ambitious should I be to be innocent in the Eyes of my Judge, and how infinitely more averse to be espy'd in the practice of wickedness by the Lord *Jesus*? Or to permit the remains of iniquity to abide in my Bosom, and to rule in my will? But, O my God! how must this great Work be perform'd? Certainly, no otherwise, than by strenuously endeavouring instantly to put away all that is evil from before me, and most earnestly striving always to
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do that which is approved of thee, and emits a fragrant smell in thy Nostriks: O then let me up and pray without the least Excuse; what tho' it dark and I cannot see, that matters not; I can Speak, God can Hear; I can ask, Christ can Answer; I can groan within my self, the Spirit can assist me in utterance. Then rise, kneel, and say, 'O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, 'need have I to come to the Throne of Grace, 'at the second Watch of this Night, since Eternity is near, and for ought I know my next 'Advance may be to lanch into that boundless 'Ocean? The well or ill-spending of this hour 'may determine my everlasting State, either of 'Joy or Grief; vouchsafe then, O blessed Trinity, to open the Treasury of thy Mercy to 'my Night-breathings, and let these my Petitions be accepted, as a precious Sacrifice without 'blemish: O may my Thoughts never wander, 'or my Fancy rove, my Faith stagger, or my 'Spirits faint; my Heart fail, or my Tongue 'falter, in wishing earnestly not for the attainment of any Riches, but the Treasures of 'thy Righteousness, and the Palms of Glory. 'May all my dependance be on that Fountain 'of Goodness, from whom all that is desirable does proceed, and by whom, and through 'whom I must be eternally sav'd, or damn'd 'for ever; O may the umbrage of my Sins 'never shade me from the Glory of Bliss, nor 'their weight press my Soul down to the Abyss of Pain. O one in three, and three in
one,

'one! hear all my Sighs, and bottle up my
 'Tears in the Vials of everlasting Remembrance;
 'that when I come to rise at the Resurrection,
 'they may come to be as so many drops of
 'precious Oyntment, smelling gratefully in the
 'Nostrils of my most Gracious God. Grant that
 'then I may be set on the Right Hand of
 'Glory; and enter a welcome Guest into the
 'Bride-Chamber, where I shall watch no more,
 'pine no more, nor awake any more in a li-
 'centious and base World; where Vice is made to
 'appear with all imaginable Advantages, and Va-
 'nity painted out in nice Colours, in such sort
 'as I am under a Necessity of watching more dili-
 'gently, redoubling my mournings, and instead of
 'weeping a few Tears, of showering them down
 'in great plenty. For many there are, that, thought-
 'less of all Futurity, lean on the Bed of ease, with-
 'out so much as ever lifting up an Hand to Prayer,
 'or moving a Lip to speak of things Divine;
 'but as so many *Turks*, lye in the Regions of
 'Infidelity, and wanton in their Lustings after
 'each other; when, alas! not one of them
 'can tell, but before the break of the next
 'Morn, they may be made to appear at the
 'private Bar of Justice, to answer for the last
 'Night's Debauch: O, then, the infinite hazard
 'that Offenders run, only by their abiding but
 'a moment in Sin, or continuing an hour in
 'Iniquity; for how wretched, surprising, and
 'confounding a thing is it, to be on a sudden at-
 'tack'd by the unavoidable Night-pains of Death,

‘and hurry’d away to Judgment, from luxu-
 ‘riating in the Lap of Folly, and lying in-
 ‘circled within the Embraces of Lewdness.
 ‘But why do I thus, O my God! lavish away
 ‘my best Thoughts, and lose my precious time,
 ‘in talking to such that would not change
 ‘their present beloved Course, nor rouse up
 ‘themselves from their lethargick Sleep of sin,
 ‘though an Angel of Heaven should descend
 ‘from above, and privately whisper in their
 ‘Ears, that the spacious Regions of Glory are
 ‘all ecchoing around with Hymns of Power,
 ‘Might, and Adoration to him, that now guides
 ‘the Fabrick of the World, by the good plea-
 ‘sure of his Will, and to him that has put on
 ‘Human Nature to redeem the Elect, and to
 ‘the third Person in the God-head, the Holy
 ‘Spirit, the Sanctifier and Comforter of the
 ‘Church: And to this Glorious Trinity be all
 ‘Praises, World without End. Thus I conclude
 my *Mid-night Thought*; and now I’ll lay me
 down to rest, trusting that God the Father,
 Christ the Son, and the Holy Paraclete, will
 cause me to sleep secure, and in safety.

C H A P. XXIII.

*A Morning Thought before one enters upon
the Business of the World.*

UP my Body and best Desires, the Day is breaking, and Light appearing, and time it is to pray, That the Father of Mercies, and the God of Love, would give me now and ever a Mind capable of all requisite Knowledge of his Law, an Understanding illuminated with the saving Knowledge of his Commandments, and a Will pliable in all things to that of his Divine Majesty; together also with a right Knowledge of my self, without which that of all things else external is but a vain Amusement, and of little or no avail towards my everlasting Salvation. No, all my other Performances separated from this Wisdom, will no more avail towards the attainment of endless Joys, or the purchasing of Eternal Bliss, than a spark of Fire can cool a Fever, or a worthless Pebble purchase a Diadem: No, my precious Soul, nothing else will do, but a stedfast Faith and good Works link'd and join'd together; to which must be added, a dying to Sin, and living to Virtue; real Purposes of well-doing, and never-failing Performance; also an earnest petitioning of the mighty Framers of the Universe, that he would be pleas'd of his abundant Goodness,

to pour down upon me the Riches of his Grace, and to assist me with the guidance of his Spirit, so that every one of my Designs may be raised above the mean verge of Sense, and so firmly established, as to be without any hazard of wandring, and then I may boldly venture out of my Chamber into the World, as a brave General into a Field of Battel against a Potent Enemy, and fearlessly encounter and overcome all vain Oppositions; saying to Transgressors, Be gone from me, I know you not, you fight under the Banner of Satan, and have your Station near his bloody Standard; continue I say, if you will, ye simple ones, to remain in his Camp, fighting under his Banner; I will not by any means learn that military Art, or connive with you his Agents; since, sure I am, one Hour spent in the Royal Tents of *Jesus*, is more ravishing to my noble mind, than a thousand Nights within the Devil's Lines, tho' at present his Party may seem to be victorious: And why? Because I experimentally know, that a Christian finds much more Peace, Pleasure, and Tranquillity of Spirit in his Heavenly Warfare in this Life, than a vicious Person in all his Scenes of filthy Pleasure; for the Sleep of the Righteous is sweet, but the Rest of the Wicked is troubled; the Wakings of the Just are serene, but the first Thoughts of the Licentious are confus'd; and is there not much more composure to be observ'd in the countenance of a Saint, than in the face of a Russian? if so,
then

then true it is, that when a good Man wakes, he finds all right within, and can say, he opens his Eyes with a Conscience clear of Guilt, and a Spirit void of Blame; a contented Mind, and an Heart at ease; a Temper compos'd, and a Will resign'd; a Chast Body, and a sanctify'd Soul; subdued Affections, and a desire to Pray; nay, I had almost said, that he might even cry out, that he is such an one as God would have him to be, living an Angelical Life during his Exile from Glory, and walking in his Integrity, being a Person after his Creator's Heart, as the Royal Prophet *David* was. But, O my God! what makes me so dull, and why thus do I lower my usual exalted Style, and not rather mount it higher than before, by pouring out all the Passions of my Soul and Body, and saying; O my Christ, Saviour, and Redeemer! illuminate me all o're with the bright Rays of thine own Shining, and the Glory of thine own Presence, that my State may be Assurance here, having a certain Hope of enjoying thee in a better Region hereafter; and then, Lord, I shall never have any Reason to repine, when Ill men Prosper, and the Wicked Flourish like a green Bay Tree, nor be dismay'd at the Sufferings of the Just, or when I seem withering, as it were, with regard to my temporal Estate: No; worldly Grandeur shall in no wise be any part of my Ambition, or in the least be pursu'd by me, nor

indeed think I any thing I see worth so much as the looking after, or calling it with a Beck, could it thus easily be obtain'd; for tho' the Light is now Bright and Clear, and the Air serene in this fair Morning of the day, I can't have any Prospect of, or meet with any thing before Night, that can be capable of giving me any Delight, or real Satisfaction, saving thee, O my loving Jesus, whom I entirely affect, and in whom I center all my thoughts; for thou art an Object that can never cloy me with Satiety, nor can my Soul ever say of thee, I have enough, give me no more. Then farewell to all the gaudy Pageantries of Emperours Courts, Kings Crowns, Princes Palaces, Great Titles, Noble Births, Large Estates, Rich Robes, Fine Walks, and many Friends; for they are all Low, Sensual, and Base; Loose, Sordid, and Vain; Tottering, Weak, and Unsteady; not capable of giving my nobler Part, I mean the Soul, any Enjoyments, yea or worthy of stooping to take them up, were they to be attain'd without any further labour: For, O my Lord Christ! thou knowest that the principal matter of which they are all compounded, is but Gross, Empty, and Perishing; and nothing of that nature can give Pleasure, Rest, or Peace to my Spirit; which in it self Durable, Immortal, and Immaterial, so that I shall account my self sufficiently happy, if I can but hold out War with World to the end of my Race, and gain thee

thee my Redeemer, as my Purchase at last, who art all Spirit, Infinite, and Transcendent; wherefore henceforth I'll fancy all that I see in this Life, like a Varnish of Red and White Paint, laid upon a Tawny Complexion and an Old Face, so that the nearer any approaches are made in order to a propos'd Enjoyment, the more the Desires flag, 'till at last all the Lust is turn'd into a Chast Abhorrence, occasion'd by a near interview, and a true Idea of the Vanity and Deceit of the Person. If this is the true resemblance, or likeness of all outward Appearances, what can become me more than to Laugh at all such, Airy Phantoms, to raise my Contemplations higher than ever, by dwelling within my self, and to be fond of nothing but of loving my God sincerely, my Jesus truly, my Religion really, and Praying fervently? since this will serve to buoy up my sinking Spirits, keep my Affections in Order, and preserve my Soul from suffering Ship-Wrack, while toss'd upon the lower Waves of this tempestuous World, and safely guide it, as it were, to the wish'd for Haven of endless Bliss. But why so lofty, O my rowring Thoughts! Because the Lord Jesus will receive nothing as a free Offering, or a real Sacrifice, that is dull, drowsy, or imperfect; but he'll accept whatever is Lively, Hearty, and Sincere: so that when ever I wait on my God in Prayer, my talk of him shall be in a florid strain, but not Loud; Fine, but not Unsincere; Often

but not Tedious; Zealous, but not Hypocritical; Affectionate, but not Ostentive; Relenting, but not Whining; in the view of Christ, but not in the Sight of Transgressors; in the hearing of Heaven, but not to be listened to by the wicked; in the Closet, but not on the House top; in the Street, but not to be perceiv'd; in Publick, but not for vain Glory; in the Church, but not to accomplish a by-end; in a Family, but not for Ostentation; sound, but not intricate; Plain, but not Vulgar; Smooth, but not Homely; Perfect, but not Formal; Divine, but not too Learned; Informing, but not Intricate; Kneeling, but not Ceremonious; in a Form, but not Offensive. And now what remains but that I call God my Record, and Christ my Saviour, the Holy Spirit my Leader, Angels my Guard, Justice my Rule, Righteousness my Staff, Heaven my Mark, Glory my Prize, and Happiness my End. In fine, and to conclude, I'll stedfastly endeavour so to perform every following Act of my Life, as if it were to be my Last; to live every Hour as if I was sure to dye the next, and to spend every day as if I were certain never to see any other, and then I shall have nothing to Check me, when my Breath becomes short, my Pulse beats low, and my Blood begins to chill and to stagnate in my moveless Veins: Nor shall I have any thing to tell me, that I have not done well, in that Minute when my Throat rattles, my Spirits faint, and my Soul

Soul and Body are just upon the point of being separated, and this last to be Strip'd, Laid out, and Drest in the usual Fashion of the Dead.

C H A P. XXIV.

A Noon Thought on the Soul.

Time wings away apace, for it is but as it were just now that I first awak'd, rose, and drest, and behold the Morning of the Day is already gone: Noon is come, and Night is drawing near, when I must unrig, lye down and Sleep again; O then, Lord God! what is all my Life, but as it were a continual putting on, and a pulling off, or an acting the same part often over. What therefore can I better compare my self unto, while abiding in this unsettled State, than to an Infant Sprawling about in the dark and narrow Recesses of his Mother's Womb, but not knowing whither it goes; drawing near to its Birth it knows not when, and staying there a while in order to be thrown naked into a Region it knows nothing of. Why, even thus it is with me, as to my Natural Man, I lye shifting about to and fro in this Cloudy and little World, doing I scarce know what, looking to be remov'd
hence

hence I cannot tell on what Day, Hour, or Time, and waiting to be flung bare into a State, that I as yet know little of; but thanks be to Heaven, it is otherwise with my more noble and better part, the Spirit; for that Divine Ray has Liberty without Controul to fetch many a peep into the other World, and refresh it self in the Regions of Bliss, by Holy Contemplations, notwithstanding its Confinement in the Body: for indeed should it be deny'd that freedom, it would be stifled in the Womb of this suffocating Life long before its Delivery hence: O Lord God! what makes me talk of this World, since ten thousand such Material Worlds as this, would not be large enough to Contain or preserve my Soul within their Bounds: for did it not ever and anon fetch a few Breathings in its own natural Air, and take some Turns on its native Soil, I mean the other World, it would soon Faint, and Dye.

But here I fancy, some will bid me stop, to Answer these three following Questions? First, What the Soul is? Secondly, Where it inhabits, while in the Body? Thirdly, How I know it is of so vast a Proportion, as even the lower Worlds cannot contain it. I answer, As to the First, my Soul is the infus'd Breath of the Almighty, a Spirit altogether of an immaterial Nature, in likeness unto God himself, whose Workmanship it only is. Indeed, some are so ignorant, as to think, that their gross and foul Body of Flesh, Blood, and Bones, bears the Mark and
Image

Image of their Maker: but it is a very palpable Error; for it is a more Curious and Finer part the Soul, that represents and discovers the Resemblance of Infinity. My Reasons for it are these; My Body is Corruptible, God is nothing so; my Spirit is Incorruptible, even so is the Almighty, for he never changes: My Body is Earthly, God is not; my Soul is Spiritual, and so is the Heavenly Framer of all the Powers here below: My Body is fading, God is not; my Spirit is altogether Deathless and Incorruptible, and so is also the Creator of the World: My Body is Visible, God is not; my Soul is Invisible, the Great *Jehovah* is the same: My Body is to be touch'd with the feeling of Hands, my God is not; my Spirit cannot be felt by the Touch, neither is the Judge of all things to be apprehended by the feeling of our Hands: to end, My Body dyes, but God does not; my Spirit lives for aye, even so doth he that turn'd into a Round the Globe of this habitable Earth with the Palm of his Hand; so that it is my Soul that is the Picture of the eternal Word of God, not my Body; it is my Spirit that resembles the third and last Person in the ever-blessed Trinity, not this my Earthen Cottage of Clay; in fine, it is my Soul, Spirit, and Mind that represents and gives a true Idea of the God-head, not my Blood, Sinews, and Veins; not mine Arms, Legs, or Hands; not my Breast, Heart, or Inwards: No; all those parts and Members are too mean and sordid to bear

bear a lively Resemblance and Representation unto either Father, Son, or Holy Ghost.

As to the second Question, *viz.* Where my Soul Inhabits whilst in the Body? I Answer, This is a nice point to be resolv'd, and does even puzzle all the Divines, Schoolmen, and Philosophers to find it out. And this Head has been curiously disputed in every Age of the World, with many diversities of Opinions, and without any demonstrative Certainty in the matter: for some think its abode is in the Heart, others in the Breast, some in the Brain, others in the Tongue: But I differ from them all, and am of the Opinion, that the place of its Residence is in the Mind, or rather believe that the Mind it self is the Soul: But here some will say, What is the Mind? Why, my Mind is my Life, my Reason, my Will, my Affection, my Knowledge, my Understanding, my Apprehension, my Judgment, my Politicks, my Thoughts, my Imaginations, my Genius, my Memory, and my Contemplations. But say others again, Is this Mind any part of the Body? No, for take away this thing call'd my Mind, all and every part of my Body remains as perfect in all its Forms and Shapes as ever, tho' indeed destitute of all Motion, Pulse, and Breath: for behold my Hands there, they are but stiff; view my Legs there, they are but benum'd; see my Lips there, they are but cold; behold my Face, there it is with all its Features, but wan; Dissect my Skull, there is my Pan of Brains, but dead; Lance
my

my Veins, there is my Blood, but congeal'd; open my Body, there is my Heart, Bowels, and Entrails, but senseless of pain; so that my Mind, or Soul, or both together is dispers'd all over my Body, and not in one particular place more than in another: for does it not keep Life, Action, Order, and Discipline in one part of my Body, as well as of another? And are not all the parts of my Body living together, and performing their particular Works and Offices, as the Soul or Mind directs? for it is my Spirit and nothing else that causes my Feet to walk, my Fingers to work, my Tongue to speak, my Head to bow, my Knees to kneel, and by Back to bend; and that life in every part of my Body is my Soul, my Spirit, and my Mind; or my Soul dwells in that Mind, which is not only in the Heart, Brain, or Breast, but in all in general, and in every part and particle of my Body in particular, at one and the same time. I hope this my Opinion will rather be the more credited by the wise and ingenious, because it carries so much Reason and plainness along with it.

Which fairly brings me to the answering of the last Question requir'd, and that is, How I know my Soul to be of so vast Extent, that many such Worlds as these are not big enough to contain it within their large Boundaries? I answer, It is plain that my Soul is even bigger than my Tongue can express it to be, and requires more room to move it self in, than my Heart can conceive,
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in this imperfect and narrow state; for is not my Soul one hour within, demanding and asking it self Questions; another abroad, in answering the Objections of others? One moment in this World, and another in the next; nay, in both Worlds together? For often at one and the same time my Soul, that is my Thoughts which are my Soul, is in this Land and the neighbouring Nations, as far as the rising and going down of the Sun, in Heaven, Hell, and in Eternity; so that it is even every where at one and the same time. Having thus fairly answer'd, and made out all my foregoing Questions and Assertions, and I hope to the entire satisfaction of my Reader, I shall now take occasion to break out even into a more rapturous flight than ever, and cry out.

O my Lord, and my God, when will the day break, and the time be, that this rich Jewel, my precious Soul, which I value at so dear a rate, and is of such an inestimable worth, shall be safely delivered out of this strait Body of Sin, and narrow World of Iniquity, into a Kingdom of Glory, where it may have compass enough to fetch a full reach in; let it reach it self never so far, and where it will never again be limited and stifi'd up for want of room more, be confin'd to bounds more, suffocated with Sense more, penn'd within an earthen Trunk of Corruption more, or be ever more endangered by the hazardous Attacks of Vice. O let not the time be long, for my Soul wants to be gone, and to be above in Heaven; and beyond all the bluster-
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ing storms of Calumny, Ignominy, and Reproach, and even out of the reach of the malice of every sinner: for, Lord, what is all that I behold here, but snares, noise, and hurry! O make haste, for my aspiring Spirit takes no delight in thoughts of dwelling any longer in these empty earthly Habitations; neither can my enlightned Mind find any thing suited to its high Designs and Inclinations, in these dark Cabbins of folly here below; where there is even nothing else but false and deluding Sounds; repeated and distracting Alarums; the occasions of groundless Fears; quarrellings about Shadows, and false appearances of Things, of no imaginable worth, price, or value at all; so that, O my God! during my continuance here, every Year seems to me an Age, every Day a Year, and every Hour a Day. My Soul is here a Captive in the Tents of Kedar, and against its desire constrain'd to dwell in this Land of Mesech. Nay, my Languishing Soul had fainted long e're now, if it had not been for this mighty supporting Consideration, that The day is at hand, when all these powerful Bonds that tie my sprightly Mind to this its earthen Habitation, shall be unloos'd by the Hands that impos'd them, and my delivered Soul shall be at Liberty to take its flight, mount up, and enter triumphantly into the heavenly Regions of uninterrupted Felicity, where it shall for ever behold that God who first imparted to it a Being. True it is, that Tyrant Kings may, for many Reasons well known, offer to lay down their Crowns to live a while longer here on Earth; but that Divine Ray
of

of my Soul had rather give the vastest Empire, were it in its power, that it might be immediately conveyed safely into the new Jerusalem: Vain-glorious Generals may throw away their lives to gain a blast of airy Honour, but my Spirit would rather chaffer away all that is most dear to it in this World, than to be any wise oblig'd to stay for any thing this life can present it withal: And why? O my Jesu! Because neither the Bags of Misers, the Favour of Princes, or the most resplendent earthly Beauty, shall ever be of any force to prevail with me to desire to continue any time here, tho' it were only during the short space of some few Days or Hours; provided that I could but by any Righteous Means find a way to escape out of these close Regions, into the open Plains of eternal Rest: for sure I am, O my Lord, that the dismal howlings of this Wilderness are no very pleasing Entertainment to my Soul; the frightful screams of this Desert make no melodious noise to delight my Spirit; nor are the Trafficks of this World any wise tempting to my Mind, or in the least available, to make me delay my progress to yonder Regions, where three Persons, but one Eternal God, now Reigns. Revive then, O my wishing Soul, and cheer up my longing Spirits! for when this Body of thine hath fasted, pray'd, and wept a little while longer, thou my Mind, my Soul, and my Spirit shalt bid me thy Body an ultimate Adieu, and say, that you are all in the same union one with the other, as is the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and not in any wise to be divided

divided, or separated in this Life, or the other, and that you are going to wing your self up aloft, till you arrive amidst the happy ones above, where you will be Singing, when I your Body am mouldring away to Dust, and my remaining Ashes lye ready waiting for that joyful Sound, which even at this time is ever and anon tinkling in my Ears, and which I shall one Day hear again, saying; Arouse, and peep forth out of the Caverns of the Earth, for thy old Companions, the Soul, the Spirit, and the Mind, that is One in Three, and Three in one, Three by Name, but One in Substance, is now ready at the right Hand of Jesus, expecting, and attending your coming up in the Clouds of Glory, but New-built, and Beautifi'd after their, or its own Spiritual Shape, Dress, and Form. These Considerations, O my Soul, Spirit, and Mind, may serve to animate us during our Abode together through the short Vicissitudes of Time, till this comes to be swallow'd up in Eternity.

C H A P. XXV.

An Evening Thought on Things Divine.

O My God! pure are my Thoughts, and rational are all my Conceptions of thee, and thy Handiworks; and in particular those concerning my Soul, which so much resembles

bles thy self. And now I cannot but exult for Joy, to perceive that another Day of my Life is run out, and to find that I am by so many Hours nearer to a blest Change, than I was in the Morn when I first arose: O then swiftly post away my remaining Minutes, and be you not so nauseously tedious in passing over; for I want to be at Eternal Rest, that I may have a full view of the Transcendent Glories of my dear Jesus; and still wing it higher and higher in the Serene Air of Bliss: for there I shall never be check'd in my Progress, what Advances so ever I make; nor shall I hear the Second Person in the God-head calling to my soaring Soul, Proceed no further, for there your Father's Kingdom ends, and your Saviour's Dominions are bounded. No, my Jesus, I know thy blissful Regions acknowledge no Limits, nor is there ever any stop to be put to the Course of thy Saints in their soaring Desires after thee alone: for as Eternity is Everlasting, and never to expire, so thy Regions are unmeasurable, and thy Height not to be reach'd unto, go thy chosen ones never so far, or reach they never so high. Lord! these are noble Thoughts of thee, and ravishing to my Mind, yet not so satisfactory, as if I was above: for in the midst of all these delightful Contemplations, I weep even Rivers of Tears; And why? Because I am not already entred into Heaven: yet am I not therefore utterly cast down, for I Joy
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that I am to be there ere long: indeed I groan, because I remain in the Flesh; but I am much comforted with the Assurance I have of a speedy Releasement from this mortal Body. I faint, because I still remain on Earth, Sleeping rather than Living: But I revive again, in consideration that I am to awake to a long Eternity of Pleasure: I sorrow, because I am burden'd with the heavy weight of Sin; but I rejoyce for that I shall be unloaded of all within a while: I can't but be in Perplexity, because I am vail'd round with the darkness of the Night; but my Soul is peeping out for the Dawn of the Resurrection-day: I shall lye down with Grief, but shall afterwards arise with everlasting Joy: Many are my Fears now; but I shall ere long be deliver'd, and be chanting out ten thousand Hallelujahs. I now pine for my Offences; but the time draws near, when God will say to me, All is well: I am altogether unclean; but the Crimson Blood of the spotless Lamb of God, which was slain will make me thorowly pure: I am naked; but the Robe of the Righteousness of Christ will cover me: I am poor: but he will make me Rich with his true and substantial Gold: I am Proud; but his meekness will learn me Humility: I am Foolish; but his Counsel will make me Wise: I am weak; but his Grace will Strengthen me; I lye under Condemnation; but he'll sue out a Pardon for me: My Tears are few; but he re-

ceives them all: My Faith is wavering, but his Spirit will fix it; I am vile, but he'll own me as an *Israelite* indeed, and finish that great work for me, which still lyes undone, and that is to waft my Spirit over to himself, having said to my Soul, that it is too pure to abide any longer in a naughty World: O then come my Jesus! come without delay, and instantly receive me into that Bosom of thine, where *Moses, Aaron, Abraham*, and the Prophets, the Evangelists, Apostles, Disciples, and Primitive Fathers, Saints, Martyrs, Holy Men, and Good Women, are now solacing themselves without a Check from thee, or a thought that they take too much freedom in their Love, and near Intercourse with thy self: but if thou seest, that my Soul is not yet full ripe for Glory, soon make it so, and come down from thence, and say, that these my Evening Thoughts were so prevailing with thee, that thou dost accept me as thy Servant, thy Son, and thine Heir; and that thou wilt, when some small time is over, fetch me home to thy self, and clasp me in thy folded Arms, where my Soul, Spirit, and Mind, shall have their fill of Joys, and freely bathe in those running Streams of Pleasures, that sweetly glide along at thy right Hand for evermore. Lord! have I this day, or in any other part of my Life, had a mean Thought of thee, I call it back, and will think so no more: Have I ever been fond of Life, and not so serious

serious as to think of Death with a reverent Aw, before I let my Curtains drop, or clos'd my Eyes to rest, I will repent of such a sad Mistake, because I knew not but the Taper of Life might have been extinguish'd before the Break of another Morn, and ere I could truly say, this Night was mine: Have I in my younger days, or the middle Age of Life, been so vain, as ever to cast an idle glance on Woman-kind, with any desire to offend, and have not repented thereof, I weep an Ocean of Tears, and say, I Blush, Hide, and am Asham'd: O my meriting Redeemer, pass such vile Offences by; for amazing it is to think, that my Mind, which so nearly resembles thee, and has so much of thy Father's Similitude, should be so unwise, as to wander after Objects, whose very Appearance is Mean, Sordid, and Base, void of all real Beauty, and Charms, and incapable of yielding any true Solace: for where did I ever yet espy a Face in all my Life, but it was either ruff'd with Wrinkles, bedaub'd with Paint, cover'd with Patches, or freckl'd by Nature? But supposing, (my Soul!) thou hadst never been tempted with a fair Skin, or drawn into a nooze of Lust by the stately delicacy of a Shape; yet the very attempting to give a Gaze, a Glance, or a Wink, was a Crime in thee, and the very Thoughts thereof ought now to be detested, abhorr'd, loath'd, and re-

nounc'd with a Sigh, a Tear, and a real Contrition of Spirit: But why thus so mighty dull, O my flagging Affections! and why so exceedingly clouded all my Languid Desires! since it never us'd to be so, but when Sin usurp'd, and Iniquity led the Van: for shame then (my Soul!) be not so unactive, or thus seem to faint; consider thou art just going to lay down thy self to Rest, and cannot tell but that this thy Bed may prove thy Body's Grave, before the Sun arises, and that thou may'st be made to appear in another World, ere the Clock strikes Four, or the Lark begins to sing its early Matins. Come then, arouse my Soul! and see with what an elevated Strain thou canst now talk of God, and discourse of Heaven: what tho' high Thoughts are difficult to be attain'd, they are of a noble Extraction, and will serve to lift thee up above the common Level of formal Duties: Sure I am it is a brave thing, for a Mind to enter the very secret Recesses of the Object it is at any time meditating upon; and if it is conversant about the Objects of Faith, it may then truly be said, to see beyond the Limits of this World, thro' the clear Prospective Glass of an unfeigned and stedfast Belief, and to discern further into the Regions of Glory, than they whose Mind is Wavering, and Understanding mist-ed over with Darkness, who have mean Notions, cold Desires, and faint Wishes: for is
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it not sure, that when my Contemplations are Angelical, my Conceptions sublime, and my Discourses Divine, they as it were demand not only a private Interview with Jesus, but a publick Audience of God himself, so as to hear his Voice, experience his Love, and know his Will; nay I had almost said, that when my Spirit is in such an Extasy of Joy as this, it scarce knows whether it is in the Body, or out of the Body, on Earth, or in Heaven, whether its raptures are momentary or durable: for they are Efforts of Joy, that may be conceiv'd, but not express'd; Delights, that are beyond the narrow Conceptions of formal Sinners, or the Knowledge of designing Hypocrites to comprehend.

C H A P. XXVI.

The Last Thought.

On the Dissolution of all Things, and the last Period of Human Actions, Designs, and Intentions.

Look up my Soul with Joy; the time is near at hand, when the Glorious material Sun, which now dishevels its illustrious Rays, to enlighten thy footsteps here on Earth by Day, will begin to be obscured with a

Vail of Darkneſs, and will never more enlighten the Surface of the Waters, nor diſplay its comforting Light and chearing Influences upon Mankind. Be patient, but a while, and the pale-fac'd Moon, whoſe Silver Glimmerings now peep thro' the Branches of Trees, when the Great Luminary of Heaven hath hid his Head under a Night-Cloud, will exchange its Light for a bloody Darkneſs, and never more reſume its Native ſilent Splendor, whereby it was wont to light home the benighted Travellers: Be content, for it can't be long, ere all theſe little Sparkling Gems, where-with the large outſpread Canopy of the Heavens, is all beſtudded over, and which with their twinkling Light, in the abſence of the two greater Lamps of Heaven, do more obſcurely illuminate the terreſtrial Globe, will drop and loſe their uſual Luſter, and never more ſerve to guide the wakeful Pilot, who floating in his Wooden Habitation upon the ſpacious Ocean, directs his Courſe towards ſome far diſtant Shore; nor will they ever more aſſiſt the wearied Traveller, wandring over the ſable Plains, after the Day has withdrawn her brighter Lamp, to gain the deſtined End of his toilsome Journey. Be ſtill, for ſure as God is God, Earth is Earth, and Man is Man, that ſpacious Roof, which thou my Mind ſo often admireſt for its vaſt Circumference, and great Height, conceiving that no other

other Hand, Cause, or Being could spread it out so far, or hang it up so high, but an Infinite, Omnipotent, and transcendent Creator, will melt away as Wax before the scorching Fire, and be shrivel'd up together, as a winding Scrol, so as never to be spread as an Umbrella over the Face of this Terrestrial Globe; for as certain, as thou my Mind art now all Life and Motion, the hour is at hand, when the Northern and Southern Poles, on which as on Hinges the World is now turn'd, will take Fire, and be consum'd to Ashes, or dissolv'd into Air, and never bear up this Earthly Fabrick, or any other World more. Be astonish'd then, O my Soul! and prepare to meet thy Christ; for every of these Revolutions, and Changes must and will come to pass, whether the Prophane fancy so or not: for nothing is more certain, than that the Grass in the Fields must wither, and the Leaves on the Trees must fall; the Flowers of the Garden must fade, and the Blossoms on the Boughs must be blasted; the Swans in the Rivers will sing their own Funerals, and dye, and the Fowls of the Air must clap their Wings together and expire; the highest Fabricks will bend, and the loftiest Piles must totter; the stately Cathedrals will reel, and Abby Churches must tumble; Kings Palaces will bow, and Ancient Cities must fall; great Towns will be demolish'd, and little Villages must sink; large Mountains will shake,
and

and steep Hills must remove; hard Rocks will Split, and lower Vallies must tremble; the deep Ocean will become dry, and the shallow Brooks must be drain'd. In like manner, the last Trumpet will blow, and the buried Dead must arise; the Righteous will Triumph, and the Wicked must Weep; and the Believers will be sav'd, and the Atheists must be damn'd; short Time will End, and long Eternity must begin. Surely then, it will be greatly useful, if I describe, and as it were Paint out to the Life, all the last Department, whether as to Thoughts, Words, or Actions, of a frail, mortal, and corruptible Creature like my self: and this I will endeavour to do in a Manner so affecting, that the vilest Wretch now breathing, may be constrain'd passionately to cry out, and say; 'This piece of the last End of Man is so curiously done, and drawn so much to the Life 'in all its natural Features, that it shall be 'hung within the Curtains of my Bed, that I 'may always take a full view thereof, when 'I lye down at Night, when I rise up at Morn, 'and when I retire to entertain my self with 'my Noon-Thoughts; but more especially when 'I feel my Head begin to ake, my Spirit to 'flagg, and I find that I must dye, and remove 'into a World I as yet know little or nothing 'of. Thus therefore will I delineate the Exit of a Saint, that is any one that has liv'd so well throughout the whole Course of his Life, that he has nothing left to do, but just
to

to put off Mortality, and dress in Immortality, leave a Styce to possess a Kingdom, and forsake the Converse of Ill men for the Communion of Angels: and that I may with the more ease prevail upon the Affections of thee (my Courteous Reader) I shall, as I have hitherto proceeded, speak as to my self in the Singular Number, that thou may'st hear; and I desire that what is said either here, or in all other places, whether in this or any of my other Works, may by thee be apply'd wholly to thy own particular Person, since it was ever my Intention that it should thus be received and improved. But to begin.

I find all the Harbingers of Death are surrounding me at once on every side, and I see that I must dye: O suffer me to retreat into my last Lodge the Chamber, for thence I shall never return, till carry'd by the Bearers of the Dead to my long Home. View me well, all ye gazing Spectators; for I am the Man that formerly appear'd in Publick, as others now do: but behold I shall now be seen abroad no more, be gaz'd at in the Streets no more, be derided by the Ignorant no more, be spit upon by the Base no more, nor ever be made the By-word of Drunkards again: I am he that sometimes Ate, Drank, and Laught in my Neighbour's House, even as other Men may do; but now I shall never refresh fainting Nature out of my own Dwelling any more, be invited to another Man's Table any more,

or

or ever talk away Sorrow out of my own Apartment again. I am the Party, that have often run into Crowds and Tumults, in like manner as many of my Acquaintance have also done: But now I shall never be seen in any such Confluence of People again, be throng'd with Noisy Multitudes, or born down with a running Rabble more, or ever be trod under the Feet of my Powerful Enemies again, unless it be as I lye forgotten in my mournful Tomb: Therefore, view me well, O ye my Friends, before I Faint and Dye: Behold ye my Feet, that were once so active as to march swiftly, skip, and run, will now never travel over Hills, Plains, or Fields again; walk in Woods, Groves, or Forests any more; or in an ill-natur'd Caprice, tread down any of my Neighbours Corn, Plants, or Herbs henceforth, but become Stiff and Cold for ever. View ye my Legs; they often mounted Horses, Mules, and Camels, climb'd up Walls, Trees, and Ditches, leapt over Stiles, Gates, and Fences; but now they are going to take their last Step up to Bed, and after having shifted their place by some few uneasy stretches, they shall become num'd and lifeless for ever. Look on these Hands, that formerly labour'd, and toyl'd, and wrought to maintain a necessitous Body, they will now hew down Wood no more, guide the Plough-share no more, nor ever scat-

ter

ter any Seed into the Furrows again: for all that they are now able to do, is only to receive what shall be given me by my watchful Nurse, either for Food, or else for a Remedy to my incurable Distemper; and having taken some few Farewel-Shakes with all you my old Acquaintance, and dear Companions, they'l open, and never henceforth engrasp any thing, but lye without Motion in the Dust. Observe my Arms, that were never wanting to be stretch'd out to raise up the Weak, support the Staggering, and relieve the Needy; they are now ready to give a final Embrace to my dear Consort, to hugg my sweet Babes, and to be clasped round my other present Relations, after which they are to drop down, and cease Action for ever. Behold, ye my Fingers, that often pointed up at the Sun, Moon, and Stars, at Rainbows, Clouds, and Comets, at the flying Eagles, Partridges and Pheasants, they have now no more to do, but to hold the Pen whilst I subscribe my Name to my Last Will, and after some few Tremblings, and unconstant paralytick Motions, they shall cease to be further serviceable for ever. Consider my Eyes, that us'd to look abroad on the magnificent Operations of God with Wonder and Amazement, and with a silent and reverential Joy behold the stately Fabrick of this spacious Universe, raised by the Almighty out of Nothing, reading therein the inimitable Characters of the Divine Power, Wisdom and Goodness; these Eyes of mine, I
say,

say, are now confin'd to Objects contain'd within the compass of a narrow Chamber, and have nothing else to gaze upon but a whited Cieling, a few pieces of sorry Hangings, and a blazing Rush; instead of the outspread Canopy of the Azure Heavens, the Earth adorn'd with wonderful Variety, and the greater and lesser Luminaries of the Sky: after a few more Hours have pasted away, these Windows of my Soul shall be shut up for ever, by the Cold Hands of Death. See ye my Tongue, that delighted to talk of God, Christ, and Heaven; Joys, Eternity, and Pain; Death, Judgment, and Hell; it is now only just to tell what the Lord has done for my poor Soul, and then it will be covered o're with a dry Scurf, ty'd to the Roof of my Mouth, and cease from ever speaking more, or uttering any Syllable again.

True; the Soul is still in my Body, and all the parts thereof are yet alive; but it can't be so long: for my Spirit will be gone, and then all this curious Workmanship of the Almighty, I mean my Body, which is so curiously elaborated by the divine Art, and finely jointed together will be altogether senseless even of Burnings, Rackings, or Pains: for tho' Malice should then wound it, it could not perceive; tho' Rage should then dragg it up and down the Streets, it would not be disturb'd; nay, tho' wild Beasts should then tear it to pieces, it would not cry out. Now I lye in a well-furnish'd Room, and on a Bed of Feathers, surrounded

rounded with rational Men, and prudent Women; but ere a Month comes to a period, I shall be laid in the darksome Repository of Death, where there will be no other Wainscoting about my thick Walls, but the Top, Sides, and Bottom of an Elm, or a Deal Coffin; no other Pillows to repose my Head upon, but a few Clods of hard Clay; no other Curtains, but a Woollen Shroud; no other Vallance but a Crape Muffler; no other Vail, but a Face Cloth, no other Covering, but a Cold Rugg of heavy Earth, no other Company but a Swarm of Worms, fighting with each other, which shall seize me first, or tear me to pieces soonest.

I allow, that all my Nerves are in a kind of Convulsion, my Joints are trembling, and my Heart aking, which is occasion'd by the natural Fear and Abhorrence of Death, a Failing incident even to the best of Men. But be not affrighted at this, neither think it strange; for notwithstanding all this Disturbance that you now perceive in my Body, my Soul, Spirit, and Mind is Free and Joyful: And why? because it is assur'd that the Body will fall fast asleep by and by, and then my disturbed Nerves will give over all their rude Commotions, my Joints cease all their unnecessary Quiverings, and my Heart all its unnatural Pantings and Throbbings, and remain hush'd and still for Ever. My Brow indeed now frowns, my Forehead sweats, and my Teeth
 chatter,

chatter; but when a few days are over, I shall be stretch'd out to my full Length, and then this my wrinkled Brow shall be smooth'd, never to look angry any more: my lofty Forehead shall be dry'd, and bedew its Temples with cold drops of Water no more; my chattering Teeth shall cease their Motion, and never grind with Anguish again: now I fetch my Breath, tho' short; my Lips move, tho' slow; and I am in Anguish, tho' in Hopes: but when some few Nights more are spent, you'll see me cease to groan, stir, or live: now you hear my Voice to Sound, perceive my breast to Pant, and feel my Pulse to beat; but before the Moon has undergone another Change, my stammering Noise will be still, my Breast will end its inward Beatings, and my Pulses will have done with all their hard labourings: As yet my blood circulates, my Bowels work, and my Cheeks are warm; but when the Rivers have ebb'd and flow'd some few times more, my Blood will congeal, my Bowels be at quiet, and my Face become as the frozen Ice, when all my Passions will be over, all my Cryings hush'd, and all my Tears dri'd up. Do I seem to crave Relief from any of you, my standers by? Alas! It is only the outward involuntary Motion of the Body. which is not directed by the Mind: for behold my Soul knows there is no possibility of obtaining it in this Life. Do I appear to beg for Ease, yet I am persuaded I can have
 none

none till my arrival at Glory? Do I want to be rid of Misery, it can't be whilst I stay here? O then take Courage, my Mind, for in a while thou wilt be in Heaven, where thou shalt not stand in need of any Help, Mercy, or Compassion from Man; for thy God will be reconcil'd: thou shalt crave no Aid, for thy Jesus will have receiv'd thee; nor seek to be deliver'd, for a Crown will be thy Portion: Then all the darkness of my Soul will be turn'd into a Clear light, all the Griefs of my Spirit will be chang'd into Ages of Pleasure, and all the uneasiness of my Mind into an unalterable State of Bliss; this my hard Bed into a Cradle of Happiness, my rolling Pillow into *Abraham's Bosom*; my weepings into Streams of everlasting Delight, the tossings of my Body into the sweet Enjoyments of my Soul, the frettings of my Temper into a Peace past Understanding; the ravings of my Brain into a Tranquillity of Thought, my disturbing Fears into a full fruition of that which is good; the distractions of my House into a quiet possession for ever, the complainings of my Family into *Hallelujahs* of Praises, the moans of my Wife into a Song of Holiness, the shrieks of my Children into the loud Shoutings of the Quoir above, the melancholy Accents of my Friends into rapturous Hymns of Thanksgiving: For in the *New-Jerusalem*, whereunto I am now going, there will be no Sorrows of Soul, no Anguish of Mind, or Grievings of Spirit, no Stingings of

Conscience, no Fears of Offending the Lamb, or Doubts of being Eternally Blest, no Apprehensions of ever losing a Sparkling Diadem, no dread of e're being depriv'd by Rivals of a Scepter of Victory, or any fancying that I shall ever be pillag'd of my White Robe of Innocency; so that nothing now remains for me to do, but that I tell the World, and you my Friends, that I find it is not possible for me sufficiently to express, or to communicate to another an adequate Conception of the inward Peace of my Mind, the Transports of my Spirit, and the Exultings of my Soul, occasion'd by the Consideration that I am going to leave a vain Life, and licentious Sinners, and am speedily to ascend beyond all the reach of Evil: O blessed Prospect indeed to me! to behold my Spirit hov'ring o're the brink of a long Eternity of Joys, and even now ready to make an Entry into the City of the great God, where there is so much shouting out of *Hallelujahs* and Praises at my coming in.

Where now does that Man Live, or is there any such an one at this time Sneaking about my Bed, that can hear me express my self in such an Angelical manner, at the same time when my Soul and Body are just a separating, and not break out, and say, *A thousand years are too little to endure Bonds, Scourges, and Imprisonments, only to dye in such an Extasy and Transport of Spirit as this, tho' even none of the Joys*
of

of the other World were ever to exceed these; for they are such Raptures of Soul as I never knew any Mortal to have in my whole Life before; Pleasures extatick and truly Divine, Elevations that seem more suitable to the Angels above, than to a Spirit that still abides below.

But now as for my part I am even as it were overwhelm'd with unexpressible Delight, to think what I am going to be, and how happy I shall be made, when I have once bid an ultimate farewell to this Mortal State, and am safely arriv'd at Paradise; for I have hitherto even all my Life long been Wading, Fording, and Swimming over deep Brooks of Trouble, large Rivers of Misery, and red Seas of blood, and can truly say, that I never met with any kind Entertainment at the Hands of the World, even from the day of Birth to this hour of my Death: but O the unspeakable Satisfaction, I now feel at the near Prospect I have of my Change; the Pleasures of my Soul, and the Raptures of my Affections are so high, as not to admit of any Possibility of being sufficiently, or satisfactorily explain'd to Man. Wherefore now, O my Friends, and thou, O vain and wicked World, I bid you Adieu; yea Adieu for Ever.

And now I go to take Possession of an everlasting Kingdom, prepared for me before the Foundation of the World, where there are Rivers of inexpressible and unconceivable Pleasures for evermore; and to which I

shall be triumphantly welcomed, by numberless Millions of *Spirits of Just Men made Perfect*, endless Myriads of *Angels*, and by G O D the *Judge* of all. In the assured Confidence of this, I now throw my self into the Arms of thee, O! *my Dear LORD JESUS*.

E R R A T A.

P Ag. 136. line 12. for *Hundred thousand* read *seven hundred thousand*. p. 206. l. 29. for *Western Pole* r. *Western Point*. p. 289 l. 4. for *advanced* r. *respected*. p. 482. l. 20. for *Impossible* r. *So difficult*.

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F I N I S.

The Title of the Author's last Book.

Meditations of a Divine Soul: Or, the Christian's Guide, amidst the various Opinions of a vain World; where Religion is the Language of All, but is only practis'd by one Community. Also, Arguments to prove, There is no Material Fire in Hell; the irregular Practices of the Imperious Clergy detected, and the safest way to Happiness made known: With an ingenious Recantation of a greater Proficient in the School of Atheism, than the late Earl of *Rochester*; and several other curious Subjects worthy of Note, particularly express'd in the Table of Contents. To which is added an Essay of a Retired Solitary Life, with an After-Thought on King *William III.*

Note, *The whole Impression of this Book being disposed of, none are to be sold till Michaelmas Day next, A. D. 1704. when it will be reprinted and publish'd with New Additions.*

